

## **Matter of Choices and Opinions**

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[Will add relationships as they come](#), [Equius Zahhak/Eridan Ampora \(Pale\)](#), [One-sided Vriska Serket/Eridan Ampora \(Pitch\)](#), [Sollux Captor/Feferi Peixes \(Pitch\)](#), [Nepeta Leijon/Equius Zahhak \(Flush\)](#), [One-sided Aradia Megido/Equius Zahhak \(Implied Flushcrush/Pitch\)](#), [Sollux Captor/Eridan Ampora \(Flushcrush\)](#), [Feferi Peixes/Eridan Ampora \(Flushcrush\)](#), [Spinneret Mindfang/Orphaner Dualscar \(Pitch\)](#), [The Dolorosa/Orphaner Dualscar \(Pale\)](#), [Sollux Captor/Eridan Ampora/Feferi Peixes \(Grey\)](#), [SHIPS WILL SAIL SINK AND CHANGE BE WARNED](#)

### **Character:**

[Eridan Ampora](#), [Equius Zahhak](#), [Nepeta Leijon](#), [Feferi Peixes](#), [Sollux Captor](#), [Vriska Serket](#), [Terezi Pyrope](#), [Kanaya Maryam](#), [Aradia Megido](#), [Karkat Vantas](#), [Gamzee Makara](#), [Tavros Nitram](#), [Cronus Ampora](#), [Orphaner Dualscar](#), [The Dolorosa](#), [Spinneret Mindfang](#), [The Handmaid](#), [Abraxas \(Homestuck\)](#), [Dave's Bro](#) | [Beta Dirk Strider](#), [Rose's Mom](#) | [Beta Roxy Lalonde](#), [Jade Harley](#)

### **Additional Tags:**

[POV Eridan Ampora](#), [mostly - Freeform](#), [Will change POVS if need be](#), [Self Insert](#), [Near Death Experiences](#), [Death](#), [Violence](#), [This is not all](#)

[happy fun times be warned](#), [Non-Asshole Eridan](#), [Well-liked Eridan](#), [Good Eridan](#), [Eridan focused](#), [Somewhat Sane Homestuck Fan Insert](#), [Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence](#), [kind of](#), [Things will change from canon most definitely](#), [violent description](#), [Troll Quadrants](#), [Unrequited Kismesissitude](#), [Caliginous Romance](#) | [Kismesis](#), [Pale Romance](#) | [Moirallegiance](#), [Flushed Romance](#) | [Matesprits](#), [Ashen Romance](#) | [Auspistice](#), [unrequited romance](#), [Troll Society and Culture](#), [Eridan just mostly does his own thing](#), [Pre-Sburb/Sgrub](#), [Pre-Sgrub](#), [SGRUB](#), [Ancestors \(Homestuck\)](#), [Ancestor-Era \(Homestuck\)](#), [Ancestors with Pre-Scratch Names](#), [Angst and Feels](#), [Tragedy](#), [Song Lyrics](#), [Doomed Timelines](#), [Doomed Timeline\(s\) \(Homestuck\)](#)

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# Matter of Choices and Opinions

by [09Pyros](#) [09Hydros](#)

## Summary

Eridan Ampora is not the most well-liked troll out of the twelve, his attitude, choices, and personality in the series weren't very favorable but I found him alright and a lot of other fans did as well. March Eridan was also popular for the character of course.

How I got into his body after his first pupation molt is something I will probably never know, but living the life of Eridan Ampora is not all fine and dandy despite his high caste blood. Troll society and culture is very different compared to my old human one, I can't really remember it and my own old life so I guess I really am Eridan Ampora now huh?

If I was going to live as Eridan then I was going to live it *my* way, so say goodbye to Canon Eridan attitude and hello new world of choices and opinions! For one thing for sure, I wasn't going to fuss over the romances and do my own thing. Canon timeline be damned! Canon timeline be damned indeed... If only it were that easy...

But who knew the change of attitude of one character like Eridan could change so much? And yet, change so little? And apparently... He wasn't the only Ampora to change...

# SGRUB - The Beginning of The End

## Chapter Summary

The game starts, his sealed fate is sealed even further by now. He's already changed a lot of shit right before the game has start so he don't really know on what will happen now, but *he*, the smug omnipotent bastard, reassures him that everything will go according to plan.

Not. Helping. By a long shot.

## Chapter Notes

Oookay, so. This happened.

I already have a lot of stories on my plate, what's one more?

I am really sorry but the urge to write this chapter just, *broke* me. I really couldn't help myself and I add one more iron into the fire, one story iron into my writing fire which is burning... not really hot by certain standards but the fire is doing its best in making sure the irons are hot!

Hehe, Homestuck metaphors are just great aren't they?

Anyway, I hope you enjoy it. I enjoyed writing the first chapter, like in every story I write. Ta!

~~(Ta? What am I, Jake English? A proper lady? Jegus.)~~

Also warning: Mostly pesterlogs in this chapter :T

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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apocalypseArisen [AA] began trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

AA: eridan

CA: Oh

CA: Hello Dia, howw are you

AA: im fine, just dead like usual

AA: i just wanted t0 let y0u kn0w that the game is g0ing t0 start s00n

CA: I wwas afraid you wwere goin to say that, I take is that Fef goin to be my server player

AA: yes

AA: still i d0 w0nder a bit 0n h0w y0u have acquired such kn0wledge 0f the game itself, are y0u g0ing to finally tell me?

CA: If you so wwish Dia.

AA: hmm

AA: n0, the v0ices urge i c0ntinue prepping f0r the game

CA: Vvery wwell, I shall await till the others confide me for the game then

CA: And should wwish to knoww in the near future, just troll me

AA: Okay 0-0

CA: Till later then, Maid of Time

calmingAquarius [CA] ceased trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

AA: till later then, Heir of H0pe

apocalypseArisen [AA] ceased trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

twinArmageddons [TA] began trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

TA: yo ED you there

TA: got 2omethiing for ya

TA: remember that game AA and ii kept telling you and the other2 about?  
well ii fiinally fiini2hed codiing iit and now we can play

TA: ED

TA: ii can 2ee you're onliine dude, c'mon talk to me

CA: Hold your hoofbeasts Sol, I wwas merely away from the computer  
for a bit to get a drink

TA: whatever, anyway the codiing ii2 done for the game

CA: Sgrub if I recall correctly

TA: yeah 2grub, 2o you \*have\* been payiing attention to my wall2 of  
yellow trollian me22age2

TA: and AA'2 too

CA: Of course, I pay attention to all of my friends

TA: except for 2erket

CA: Perhaps, anyway

CA: The game?

TA: oh yeah, here

twinArmageddons [TA] sent file SGRUB.ziip

TA: 2o you playiing wiith u2

CA: Yes, believve it or not I've been wwaiting for the game since you and  
Dia told me about it

TA: cool

TA: anyway, here2 on how iit'2 goiing to go

TA: there are two team2, red and blue. both you and ii are on the blue team along with NP, AA, EQ and... FF, whiile everyone el2e ii2 on the red team

TA: ugh, anyway ii 2ent you two fiile2. 2erver and cliient, be 2ure to download both though iit doe2n't matter on which you download fiir2t ju2t know that you're 2uppo2ed to be NP'2 2erver player whiile FF, get2 to be \*your\* \*\*2erver player\*\*

CA: I see, have you told the others about this yet?

TA: yeah, oh and EQ'2 the blue team leader while KK'2 the red team leader. TZ and ii were 2uppo2ed to be the leader2 at fiir2t but meh, both EQ and KK in2i2ted to be leader2

CA: Ah, wwlll howw nice of you to let both Kar and Equi take the lead so thanks Sol

TA: no prob ED

TA: hey ED, about FF beiin your 2erver player....

CA: Wwhat of it?

TA: nah, iit'2 nothiing

TA: anyway, ii need to tell the everyone el2e about iit and get everyone on board

CA: Havve you talked to Nep and Fef about the game or does they knoww already

CA: And I suppose I should havve a chat wwith Equi about the game and such

TA: ii already told NP 2o go ahead, ii... haven't talked to FF about the game yet but ii wa2 goiing to do that after telliing you

CA: Alright then, thank you Sol for the information. I guess I should have that talk with Equi noww, it has been a wwile and lately he's been so

focused on making Dia's body

TA: mkay, later ED

CA: Later Sol

calmingAquarius [CA] ceased trolling twinArmageddons [TA]

TA: 2iigh, obliiviiou2 motherfucker

twinArmageddons [TA] ceased trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

calmingAquarius [CA] began trolling centaursTesticle [CT]

CA: Equi

CT: D --> Hello Eridan

CA: Congratulations on being blue team leader Equi, Sol has just finished informing me of the game

CT: D --> Yes

CT: D --> There was no single doubt that a STRONG b100b100d such as myself would be made leader of his own color caste

CT: D --> I assure you that I shall make sure that the B100 team will be victorious

CA: Wwell then I knoww that wwe're all in good hands noww

CA: Wwith the game aside, howw are you Equi. Howw is your health as of noww, I knoww you've been focusing a lot on Dia's body as of late. And I knoww you're a STRONG troll but that is no excuse to let your personal health to slip.

CT: D --> I admit that I have been a bit fatigued with my recent project but rest assured that I have been wary for my health, Arthour as well so you may calm yourself Eridan.



CT: D --> I am fine.

CA: Good

CT: D --> <>

CA:

CA: <>

CA: Apologies for the small delay there Equi, I wwas briefly distracted

CT: D --> No need

CT: D --> Anyway, do you know who your server and client players are

CA: Yes, my client player is Nep while Fef will be servver player

CT: D --> Oh

CT: D --> Ahem. E%ellent.

CA: Hmmhm

CT: D --> What

CA: Oh nothing, anywway Fef is trolling me and I should go speak wwith Nep after this

CT: D --> Ah

CT: D --> Yes, of horse

CT: D --> \*\*\*\*Course\*\*\*\*

CA: Hmhmm, seeing you flustered ovver Nep is frankly quite adorable Equi.

CA: And towwel Equi.

CT: D --> FALSEHOOF

CT: D --> \*\*\*Falsehood\*\*\*, and thank you Eridan

CA: Haha, of course Equi. Your wwelcome

centaursTesticle [CT] ceased trolling calmingAquarius

cuttlefishCuller [CC] began trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

CC: )(---E---EY --ERIFIS)(~!! 38DD

CA: Hello Fef

CA: I take it Sol told you about the game

CC: Yup! O)( I can't wait to play!! I'm going to be t)(e best s)(orever player  
--EV--ER, just you wait! 3X)

CC: (Also )(a)(! I get to be --Erifis)( 's s)(orever player~~! )(e)(e)(e)(e~~!!!!  
Take T)(AT S)(OALLUX!!)

CA: Of coarse Fef, I'm sure you'll do just wwonderful.

CC: )(ee)(ee! Anemoneway, )(ow )(ave you been soap far --Erifis)(?

CA: I'm fine Fef, before we start the game does your lusus need to feed first  
before we go?

CC: O)(! 380

CC: Now t)(at I tank about it, yea)(. We s)(ored probubbly feed )(er seafore  
we start t)(e game, u)(, little kelp please? 38)

CA: Alwways ready to help Fef, just let me find SeaDad and wwait at our  
usual spot. I'll try to find something big enough to satisfy her for the  
meantime

CC: Ocray~! 38D

cuttlefishCuller [CC] ceased trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

He sighed as he leaves the grubtop alone to let the files Sollux send him download, rubbing his eyes underneath his square-cut glasses. He stood from his place at his desk but made sure to grab his huskphone as he made his way through 'his hive', even after all these years he still feels uncomfortable calling it 'his' but unfortunately it was his.

Just as everything else was when he suddenly woke up here.

Yes, 'woke up' here. But he'll get to that later.

His name was now ERIDAN AMPORA, a VIOLETBLOODED SEA DWELLER on the vicious planet of ALTERNIA. He has several interests, he likes STUDYING THE HISTORY OF MANY RACES INCLUDING TROLLS as well as MILITARY HISTORY and a lot more other stuff that this world had provided him, currently he has no time to indulge in more shenanigans than necessary. And no, he does not have a GENOCIDE COMPLEX or the hate against ALL LAND DWELLERS.

He's curbed that urge SWEEPS ago.

Okay, enough capitalization in Homestuck fashion and let's continue on like a normal story.

As you may have noticed, he was not always Eridan Ampora. In fact, he doesn't remember *who* he was before he became Eridan Ampora. He doesn't remember a lot of personal things pertaining his past self, he can't even remember if he was a male or female person! Bizarre, he refers himself as a 'he' now because Eridan Ampora was a 'he' and a male troll.

Troll anatomy was quite fascinating to learn about in person, though there were certain bits he would have loved to forget and leave out...

To any normal person they'd be panicking in his place and believe him, he's got that out of his system *way* before today.

Anyway, he was now 7 and a half sweeps old or 13 years Earth time and today...

Today was the day the famed game of SGRUB was going to start, triggering the end of Alternia and the start of something *huge*.

For you see, before he had been placed in the original Eridan's place, he had been quite the eager reader of a certain web comic called: "Homestuck."

And it had been an entire year after the ending of the web comic and months before the release of Hiveswap, he had been waiting patiently for that one but now unfortunately he would never partake and experience that story.

~~And of course, we all know Homestuck, you're reading this fanfic aren't you? Not that that he knows, enough meta! I just didn't want to explain Homestuck to people who obviously know Homestuck.~~

Because one moment he was just done rereading Homestuck to a certain point of the story, specifically the Troll Arc with Eridan Ampora and Feferi Peixes, and the next thing he knew...

He was curled on the floor, covered in *purple goo* and **naked** with a floating white sea horse above him nickering softly.

That certainly freaked him out.

He had been placed into a young 4 1/2 sweeps, 5 year old, Eridan who *just* finished molting, or pupating, either way he was in a toddler troll's body in a vicious and violent world.

The world of Alternia.

"SeaDad! Wwhere are you?" Eridan called out as he headed outside, tugging the blue scarf tighter around his neck as he feels the cold ocean breeze and smells salt in the air.

Canon Eridan of Homestuck had wore the same blue scarf and black sweater he was wearing and had the same weird purple patch of hair he had,

seriously was this because of a mutation or what? Anyway, he didn't wear the ridiculous purple cape or the black and blue striped pants and he didn't wear much jewelry, not anymore anyway. He just wore normal dark gray pants and was content with the blue scarf he had, though on colder nights or nights he wanted solitude or hide who he was he *would* wear a light grey hooded cloak.

Turning from a day time mammal to a nocturnal creature was a bit staggering, though he hadn't been much of a morning person back as a human anyway so that wasn't much of a change. There were a lot of other major changes he had to face and a lot of trials that he had to go through but there was a time for that and now was not the time.

Eridan had to smile as he sees the skyhorse appear from atop the ocean, over the years he had grown fond of his custodian and wondered if the original Eridan had felt the same. Shaking his head he beckoned his lusus over and swiftly told him that they were going on a hunt, again.

With a short nod the white creature floated still in the air as Eridan hopped on his back and got the reigns from his sylladex to give to the custodian who took it with practiced ease and soon enough, they were in the air.

His huskphone gave a ding and he frowns as he looks at it.

arachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

AG: Heeeeeeeey Ampora :::)

Ugh, not now. He didn't have the time to get trolled by *her* of all trolls. They can talk when he's not as busy, like in the Medium or something. That and he doesn't really like her, before he had thought her to be an okay character but now? She's just...

CA: Not noww Serket, I'm busy.

AG: Well so am I but I actually managed to slip in talking to you in my very busy schedule, be grateful for that.

CA: Ugh, no really Serket, I am not in the mood in talkin with you right noww and I \*am\* really busy. Wwe can talk after this or in the medium or somethin but not \*noww\*.

AG: What

calmingAquarius [CA] has blocked!! arachnidsGrip [AG]

AG: Wha-H88Y!!!!!!!!!!

Message has been blocked

AG: You utter 8astard you!!!!!!!!!! Uuuuuuuugh!

Message has been blocked

AG: You're lucky I h8 you s8 m8ch. One d8y Amp8ra, 8ne day, I swe8r.

Message has been blocked

AG:<3<

Message has been blocked

There, she won't be able to message him until they were in the Medium or when he feels like unblocking her. Again.

She's just so infuriating as the Serket she was today! He certainly looks forward to see the change that John and the others force her to go through during their arc, though then again since he already changed a lot of the original story there was the slight chance of her changing in the game they were about to play.

Maybe.

Anyway, flying through the sky was a weird and slightly terrifying thing to do the first time he had rode on his lusus, though now it was exhilarating at many points as they rode through the sky. The adrenaline pumping through his violet blood as the growing anticipation for the hunt goes on.

At first he had felt so very guilty in killing animals and other trolls, but he learned quickly that that guilt would get him killed in a world like Alternia so he was forced to adapt quickly, even enjoying it *slightly*. But that didn't stop the guilt taking over him sometimes when he was weak in his hive, ~~not his hive not his body not his world~~, though he learned to deal with it.

It helped when he and Equius became moirails and talked over in feelingjams, which were very different and very real and very much pleasant almost surprisingly. Oh and that's one thing he's changed with the fact he acted unlike the original Eridan, Nepeta and Equius weren't moirails. He and Equius were, and STRONG ones at that in Equius' words. (Of course he neglected to tell Equius the whole truth of everything, even himself much to his growing guilt, someday maybe in the future.)

In fact, Equius had quite the flush crush on Nepeta and another one on Aradia who, unfortunately, was still dead even with his attempted interference. It was a spur of the moment, besides he couldn't even change that face if he tried, not with a certain *Man on the Moon* overseeing almost everything.

Speaking of the 'man' himself...

Doc Scratch began *talking* with calmingAquarius [CA]

Hello Aquarius.

CA: Fuck, gogdammit

CA: Wwhat the fuck do you wwant Scratch.

Now now *Eridan*, language. Anyway, I simply wanted to drop by and wish you good luck with the whole debacle and to ever remind you that-

CA: Yeah yeah, I may havve changed a lot of shit but I havven't changed the expected and sealed outcome out of evverything. I get it, I \*havve\* gotten it for YEARS now Scratch.

How rude, interrupting me. But yes, it's pleasant to see that you haven't forgotten. Anyway, good luck little Aquarius though I know you won't need it... Or will you? Hooohoo.

Doc Scratch ceased *talking* with calming Aquarius [CA]

CA: Fuckin cueball headed puppet. Fuck.

He's glad that the so called 'Excellent Host' only stopped by to chat for only a minute or so, he's already got an eye on a skywhale that's been flying about nearly hidden in the clouds.

*'Sorry wwhoever's lusus this is, but Fef's horrorterror of a lusus matters more right noww. Along with the game.'* Eridan thought as he takes out Ahab's Crosshairs from his strife deck, keeping an eye at the flying creature that by now has noticed him and seemed to be one of the more aggressive kind and was now charging at him.

They were above the ocean and were near the same spot where Feferi had Gl'bgolyb waiting for her further underneath the waves of the dark ocean water.

After baiting the sky whale a bit to the perfect position, with ease and experience Eridan fires the ancient and legendary weapon at the sky whale and fatally piercing the giant creature. Damning its limited existence to the waters below and into the expectant net of Feferi who would soon end its life by feeding it to Gl'bgolyb.

Another tally to the guilt, Eridan thinks after a few minutes as Feferi jumps out of the water with a bright smile waving at him while yelling.

"THANKS ERIFISH!"

"You're wwelcome Fef!" Eridan called out as she splashed back down and proceeded to go back to her own hive, and he back to his.

They haven't even connected to each other and already he feels a bit more tired than usual.



It takes no time for them to go back to the broken ship that young grub Eridan chose and reinforced as his hive.

"Thank you SeaDad... See you soon." Eridan said softly as the sky horse neighed and nickered before floating to somewhere else within the hive. The violet troll sighed before returning to his bedroom, er, respiteblock and craned his neck around before checking his grubtop to see that both files were downloaded and ready to go.

"Here we go." Eridan murmured before opening Trollian and began to troll Nepeta.

He had a feeling today was going to be long day.

Chapter End Notes

DONE!

Uh, later I guess?

Comment on what you think :p

# Molt - Arrival

## Chapter Summary

It was terrifying, his first ever memory of being Eridan.

He panicked and nearly died, he was thankful that Eridan's *lusus*, *his lusus* had been there to save him.

## Chapter Notes

Wow, one chapter so far and it's already this far? You guys are awesome :3  
ANYWAY!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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calmingAquarius [CA] began trolling arsenicCatnip [AC]

CA: Nep

AC: :33 < \*ac purrs as she is visited by her dear furrend and serfurr player\*

AC: :33 < \*ac is furry excited to play with erifish, equihiss, karkitty and all her furends~!\*

CA: I take it that Sol has told you about the game then?

AC: X33 < \*ac nods excitedly\* mhmm! h33h33, this is going to be so much FUN!! \*ac shouts happily, purring up a storm\*

CA: Heh, nevver change Nep. Nevver change. Anywway, havve you downnloaded the files? I havve and I'm ready to connect wwhen you are, and Fef should be connectin to me any moment noww

AC: :33 < alrighty then. h33, the file thingy is almeowst done meownloading! oh!

AC: :33 < it's done!

CA: Here wwe are.

AC: :00 < can you s33 me erifishy??? \*ac asks curiously, looking around\*

CA: Yes you silly huntress, I can see you just fine but I doubt that you can see me

AC: :33 < \*ac's ears droop in disappointmewnt\* aww

AC: :33 < \*before quickly pointing up in excitement again!\* anyway! what do we have to do?

CA: Not much, wwe have to get your hivve into the Medium before it's destroyed by the meteors. I'm puttin a bunch of machines around your hivve, I dunno if I can fit all of them here though. Can you clear some space for me?

AC: :33 < ac is on it! \*ac says with a \*lot\* of determination\*

CA: Good, and it looks like Fef finally downloaded hers and is connectin wwith me. Here wwe go.

AC: :// < erifishy these things look soo complicated! how am i gonna know how to use them?

CA: Don't wworry Nep, me and Equi can help you wwith that. I think Equi has a head start so wwhen you get to the Medium be sure to ask him first alright?

AC: :33 < equihiss? okay!! thanks mew erifishy!

CA: Mhmm, noww- SHIT

AC: :!! < erifishy?!

CA: I-I'm fine, Fef scared me wwit... oh fuck

AC: :OO < PONCE

CA: Shit fuck shit, hold on Nep.

CA: Nep I need you to listen to me, I need you to find the heavviest thing you havve in your hivve and smash it against the cylinder machine, Ponce De Leon can come back I swwear. Trust me.

AC: :(( <... okay

CA: Good.

Eridan groaned as he rubbed at his face, taking his glasses off for a moment as another guilty tally is added to his wall of guilty killings and murder. More specifically in the lusus section.

Though it was more painful since it he got Nepeta's lusus killed, Nepeta was a good friend! Ugh, he *knows* that each lusus was going to get killed and such in one way and another but... it still filled him with pain and guilt. Which wasn't really helping as he prepared for SeaDad to die as well, if only briefly.

Homestuck might downplay death a lot in the comics and shit in certain moments but death is not much of a laughing matter, not to him much anyway with the life he's lived as Eridan Ampora. He didn't realize on how truly vicious and hard Alternian troll's lives were, regardless if they were higher caste and especially if they were someone like Eridan who had to kill lusii daily with the unfortunately occasional troll.

Opening his eyes again he perked to see Nepeta cheering as he sees her kernalsprite prototype with the dead lusus, turning it into Poncesprite.

AC: :!! < it worked!

AC: :DD < it worked erifish look! s33!

CA: I can see that

AC: :DD < this is soo cool! erifishy, she can talk now! she sounds really nice! h33h33h333

CA: It's a good thing she can talk, if she couldn't then that wwould've been a bad thing for you Nep. And, I'm sorry

CA: For killing Ponce like that

AC: :33 < don't worry erifishy, it was an accident and ponce \*did\* come back like you said and she can talk now too :33

CA: Still

AC: :33 < purrdon me but: shoooosh erifish, it was an accident and i mew you didn't meown it so let's continmew on now kay? :33

CA:

CA: Alright, but at least let me do something for you wwhen wwe meet in the Medium.

AC: :|| < ://

AC: :|| < eeriifiish :\\

AC: :|| < fiine

CA: Okay then, let's continue shall wwe?

---

### ==> Sweeps in the past

He woke up gradually, like on a lazy Sunday morning which was weird since he was *sure* it had been Thursday yesterday so it should be Friday today.

Luckily he didn't have anything planned for Friday today, or at least *he didn't think so*.

He kept drifting through the state of awareness, unknowing to his current predicament.

He felt, constricted yet somewhat floaty? Like he was floating in water, no not water since it felt too heavy to be water, molasses? He, he doesn't really know.

Wait, 'floating in'? *What*.

His body thrashes as he begins to awaken fully, he's suspended in some type of liquid that's restricting his movement which oddly felt weird however he wasn't focused on that just yet; right now he had to get out of wherever the fuck he was! He was originally curled up and as he straightened he felt something keeping him from standing up fully, a hard rubbery-like capsule that kept him in the liquid.

He's tempted to open his eyes but he has a feeling he doesn't want that to happen while he was inside this prison of his.

Suddenly he felt *pain*, flaring right at his torso, chest and neck and *he couldn't breathe ohgodwhathecouldn'tfuckBREATHE*. Thrashing even harder now, he clawed at the rubbery wall that held him captive and threatening to drown him in the liquid as his lungs burned for air.

And by some miracle, there's a brief tearing noise that he hears muddily through the surprisingly thick liquid and-

***Riiiiip***

*He's free.*

His deep gasp for breath is ruined as he briefly coughs, some of the thick liquid trickles into his mouth and he does his best to cough it up and not swallow a thing. He pants as he curls slightly on the floor in the puddle of liquid, feeling tired as his lungs still burned as he coughs and *breathes*.

His eyes flutter while wincing at the bright lights as he rubs at his eyes, trying to get most of the thick liquid away from his eye sockets and eyeballs and scratch at his hair.

...

Only to pause as he feels two foreign objects on his head.

'What.'

He thinks briefly, eyes staying closed as both his hands explore his head and the two objects on his head *that felt connected to his skull*. He, he had-

His eyes snapped open as his hands curled around his *horns*, *he had **horns dear god***. He makes a strangled sound and *that does not sound right*, he's panicking, panicking panicking panicking as he sees the thick liquid is *purple* and he's sitting in a puddle of purple; he's sitting in a puddle of purple and he has *horns-- dear god his skin was grey*.

Now he's making inhuman noises as he flails helplessly with short grey limbs, grey grey grey hands and feet and yellow nails, mind currently breaking temporarily as he *feels, sees, smells, touches, hears* new things that *he really shouldn't be*.

Like the rough huff of breath that he hears above him.

'Sweet Maryam, Deuce and Psii what the fuck is going on.' Is his frozen thought as he slowly looks up to see,

*He couldn't believe his own two eyes currently, why?*

In front of him was a pure white creature, resembling that of a seahorse only *gigantic* and *flying*. It watched him with very dark grey that seemed to peer into his very soul, a whimper escaped him as the giant creature flew-*it really was flying or at least floating wasn't it?*- closer to him and he flinched back and a strained whimper escapes his throat and he winces at that both at how pathetically scared it sounded and for his drying, aching throat.

The creature stops, eyes narrowing and finned, scaled ears flicking as it stopped abruptly and pauses in the air. The pause gives him the chance to truly look at the creature with wary paranoia, there was something niggling in his head, something familiar- the white creature in front of him seemed familiar but he can't really remember where, not when his body and mind felt so tired and, *when did he close his eyes.*

Hastily he opened them and squeaked in his inhuman tone as the floating white seahorse was suddenly *too close to him*. A warbled noise leaves his already aching-but-now-slightly-painful throat, and the seahorse stopped once again looking at him with those narrowed dark grey eyes.

Was that concern? It couldn't be, he-!!!

He keened brokenly as his chest and neck started to **burn** again. '*What now?!*' he thought to himself as he curled into a tight ball, still covered in goo and naked as the day he was born, *he felt so hot and his throat was so dry.*

He hears a short gruff huff and a quick nicker and suddenly he felt something wrap around his midsection, picking him up in the air. He quick but painful look revealed to see the white seahorse-creature using his own tail to pick him up and gently put him into a container of cool liquid (*water it was water and not some other type of goo thank goodness*) that lessened the pain in his chest and neck, had this tub of water always been there before? No, it, well he *was* busy with other things to notice it anyway so maybe it had been there the whole time.

It was then that he noticed that he was *underwater* and he was breathing *perfectly*. Needless to say his arm flailing panic came back full force as he instinctively broke for breath and took an unneeded gasp air. He hears a whinny and flinches as the seahorse monster's snout and face is right in front of him, with stern, *stern how*, grey eyes that made him feel like a child.

The snout bumps again his cheek and he's pressured to go back underwater, which he complies with a moment of hesitance.



Breathing underwater felt really weird, it felt really weird around his neck and chest where the burn was gradually going away for whatever reason- *oh he had gills cool* says one tired check to his side now that the pain was going away. True to his thoughts, on his side were slits that moved as if he was breathing, which he was, and he watched slightly mesmerized by the way the grey slits would move along with the barest tints of violet hidden underneath the grey skin.

That something from before niggled and nagged at his tired tired mental state as he was slowly drifting off into sleep, he was too tired to think properly about it and wanted to sleep everything off. And he did, he would panic more later after a proper night's rest.

Out above his sleeping figure in the water, a concerned lusus watched its old-not-grub and now-juvenile-troll sleep within the cooling water. He was too young for sopor slime and he was a sea creature like him so sleeping in the water would do until he was of proper age and his system grew strong enough.

What concerned the skyhorse lusus was the fact its juvenile did not automatically crawl towards his prepared abulation trap after gaining his bearings like a normal sea juvenile after their first pupating molt and actually seemed to be *terrified* of it when it tried to come closer to find out what was wrong, its juvenile had been crying out in panic! And had nearly dehydrated himself because he didn't crawl into his abulation trap.

It's juvenile wasn't the first sea grub it has raised and never before did it's old sea juveniles act like that after their first pupation, if anything they were more violently cheerful and somewhat quiet but its newly juvenile grub had *panicked* and called out for help, called for *it* but was *scared of it*.

It didn't know what to do, but it would do it's best for it's grub and raise him to a fine adult like every other grub it had picked from the brooding caverns. Though strange enough it's grub did not really come from the brooding caverns, but very close near it however a grub was a grub and its grub was a very pretty violet sea grub, its favorite kind of grub despite their attitude after growing up.

So with parental determination, the white skyhorse lusus took one more glance at the sleeping juvenile before leaving the respiteblock in search of nutrition for when the young troll awakens for consumption.

Neither had any idea of what future was in store for the both of them, nor of the hardships both would experience in the near future.

---

==>Sweeps in the future but days in the past

GA: I'm Just Saying That When We Get In The Game Or At Least Before It, I Would Appreciate It If You Acknowledged Her More Than Usual.

CA: Kan

GA: I'm Not Saying That You Should Accept Her Pitch Advancements, It Is Quite Clear To Everyone That You Have Absolutely No Interest In That Quadrant Whatsoever But At Least Talk To Her Or Something. Her Frustration Is A Bit Of A Bothersome Thing To Deal With, Especially When I Am Preparing For The Game.

CA: Wwell, I too, am preparin for the game Kan and I do not havve the time to deal wwith her fully. Not wwith evverythin comin, there's still a lot to do for preparation and Sol is nearly done wwith piecin evverythin together. Derse is gettin rowwdy 'n I think I spotted a Derse agent gettin awwfully close to some of the other towwers, it's all vvery suspicious.

GA: I See, So Derse Is Also Getting Ready For The Game. Now That I Think About It The Prospitians Have Been Awfully More Energetic Than Usual However They Don't Ever Go Near The Towers, Also I Think I've Seen Something About Derse The Last Time I Visited Prospit In My Slumber Pertaining A Tower With A Dersite Exiting It. Thinking Back It Was Quite Concerning With What You've Mentioned And Told Me About With The Dersite, I Think It Was That Dignitary Dersite That Exited The Tower; Which One I Unfortunately Do Not Know.

CA: Fuckin great then, you knoww sometimes I wwish I ww as a Prospit dreamer like you and the others. Those prophet clouds could've been really

handy back as a grub, but wwhat do I get? A gigantic fuckin ink sky wwith horrorterrors that wwisper... wwwhatever into my earfins. Also thank you Kan for the wwarning, the Draconian Dignitary is not someone I'd like in any of those towwers. Looks like I'm goin to havve to keep a closer eye for evveryone.

GA: You're Welcome Eridan

GA: So, Uh, About Vriska

CA: Fine, I'll havve a long and proper talk with her in the Medium wwhen evveryone and I mean \*evveryone\* is in the game and properly settled, satisfied?

GA: It Is The Best I Can Get Out Of You Currently So Yes, I Am Satisfied.

CA: The things I do for my friends, honestly...

CA: Though I wwill nevver understand wwwhy you like her like that Kan, and you vvery wwll knoww wwhat I mean Kan wwe're not doin that again.

GA: I Wasn't Going To Ugh

GA: It's Just. \*Too Hard To Explain Properly\*

GA: I Would Like To Change The Subject Please

CA: Right... (don't wworry kan, someone out there is your perfect heart but it sure ain't vvriska fuckin serket. at least i hope not.)

CA: Anywway, speakin of a subject change. How is your lusus.

GA: Sigh, Doing Well So Far Despite The Incoming Date Of Her Death

GA: Oh How I Wish It Was Not Necessary To Have Everyone's Lusus Killed

CA: Unfortunately it is to be, I wwish didn't need to be like that too but wwe can't really do anythin about it

GA: I Know... Will You Be Alright When Your Lusus Dies Eridan? Besides Tavros, Feferi, Nepeta, And I, You And Your Lusus Are Quite Close

CA: I'll be fine Kan, Seadad is goin to be fine evven wwith his incoming demise. The upside to this is that Seadad and I wwill get to properly talk wwith each other wwith actual wwords and stuff so I'm lookin forward to that.

GA: Ah, I Suppose That Is A Nice Perk To Our Custodian's Deaths

CA: Besides, Equi and I are no doubt gonna be scheduled for a feelins jam after enterin the game and shit. So wwe'll be fine, I advise you to do the same wwith Serket but that's up to you and her unfortunately.

GA: I Guess

GA: Oh It Seems I Might Have To Go Now, She's Awake Now And Wants My Attention

CA: Ugh, go to her Kan. I'll talk to you again later after wwe enter the Medium and don't wworry I'll keep my promise of talkin wwith Serket in the game. Bluh.

GA: Yes, Thank You Eridan

CA: You're wwelcome Kan

grimAuxillatrix [GA] stopped trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

CA: Go Team RoseMary, hahaha

calmingAquarius [CA] stopped trolling grimAuxillatrix [GA]

Chapter End Notes

DONE!

By the looks of it you may notice my slight dislike for a certain Serket, don't worry she get's kinda better later on in the story like in

homestuck however we're all gonna have to deal with her being a huge bitch in this current story most of the time.

Till next time!

# SGRUB - LOWAA

## Chapter Summary

Wow, Eridan was right about angels being terrifying but he wasn't worried about them. No, he's more worried over the *other* terrifying type of creature that roamed his planet.

One little letter to a word makes a whole world of difference.

## Chapter Notes

Things will alternate as we go along the story, some chapters will focus on SGRUB while the other chapters will focus on our Eridan's childhood or 'wrigglinghood' in troll terminology with bits of the game added with it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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Eridan panted as he clutched at Ahab's Crosshairs, he lets out a short hysterical laugh as he relaxes slightly and slides down the wall he had been leaning against.

"Oh gog." Eridan panted as he looks at the monotone walls of the cathedral he was using as refuge. His planet was full of them and more, cathedrals and other medevil structures as far as the eye could see even from the high points of his growing hive. He tensed as he sensed movement coming near him, he took aim and his finger laid calmly on the trigger though a moment later he relaxes and sets Ahab beside him and took a sigh of relief as a dim light enters the room.

*∴ Hope, young hope, rest, ressst ∴.*

"You don't havve to tell me twtwice." Eridan whispered to the two floating and glowing figures that neared him, restraining his instinctual urge to run away from them or outright shoot them or maybe both. Troll

instincts, he's lucky he was very experienced in curbing most violet blooded troll instincts ever since he had been a young grub.

Though he couldn't really blame canon Eridan for freaking out and outright killing these guys, the angels he meant.

They came in various sizes, and these two angel consorts were the smallest he'd seen yet. They glowed pure white, the kind of white that reminded him of regular lusii only, well, *glowing* and *shining*.

Their heads were semi-circular, no eyes or noses of any sort was seen on their 'faces' but their mouths were sharp and jagged with lights of sharp teeth. Their bodies were wispy, lithe and sometimes intangible as they sometimes passed through some of the walls of the cathedrals, their wings were beautiful though; sleek and graceful but as beautiful as it was it was also equally dangerous he came to find later on. Their wings were just as dangerous as the sharp talon-hands they had that tore through *stone* easily as paper.

He huffed as he tugged at the cloak he wore, having to wear it to help him blend in and sneak around, he nudged at the hood as they covered his horns as well. It felt uncomfortable but he dealt with it and was pretty much used to it from the times he wore the cloak before on Alternia.

*∴ Young hope, rest no more, they come, they come soooon. Must go back, base, enough exploration, they come, safe at base. Come, go, now. ∴*

Eridan inhaled before nodding towards the two mini-angels that twirled around his vision, "Alright then, lead the wway." Eridan breathed as he stood, lifting the legendary weapon and holding it close. The two angels whispered as he moved.

Their voices were echo-y and slightly disturbing but not too bad for him and they spoke in hushed tones, which was much better than their unbelievably loud shrieks that were mostly not understandable. He had nearly made the same mistake of canon Eridan by nearly shooting them when they first 'spoke' to him.

The angels were terrifying and triggering all the wrong switches in his body and he could see why canon Eridan had been so hasty in shooting and killing them, he was thankful of his now sprite lusus and his own self restraint that prevented him from shooting them at first sight. They were terrifying but nice, however even then he wasn't that much worried over the angels and was more worried about the *other* terrifying ethereal-like beings that haunted his planet. They were much more terrifying than the angels.

Eridan tensed as he was out in the open in a high balcony, Ahab's Crosshairs tightly gripped in his claws as his little angel consorts hissed quietly besides him as they stared at the incoming flying projectile that was coming their way. Eridan hissed before breaking into a run, recognizing it and wanted to do nothing with it. He wasn't strong enough to deal with an *Elder Wraith*! He's seen what those way older things could do the first day he came here!

---

==> Days earlier

CC: alrig)(t! So Nepeta's in t)(e game now rig)(t?

CA: Yeah

CC: CRAT--E!! Now I can get you into t)(e game now too! 38D

CA: Alright, is Sol gettin started on your end?

CC: Kinda? T)(e jerk put down two of t)(e mac)(ine t)(ings but I'm missing one of t)(em! 3>8[

CC: And )(e's not answering any of my messages! Ugh, t)(e insufferable prick! 3>8[

CA: Oh

CA: You knoww, I nevver understood wwwhy both you and Sol don't get along. I clearly remember you twwo bein good friends and all back wwwhen wwwe wwere younger



CC: Well t)(at was w)(en we were grubs -Erifis)(, t)(ings are different now!  
38/

CA: Different howw.

CC: Just different! Glub glub glub! 38)

CA: If you say so, anyway I'll try to talk wwith Sol but I'm sure in the end  
he's not goin to let any of us downw.

CC: Ocray 38/

calmingAquarius [CA] ceased trolling cuttlefishCuller [CC]

calmingAquarius [CA] began trolling twinArmageddons [TA]

CA: Sol?

CA: Sol are you there?

TA: s0llux is currently unc0nci0us

CA: Dia

TA: eridan, y0u're the next t0 be enter the Medium

CA: I see... Is Sol alright at least?

TA: yes

CA: Vvery wwell, but I doubt he's goin to like wwakin up to a mouthful of  
mind-honey

TA: n0, i supp0se n0t. h0w did y0u kn0w, ab0ut the mind h0ney that is

CA: I don't really think noww's the time Dia, later in the Medium and after  
evveryone's settled

TA: 0kay 0-0

TA: als0 equius is d0ne with my b0dy, we're g0ing to meet s00n 0n my planet

CA: Oh dear...

TA: what

CA: I... do not havve jurisdiction to tell you, I'm sorry Dia but I can only hope wwith my interference that things might'vve changed some stuff. But if it didn't then I apologize.

TA: Oh... and here i and the 0thers th0ught i was cryptic 0-0

CA: Eh, I don't really try to be I promise but I suppose I havve no choice

CA: Certain, \*circumstances and outside forces\* havve left me no choice but to be cryptic

TA: i see

TA: anyway, y0u need t0 get int0 the Medium, y0ur mete0r is c0ming. we can discuss this later

CA: Right, until later Dia

calmingAquarius [CA] ceased pestering twinArmageddons [TA]

Eridan sighed before shaking his head, but just as he was about to contact Feferi again he felt his *entire hive shake and the sound of something crashing and the quick loud sound of a dying equine. His chest panged as his fins lowered in dread, oh no...*

cuttlefishCuller [CC] began trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

CC: O)( MY COD I AM SO SORRY ---ERIFIS)(!!!! 38((((

CA: Fef, wwas that

CC: I didn't mean to -Erifis)(!! O)( cod, I am sooooo sorry 38(((((((

CA: Oh

CA: \*Oh\*....

CA:

CC: -Erifis)(, I'm so sorry. I reely didn't mean it!

CA: No, it's fine Fef. You didn't mean it, besides wwe can bring him back

CC: O)( -Erifis)( 38(

CA: Okay, let's do this. Fef, can you get the cruxtruder open? I'll... I'll get SeaDad

CC: Okay -Erifis)(...

CC:

CC: !!!!

CC: 38O

CC: O)( noooooo.....

CA: Wwhat? Wwhat's wwrong Fef?

CC: I didn't mean to make you cry -Erifis)(! I'm so sorry!!! 38[[[

CA: Cry? Wwhat are you—

CA: Oh... I

CA: Didn't notice that. Don't wworry Fef, I'm okay

CC: No you're not! You loved your lusus just like I loved mine! And I got )  
(im killed!

CA: Fef no, calm down. It's fine. I swwear, evverythin's goin to be fine.

CA: Just \*please\* get the cruxtruder open, the meteor is getting really close to my hivve and wwe don't really havve time for this!

CC: 38!!!! O)( gos)( I nearly forgot about t)(e meteor! Don't worry -Erifish, we can do t)(is! 3>8|

CA: Yeah I knoww, c'mon Fef. Let's do this.

CC: Y-----EAH!!!! 3>8D

Eridan took a deep breath before he moved, rushing from his respiteblock to another part of hive; more specifically the destroyed part of his hive where his custodian lay... dead underneath the rubble.

He gulped as his heart stuttered in his chest before narrowing in determination and did his best to move the very heavy rubble off the corpse of his 'father'. After all these sweeps with the monstrous skyhorse who raised him, he was the father he couldn't remember having.

He gave his nod of thanks to the sky when the rest of the rubble was clear off the dead skyhorse, though before Feferi could use her mouse to lift the lusus Eridan heaved and lifted the corpse on his own, wheezing slightly at the heavy weight of his SeaDad. *'Maybe he needed a diet because honestly.'* Eridan thought faintly at the back of his mind as he shifted and briefly hugged the dead guardian, transparent violet liquid falling unto the lusus.

He shook his head and looked up to see the kernalsprite flash through the wall, obviously attracted by the death of his father. Eridan frowned but heaved as he carefully threw the corpse into the flashing ball, covering his eyes when it flashed.

***`Eridan`***

Eridan blinked at the digitized but smooth voice and opened his eyes fully to see the his SeaDad now Seasprite, or Skysprite if you wanted to get technical because in reality he was a skyhorse, not a seahorse.

"Hiya Dad." Eridan greeted softly as the sprite floated closer, briefly bumping his aquatic snout against Eridan's forehead.

**`You must enter Eridan. Now, go!`** Seasprite urged as he twisted around the troll and nudged him out of the room and towards the direction of the machines, **`Hurry!`**

"Right!"

And with that it was a flurry of movement, the timer displayed his limited time and if he didn't hurry then the timeline was doomed and he as well as everyone else were dead.

Eridan hissed as he felt the air grow warmer, hotter, *brighter* and sees the red light of the meteor incoming, he's got the carved cruxite and making his way to the alchemiter right outside his hive and is nearly blinded by the incoming flaming rock. In a hurry he's slamming the cruxite on the pedestal and in a flash it alchemizes an long thin object.

It looked to be a long violet glassy stick, no a *wand* and instantly he has it in hand briefly pointing it at meteor before snarling and bending it and breaking it in two. *'Wow that felt nice, did Kan feel this satisfied when she did that in Homestuck?'* Eridan thought briefly before his vision goes entirely white.

---

Eridan blinks blindly before shaking his head, rubbing at his eyes before slowly opening them only to widen in shock as he looks at the planet that would be is.

**`Welcome, to the Land of Wraiths and Angels`** Skysprite said to him as he floats around him, looking at the planet with him.

"Lowwaa." Eridan whispered in disbelief before shaking his head in confusion, "Wwait, 'wwraiths'? Not wwraith?" He asks Skysprite who shakes his head.

***`No, not wrath my grub. Wraiths... you must be wary with these creatures Eridan, they are the opposites of your Angels.`*** Skysprite replies with a small huff.

"Angels?" Eridan questions before jumping at the sudden loud inhuman sound of *something* shrieking, "WWHAT THE FUCK?!" He yells but is drowned by the painful shrieks as white winged beings appeared from the planet below, flying towards him.

On instinct he's got Ahab's Crosshairs in his arms and ready to shoot--

***`Eridan no!`***

Only to forcefully calm himself as Skysprite nudges the legendary rifle down forcefully, ***`It would be a bad idea to harm your consorts my grub. A very bad idea`*** He warned him as the shrieking grew louder as they came nearer. Eridan winced at the sound, dropping Ahab to the ground and pressing his hands against his earfins.

"They're so loud!"

***`They're excited my grub, they have awaited for you for a long time now. You may ask them to tone down their voices if you wish`***

Before Eridan could respond the Angels had finally arrived unto his hive, screeching in 'excitement' as Skysprite told him and started to fly around his person, many of them flying around them. There were dozens of them, though Eridan has a feeling there were more in the planet and was actually quite relieved that not *all* of them went to 'greet' him.

The sound would've been unbearable.

***.. :!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!: .***

He could *hear* something, something, but he couldn't understand it with all this *noise!!*

**"EXCUSE ME!!!!!"** He *roared*, roaring louder than their shrieks, their screeches and noise. Instantly they all fell silent and stopped flying around

him as well, not moving an inch and 'staring' at him somehow even though they had no eyes. He nearly shivered before narrowing his eyes in determination.

"Thank you, I... don't really knoww wwhat's goin on but wwhat I do knoww is that you're all too loud. I think I *can* understand you all somehow but I can't really understand you if you're all bein so loud like that! If there's a chance, wwill you all please speak um, less loudly?" He asks, drooping a bit at the end seeing it was a bit lame of him.

*∴ Our hope, young hope, our young young hope. We waited, waited long, for you and the others ∴.*

He jolted at the creepy-ish whisper that enters his head, it would have to do. Sides, he was used to whispers; the horrorterrors always whispered to him whenever he awoke on Derse.

"Thank you." He says to them and instantly they crowd him, swooping around him and whispering many many things. They're getting him dizzy.

### ***Ping***

It was Feferi, oh that's right. She was his server player; she was probably watching everything happening!

CC: -ERIFIS)( W-E DID IT!!! 38DDD

CC: O)( t)(is is so ---EXCITING!

CC: -Erifis)(? 38?

CC: )(---ELLOOOO???

CC: O)(, you're talking wit)( your lusus sorry! 38)

CC: Wow, your planet is reely lacking some colors )(ee)(ee!

CC: )(u)(? W)(at's wrong -Erifish? 38?

CC: -Erifis)(?

CC: !!!!!

CC: -Eridan?! W)(at's going on?!?!?

CC: -Eridan w)(at are t)(ey?! Are t)(ey )(urting you?!

CC: --ERIDAN!!

CA: Wwoah, hey calm down Fef it's fine. I'm fine.

CC: ----ERIDAN! O)( I was so worried!! 38(

CA: Relax Fef, I'm fine. They wwon't hurt me, I promise. They're my consorts.

CC: Consorts? You mean t)(e people t)(at live on your planet or somet)(ing?

CA: Yeah, they wwon't hurt me unless I hurt them. As for the yelling I did earlier they wwere kinda loud so I had to shout to get their attention.

CC: O)(...

CA: I'm fine Fef I swwear

CC: 38/ If you say so -Erifis)(

CA: Sorry for wworryin you Fef

CC: No no! I overreacted and misunderstood w)(at was reely going on. It's fine! 38)

CA: Okay, are you still on Alternia or did Sol finally take you into the Medium?

CC: Ug)(! )(e's not doing anyfin yet! And )(e won't answer my messages! T)(e prick sure is taking )(is sweet ass time 3>8(



CA: Patience Fef, I think he's kind of busy right noww. I'm sure he'll pull through, I believve in him.

CC: )(mp)(! 3>8[

CA: Noww excuse me for a moment, Equi is messagin me noww. Probably wworried about me, I'll troll you later Fef, and put some more trust into Sol wwill you?

CC: O)( alrig)(t 3>8/, bye -Erifis)(

cuttlefishCuller [CC] ceased trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

centaursTesticle [CT] began trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

CT: D --> Eridan

CT: D --> Eridan please report that you have safely entered the Medium

CT: D --> There are... certain matter I wish to speak with you

CA: Calm downn Equi I'm here, Fef got me into the Medium right on the nick of time

CT: D --> I see, e%ellent then

CT: D --> Are you unharmed

CA: I'm fine Equi I promise you, I am totally fine right noww.

CA: Noww wwhat is it you wwant to talk about wwith me Equi.

CT: D --> Ah yes, the matters I wished to speak with you involves um

CT: D --> A certain, rustb100ded individual

CT: D --> Who may or may not now have the majestic and superior b100b100d running in her mechanical veins instead of her filthy and scandal00s rustb100d

CA: Equi.... wwhat did you do

CA: Please tell me you didn't givve her body that stupid program you made? Equi, I thought you liked Nep better than Dia! Evven wwithout the wwwhole rustblood and olivveblood stuff, you clearly enjoy Nep's company better than Dia's!

CT: D --> I just...

CT: D --> It was a last minute change, she was so graceful and proper even when she was a rustb100d! She was destined to be so much more! And...

CA: Equi... She didn't like it didn't she?

CT: D ---> no

CT: D --> it was a confusing switch from red to black and

CA: Oh Equius...

CA: Look, I can't really get to your planet yet since I still havve to build Nep's hivve up and Fef wwith my hivve but seriously. Wwhen I get there wwwe are havving a fuckin feelinsjam about evverythin.

CA: And shoosh about my '100d language' Equi, I havve the entire right to curse in front of you for the shit you just pulled.

CA: I wwould really like to be there right noww but the gate is too far abovve me and I need to get Nep's hivve up and shit, think you can handle a feww days on your owwn? Or maybe with Nepeta or something?

CT: D --> Why can I not just come to your planet

CT: D --> I can easily jump through the gates with my STRENGTH

CA: My planet's too dangerous right noww, trust me it's a bad idea. No one should come to my planet yet, I don't knoww wwhat's goin on wwith it here but I got a bad feelin about it.

CT: D --> All the more reason for me to come to you then

CA: No, Equi, I need you to listen to me. I'll be fine here on my owwn for a bit, I've got SeaDadsprite or Seasprite or wwhatevver wwith me to keep me safe.

CA: You can head to Nep's planet sure but you're not allowed to come to my planet yet, there's a reason why it's called the 'Land of Wwraiths and Angels'

CT: D --> !?!?!? Angels?! Wraiths?!

CA: Believe it or not the angels aren't that bad, they're my consorts I think. It's the Wwraith part oof my planet I'm wworryin about.

CT: D --> Eridan! I do not approve of this, you must let me come to you at once!

CA: I didn't wwant to havve to do this: but as as a higher caste troll Equius Zahhak I order you to \*\*\*not\*\*\* come to my planet under any circumstances unless I say or order otherwise. Got it?

CT: D --> ooh dwer

CA: Towwel Equi, shoouooooosh and towwel.

CA: You really left me no other choice Equi, you knoww I hate doin that to you but you really can't come to LOWWAA yet. Not until I do somethin about it and make the place safer for you and the others, I'll be fine I promise. If anything happens I'll be sure to contact you first.

CT: D --> I... Very well

CT: D --> I suppose I should spend time with Nepeta in the mean time, but if anything happens

CA: I'll troll you

CT: D --> Good

CT: D --> <>

CA: <>

CA: I'll troll you later and keep you updated, later Equi

CT: D --> Till later then Eridan, be careful

calmingAquarius [CA] ceased trolling centaursTesticle [CT]

Eridan sighed before putting away his grubphone, making a mental note to alchemize it with his glasses or the grubtop.

***`It was you moirail yes? A wise choice to keep him away from here, arm yourself Eridan, you can never know when they will show up. Your base is too vulnerable to them, we'll have to do something about that.`*** Skysprite says to him as he picks up Ahab's Crosshairs again.

"'Them'? Wwho's 'them'?" Eridan asks as he doesn't put the gun back into its strife card, "Also can you tell me more about the 'Wwraith' part of my planet?" He says and jolts as he notices the angels, his angels? Hissing at the word 'wraith'.

***`The 'wraith part of your planet' is exactly who I speak of my grub. They are vicious and vile creatures, the very opposite of your angels. They, along as the few stronger and braver game constructs will not hesitate to attack you though I doubt you will have to worry much about the 'imps'`***

"Then wwwhat do I do then?"

***`Grow stronger of course, create weapons, survive, win. The wraiths are part of your denizen's mission but you are not ready to face both yet`***

Skysprite admitted and Eridan wanted to ask if he meant the mission and the denizon, the wraiths and the mission, or finally the wraiths and the denizen however he was interrupted as the angels around him *shrieked* once more.

Only this time, in dismay and panic.

Eridan quickly aimed Ahab at whatever spooked the white beings that continued to screech only to freeze at what he was facing. It seemed to *crawl* over the edge and into the air.

It was big, twice the size of Skysprite. Wispy tendrils of grey darkness that both acted like torn cloth in the wind and a continuously blown flame that curled in the nonexistent breeze, it covered *everything* of the creature.

It's shape was somewhat humanoid but the joints were all jagged and elongated almost elegantly, 'head' completely covered in that wispy cloth-like substance that doused the creature's 'face' in darkness completely, actually the cloth almost acted like hair for the creature. The body was mostly cloth and seemingly intangible and almost like a dress, it had no visible claws or talons as its hands were totally covered in grey darkness cloth but that seemed to make it all more terrifying.

It didn't say anything, eerily silent as it stayed in the air. The angels were desperately trying to get away from it but also trying to keep to Eridan, Skysprite hissed and snarled at it.

**`Wraith!`** He spat and Eridan gulped, keeping a steady aim at the now identified 'wraith'. ***`An elder wraith so early on?! Eridan, your Ahab is strong but it is not strong enough to completely obliterate an elder wraith.`*** Skysprite hissed quickly, ***`You must abscond!`***

"But wwhat about you?!" Eridan asked back, flinching as the wraith's form seemed to flare at the sound of his voice and he's narrowly dodging the 'arm' of the wraith, jumping out of the way as the cloth hits the ground, not damaging it but spreading out to the floor as if spilled water on a flat surface but *alive*. An unfortunate angel is too late as one tendril from the torn 'cloth' catches its tail, the angel is pulled from the air and seemingly *devoured* and merges with the cloth.

Only then did the wraith make a sound, a piercing rumble that shook Eridan's bones.

"Dear swweet motherful Dolorosa." Eridan breathes as his angels disperse, the death of one angel signalling full on retreat that sends the wraith into a

frenzy, dark cloth tendrils expanding and trying to reach and pull more angels to 'eat'. One tendril reaches for *him* to which he blasts it into oblivion with his gun in a short but powerful laser fire that takes care of the tendril, but not the 'Elder Wraith'.

Instantly its attention is pulled back entirely to him and it lets out a horrible ***howl*** that has Eridan's knees weak and his head pounding.

"AAAAAH!!"

## Chapter End Notes

AAAAAAAAAAAAAH FUCKING HEEEELLLL  
MY LAPTOP BROKE

it fucking broke

NOW I GOTTA USE MY FUCKING IPAD WHICH SUCKS SINCE  
IM MORE COMFY WITH MY LAPTOP TO TYPE MY STORIES  
INSTEAD OF MY IPAD

hhhhhhhhh im sorry guys but story updates are going to be even  
slower now! ill try to do this while i can but im just so much more  
comfy with my laptop.. :((((

im so glad i got most of the chapter done here, i only needed to adjust  
and change a few things before posting this... can't say the same for my  
other stories though :[[[[[

# SGRUB - The Medium

## Chapter Notes

Here you go! Chapter 3.  
Hope you enjoy :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

"AAAAAH!!"

***BANG***

Eridan awaited for his inevitable death but it seemed that fortunately, luck was in his favor or more specifically; he had a good friend as a server player. Said server player had lifted his fridge from his room and used it to pin and smash the wraith in place, pinning it to the ground underneath the heavy weight and with its sudden interference the wraith had stopped lunging for him.

***BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG***

He flinched, though it wasn't because the fridge was lifted up and down and up and down continuously on the wraith but at the howl the wraith was letting out. Although it wasn't as loud as before somehow and for some reason. He looked down to see Feferi trolling him on trollian.

cuttlefishCuller [CC] began trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

CC: -Eridis)(! So I know I said I'd wait patiently for )(im and all but t)(e entire red team's already entered t)(e medium! S)(oallux and I )(aven't entered yet, we're t)(e last to enter! UUUG)(! I wonder w)(at the glub is wrong wit)( )(im rig)(t now! 3>8[

CC: -Eridis)(? Are you alrig)(t? You look a little tense t)(ere...

CC: 38?

CC: Uuuu)(, -Erifis)(? Is t)(at, u)(, t)(ing suppose to be t)(ere?

CC: T)(e w)(ite lusus-t)(ingies don't seem to pike it... Is it bad? Will you be ocray?! 380

CC: )(OLY MACK--ER---EL!!! T)(AT IS D--FINIT---ELY A BAD T)  
(ING!!! --ERIDAN GET T)(E GLUB OUT OF T)(ERE!!!

CC: O)( NO YOU DON'T W)(AT--EV----ER T)(--E GLUB YOU AR--E!!

CC: TAK----E T)(AT!!! AND T)(AT, AND T)(AT!!!

CA: fef

CC: )(IYA!!!

CA: FEF

CA: Okay Fef, I think you got it! By the stars... wwoww

CC: --ERIFIS)(!! Are you okay?! Are you )(urt?! W)(at was t)(at t)(ing?

CA: I'm not hurt no, thanks for that Fef by the wway. As for that thing, wwell, that wwas one of my planet's enemies I suppose. Fef, I'm going to need your help.

CC: Of coarse! W)(at do you need me to do? 3>8|

CA: I need you to make sure my hivve is properly safe for me, right noww I'm just out in the open and perfect cull bait for these things. You didn't manage to kill it so says Skysprite, he's goin to finish the job so don't wworry about that but I need you to focus on gettin my hivve fortified and protected.

CA: My angels wwill help you so it wwon't be too hard.

CC: Alrig)(t t)(en! You can count on me --Erifis)(!



CC: Wait a glubbing minute, w)(ale would you look at t)(at!

CA: Wwhat's wwrong?

CC: S)(oallux is finally moving )(is lazy bass s)(elf, aboat time. 3>8\

CA: Oh, ooh dear...

CC: W)(at's wrong?

CA: Fef, I need you to do another thing for me alright? Remember the fact that Sol is the last one to enter the Medium, and your lusus is goin to die soon but she'll be alright as a sprite. I want you to revvivve Sol later wwhen he enters the Medium, but for noww focus in enterin the game. I'll see you later Fef, good luck.

CC: Um, ocray? Later --Erifis)(! 38)

CC: Wait... R--EVIV---E?!?!? --ERIFIS)( DOESN'T T)(AT M--EAN?!?!)

calmingAquarius [CA] ceased trolling cuttlefishCuller [CC]

CC: ---ERIIIFIS)()()(!!!!!

Eridan sighed as he tucked his phone away, he was worried for Sollux but he knew he'll be fine in the end. The guy has two dreamselves after all, but with his relationship with Feferi being so different from canon... No, things will be alright in the end. Feferi may dislike Sollux but she wouldn't let him die.

**BANG FWOOSH BANG**

Eridan yelped, turning quickly in place to find Skysprite doing something with the wraith. Using his sprite powers to do something at least, which involved punting his fridge through the wall. "Umm..."

***`Do not mind me, I am merely taking care the rest of this elder wraith. Luckily this seems to be the youngest elder wraith I have seen and know of, so killing it won't be too much of a hassle. Your server player should***

***take care of your hive soon. Make it safer, your angels will make sure no wraith may enter it.*** Skysprite informed him before flashing neon violet and began to blast at the elder wraith which writhed against the sprite's bright beam.

Eridan winced at the sight along with the noise the wraith let out, though he also winced at the pleased screeches the angels around him let out as they gathered once more. "She's a bit busy right noww, she's about to enter the Medium soon 'n she needs to revvive a teammate of ours soon. Her lusus..." he trailed off and Skysprite nodded.

***'Say no more, I understand. The eldritch one's screech makes even us lusii pained, your teammate is lucky to have a spot in the game as well as a dreamself... Speaking of which I suggest sleeping for a bit, do not worry for more wraiths; your angels will start in making sure your hive is wraith-proof.'*** Skysprite said, taking a brief break from blasting at the wraith to speak with him. The wraith rumbles weakly, Eridan grimaces at it but goes with it as Skysprite resumes at blasting the angel with sprite powers.

He was tired, the stress of the game along with the sudden surprise of wraiths and angels took a lot out of him.

"Alright... Wwake me up wwhen somethin happens." Eridan sighs as he enters his hive, a handful of angels following him with some breaking from the group and exploring somewhere along his hive. He hoped they didn't break anything, he had a few fragile antiques from Alternia in his hive which had a rich background of history.

History had always been his favorite subject, he suspected it the same in his past life as he recalls making theories and somewhat of a storyline for both Beforus and Alternia in Homestuck. What can he say? He likes the stories from the past.

Speaking of history of Alternia, he didn't know how but somehow it was different from canon. For one thing, his ancestor Orphaner Dualscar aka Post-Scratch Cronus Ampora was... very different. Different how? Well, that was a story for another time seeing as he was very tired as of now.

He enters his respiteblock, three angels left in his company with the others exploring every room of his hive. They crooned as he looks between his recuperacoon and his pile of pillows, towels (clean ones mind you), scarves, a bunch of Equius' robot parts and some history books; he didn't feel like taking his clothes off for his coon and it was likely he was going to just nap for a bit so pile it is.

He huffed as he laid on his pile, pleased with the balance of soft and hardness in the pile especially with the robotic parts Equius contributed for the pile. Bizarrely, troll anatomy made it all comfortable somehow. Something about relaxing on items provided by one's moirail and whatever.

He made himself comfortable on the pile, his body relaxing even when all three of his angels went to lay beside him with one bold angel sleeping partly on top of him though luckily it wasn't very heavy and was small enough to fit the pile with him and the two other angels.

They weren't so bad, and the instinct and fear of them that was previously in him was gone so that was a plus.

---

### **==>Eridan: Wake on Derse**

Eridan blinked as he woke up to a wall of bright purple, Derse.

He yawned as he stood from his pile and stretched a bit before grimacing at the extra weight on his shoulders. Unfortunately whenever he woke up on Derse he would have a cape on his person, his dreamself had a bright purple cape for whatever reason but thankfully there wasn't a popped collar but he still didn't like the cape and took it off whenever he woke up.

Though before he could he noticed a flashing light of red and blue and instantly thought of Sollux, it seemed that he woke up just a bit after Sollux did and it seemed that Feferi *did* kiss Sollux in the end. That was good.

He smiled as he jumped out of his window and flew quickly towards the flash of red and blue, wanting to catch Sollux before he left Derse and towards his planet. If he recalled correctly, it was the Land of Brains and

Fire right? Or did it change slightly like his planet? He would have to ask the others about their planets when he woke up later on.

"Sol!" He yelled, getting Sollux' attention right before he was about to blast off of Derse and away from the future Clubs Deuce.

Sollux blinked as he calmed down at the sight of him though he was surprised, "Eridan? That you?" He asked as Eridan flew towards him and floated besides him.

Eridan nodded, smiling at the powerful psionic. "Yup, wwelcome to Derse. Wwas wwonderin wwhen you wwere goin to wwake up to be honest."

Sollux coughed lightly and shook his head, "Derthe? I thought I wath a Prothpit dreamer? I recall Kanaya telling me that thhe wath looking forward to theeing me wake up on Prothpit." He says with confusion, it was the truth.

Eridan hummed, "True, you *are* a Prospit dreamer but you're also a Derse dreamer. For wwatever reason you havve twwo dreamselvves, one on Prospit and one on Derse." He says, motioning towards the purple moon they were on and aimed a smirk at the goldblood. "Aren't you a special troll? And I suppose this appeals your obsession wwith twwo's and wwhatnot."

Sollux glared lightly at Eridan, "Whatever, but I guetth thith workth in my favor. Got an extra life, well two before but I guetth I died? Yeah I remember dying from thith horrible noithe..." he admitted, frowning as he rubbed at his ear.

"It was the Vvast Glub, Fef's lusus' didn't react lightly to dyin'. It let out the vvast glub right before it croaked up and died, evveryone on Alternia and any other troll in the univverse is dead. Except Her Imperial Condescension of course, she and Fef are the only other trolls that wwould be unaffected by the shriek." Eridan says with a frown, wincing at the thought of dying from the noise.

"Well thhit, that thuckth for them. But at leatht the retht of uth are okay, and doethn't Kan have the matriorb for the new mothergrub or whatever?"

"Yeah she does, though it wwon't eject from her sylladex until it's time... Anyway, you need to head to your planet. Fef wwill be wwain' for ya."

Sollux blinked, "Feferi? Why, why would thhe be on my planet?" Eridan sighed and shook his head.

"Sol, you died. Before this you havven't wwoke on any of the moons, someone had to revvivve ya. I would've..." Eridan flushed violet at the thought of kissing someone, much less Sollux (don't get him wrong, he's handsome and all...), even back then he was shy about the subject of romantic or sexual actions and he didn't recall being in a serious relationship with anyone of any kind, (Of course he exchanged some platonic kisses with Equius but they were just that, platonic kisses suited for moirails and family and nothing else) "But I can't really leavve my planet right noww and Fef hadn't built my hivve up to the gate yet and nor havve you to Fef's gate so, yeah."

Sollux sent him a questioning glance, taking note of the light violet color dusting Eridan's cheeks and face. Was he, embarrassed? He shook his head, he'll think about that later, it was time to be serious right now. "What do you mean you can't leave your planet right now? Ith anything wrong?"

Eridan sighed and palmed at his face, "I'll tell you later, I'm goin to make a memo for it later on but right noww you should head to your planet." He didn't really want to repeat himself in explaining to the others about the state of his planet, so he would make a memo to tell the others to stay away from his planet while his hive was currently unfortified and not really safe.

Sollux frowned but nodded, "Alright, alright I'll head on to my planet. Nithe theeing you ED, we thould really hang out later on okay?" He asked and grinned at the nod he got from the seadweller "Awethome, by the way; cool cape ED, really thuitth you." He says with a small snicker before blasting off of Derse.

Eridan blinked before remembering he was wearing a cape, "Gogdammit!" He cursed as he flushed violet before wrestling the damned cloth of his shoulders, bunching it up into a ball and kicking it away into the unknown of Derse.

He huffed before shaking his head and floated away, noticing the absence of Deuce or, well he's forgotten the name of Clubs Deuce before he was Clubs Deuce. He took a breath before flying around the towers, checking on each still sleeping trolls on Derse's moon. Aradia was safe deep within Derse until Jack's arrival, Equius, Nepeta and Feferi were still asleep so far but they'd wake up soon enough in the game but the comic didn't say much about their awakening and canon had them going non-God Tier.

He wonders if he could change that, make it so in this Alpha timeline they'd go God Tier; all of them. Not just Vriska and later on Aradia, every single one of them... He sighed as he sat on Equius windowsill, watching his moirail sleep in his Derse recouperacoon. He would have to wait and see for that, see how things will go.

---

### **==>Sweeps ago; 2 sweeps old Eridan**

He frowned as he looked at himself in the mirror. Orange horns, black hair with violet tuft and bangs, grey skin, finned ears and fins in general, slits on his neck and side which he now knows are gills...

"Vhat zhe hil is goen on." He asked in accented awkward english, which for some reason felt *really* weird and his english was very accented in an accent that he couldn't really recognize. Like, he could feel his neck vibrate and his vocal chords strain a bit whenever he tried to speak in what he *definitely* knows is english.

He looked at his hands, slightly dull yellow fingernails were what greeted him and he looked at his feet to see the same as his toenails and between them were webbed so he had webbed feet for swimming. He looked back at the giant mirror and opened his mouth, staring at the sharp canines and teeth and the very violet tongue that was inside his mouth, carefully he opened and closed his jaws and carefully had his tongue lick at his teeth.

The sensation and feeling his sharp teeth was very weird to the once human. He whimpered as he stopped as he tugged at his shirt, black with short sleeves and the violet Aquarius symbol smackdown at the middle of it. His back felt awkward as the shirt's fabric felt weird against the small back fin going along his spine, the same went for his thighs. He looked at the fins on his arms that stopped at his elbows and the slight webbing between his fingers.

Okay, seadwelling troll anatomy was more than what the comic looked out to be.

He wasn't even going to *acknowledge* the space right between his legs which was located at his crotch, nope, no, not today!

He looked at his face, seeing the chub of youth on his face and stares for a bit mesmerized by his ear fins as they flapped and wiggled expressively. His pupils were grey but according to Homestuck troll wiki or something, they'd be filling in as he grows and by the time he'd be an adult they'd be fully violet or maybe along of late troll teenagehood?

Everything was confusing and he didn't know what to do.

"Mm..." Oh fuck, curse his childish and emotional nature! There were transparent violet tears starting to leak from his eyes. "Nuo, nu no, dun cr-ay." He told himself and his reflection, which did not help because he looked adorable and so sad and *fucking emotions!*

He hears a neigh and welp, there's the lusus. Or his lusus he supposes as he watches through teary eyes as the white skyhorse enters the room to find him crying, immediately it drops the bag it was carrying previously and is by his side in record time. Cuddling into him as he started to sniffle, gently nudging his white-scaled snout against his head and between his horns.

Uuuuuuuh.

That felt good but he felt so indignant and like a child being coddled by his parent! Which... was exactly what he was... fuck.

"M fin, st-stopp." He stutters as he wipes at his tears furiously, frowning darkly through the hiccups. The white creature just croons and cuddles even more.

Yeah it took a while for him to be calm again.

Later on saw to him sitting at the table and waiting for his lusus to make him food, seeing as he was too small to make food for himself yet. He was the size of a small four year old! Which hit his pride seeing as he was pretty sure he had been taller back when he was a human... he thinks. Bah! This sucked.

He watched tiredly as the skyhorse serves him... food. Which involved some type of fungus, some plant and, yeah he didn't know what again but he was hungry and he wasn't going to complain. Tentatively he ate like all the previous times he had ate, the first time he had been very hesitant but hungry won out in the end and he found that he didn't really mind it, new tastebuds.

After food the-his, lusus nudges him to the bathroom and he's spending the next couple of hours there just breathing in the water. So kid seadweller trolls have to spend a lot of time in the water as they grow it seemed, he didn't know why original Eridan had chose this place as his home-hive but then again Eridan had been a small baby and didn't know any better...

Anyway, two hours later he's out of the bathtub and in his room with Alternia's night sky clear outside his window and he's reminded again that trolls were nocturnal creatures and that their sun was a dying star that could hurt their skin. This time however, skyhorse is there with the bag from hours earlier and turns out; they were baby books.

Troll babybooks.

Looks like it was time to learn Alternian language and absolutely *everything*, after days of just coping with the fact he was now a troll; aka he was now *Eridan Ampora*. He was going to learn on what he could to survive this life, he wasn't as naive to believe that everything would be okay for him in the future seeing as trolls were a violent species



compared to their old ways... Fuck, he needed to know if he was in a universe where the game happened or not.

This was going to be a *long* life, but he was going to live it his way dammit.

---

**==>Sweeps in the future**

calmingAquarius [CA] has opened a memo on the B100 TEAM transmitimeline bulletin board [12:11 AM] labelled "LOWWAA, STAY AWWAY"

calmingAquarius [CA] responded to memo RIGHT NOW

CCA: Okay, for those wwho don't knoww. Evveryone please stay away from my planet for the next feww days, it's too dangerous for anyone to be in.

CCA: The place is crawwlin wwith wwraiths and I don't knoww much about the angels and howw they'd react to you guys.

centaursTesticle [CT] responded to memo RIGHT NOW

arsenicCatnip [AC] responded to memo RIGHT NOW

CAC: :OO < really?! are you purrkay erifishy?! \*ac asks worriedly\*

CCT: D --> Yes, are you alright? Do you need assisstance?

CCA: Yes, I'm alright. No need to wworry and no Equi, wwhat did I just say? No one is allowwed to go to my planet, not wwwhile my hive is currently unsafe. I just need Fef to fortify my hive and make it safer, the angels wwill do the rest

CAC: :!! < angels?!?! erifishy be very carefurl!! aren't angels dangerous?!! :  
{{

CCA: Wwoah there Nep, calm downn. These angels are good, at least to me they are. They're my consrots and they aren't hurtin me at all but I don't think they'll like a surprise vvist from anyone. Yet, I still gotta figure some things out wwith all of this...

CCT: D --> Oh thank goodness, but when do you think we will be a100wed to vist your planet? I do not wish to leave you there alone on your own.

CCA: Like I said, wwhen Fef and my angels are done fortifyin my hivve. After that you, Nep and evveryone can vvist my planet, wwell after I make sure the angels wwon't hurt anyone. Speakin of Fef, wwwhere is she? I gotta talk to her about my hivve.

cuttlefishCuller [CC] responded to the memo [1 HOUR] FROM NOW

FCC: Oops! Saury -Erifis)(! I was... kinda busy doing somefin an )(our before, )(a)(a)(a

CCA: Oh, that's fine Fef but busy doin what if I may ask?

twinArmageddons [TA] has responded to the memo [1 HOUR] FROM NOW

FTA: pfft, more liike \*II\* wa2 bu2y doiin her an hour before. 2core, perfect tiiming hahaha

CAC: :OO < gasp! \*ac gasps\*

CCT: D --> I beg your pardon

FCC: S)(UT UP!!!! U)(G YOU'R---E SO INSUFF---ERABL--E!!

FTA: hahaha 2uck iit FF

CCA: Umm.. excuse me. Wwhat?

FTA: oh hey ED, how2 iit goiing?

CCA: Um, everythin's fine I guess for noww. But wwhat is goin on? Are you twwo...

FCC: M)(mm, we're kismefis)(es now. I always didn't like )(im, turns out I absolutely )(ate )(im!

FTA: how romantiic, al2o 'kii2me2fii2he2'? ugh, your fii2h pun2 are ju2t part of the rea2on why i hate you.

FCC: Ug)(, go suck a bulge S)(oallux.

FTA: why don't you come back here and 2uck miine? <3<

FCC: Pa)(! You wis)(! 3>8] <3<

CAC: :33 < h33333333!!! a new ship has been made! i'll go update my shippurring wall! \*ac says excitedly, bouncing up and down and goes to immediately update her shipping wall\* :33

CCT: D --> oh... oh my

CCT: D --> but your majesty, he is a filthy mustardb100d!

FTA: wow thank2 for the remiinder EQ

CCA: EQUIUS

CCT: D --> oh fiddlesti%s, i need a towel

FCC: I don't reely care, )(e's my kismefis)( now and just deal wit)( it now - Equius. Also, t)(e )(emospectrum )(as no effect )(ere anymore!

CCA: Equi, she has a point. Now get your towel and say sorry to Sol, right this instant.

FTA: aww thank2 ED.

FCC: s)(us)( S)(oallux, and t)(anks --Erifis)( 38)

CCT: D --> I have returned. My apologies Captor, your majesty, I have no right to delegate your quadrants your highness. I'm sorry Eridan, I forgot about your... views on the hemospectrum which I should remind you is incredulous and baffling once more.

CCA: Good, and yes I know about my views about the hemospectrum. You have reminded me for sweeps without a fail whenever the subject comes up, and once again I do not really care.

CCT: D --> Yes, as I know very well. <>

CCA: Mhmm <>

FTA: apologies accepted EQ. anyway, with me in the game now everyone's in and accounted for. wait, where's AA

apocalypseArisen [AA] has responded to the memo RIGHT NOW

CAA: i am here

CAA: rabbit

CAA: eridan i have many things to discuss with you

CCA: Hello Dia, unfortunately that we will have to wait for a bit. I promise you we will speak at a more appropriate time. A time when my hive is fortified and safe for everyone to come.

CAA: fine

CCT: D --> oh um, greeting Aradia...

apocalypseArisen [AA] ceased responding to the memo

CCT: D --> fiddlesticks

CAC: :// < you deserved that

CAC: :33 < the shipping wall has been updated and appropriatedly~!

CCT: D --> Nepeta...

CAC: :|| < i'm going to go explore my land a bit, bye guys!

arsenicCatnip [AC] ceased responding to the memo

CCT: D --> \*\*Fiddlesti%s\*\*

centaursTesticle [CT] ceased responding to the memo

FTA: woah what

FCC: Ummm... 38?

CCA: Oh Equi, you stupid stupid blueblood. Okay, a bit of a change of plan then. Fef I need you to build up my hive to my gate as fast as you can right noww. My moirail has been very stupid and I need to console, help and pap him.

CCA: Just, build up high enough for me to jump right at the gate so I can get to Equius' planet.

FCC: Ocray! )(ere we go!

CCA: Thanks Fef, later you twwo. Wwe'll talk a bit more later alright? Oh and congratulations on the new kismesissitude, hope it goes wwell! And speaking of kismesissitude, I promised Kan to talk to Vvriska soon, bluuuuuuuuuh so many things to do!! Ugh.

calmingAquarius [CA] ceased responding to the memo

FCC: BY--E --Erifis)(! Good luck wit)( it all!

FTA: later ED

FTA: waiit, diid he just 2ay he promii2ed kan he'd talk two 2erket? Hah! doe2 2he 2tiill thiink 2he can be ED'2 kii2me2ii2? We all know he doe2n't have iinterest for that quadrant!

FCC: For once I agree wit)( you t)(ere S)(oallux, but w)(o knows. Maybe s)  
(e'll finally convince )(im or somefin. At least s)(e's not aiming for )(is flus)  
(ed quadrant.

FTA: true, but nah ii don't thiink he'2 gonna let her become hi2 2pade. He2  
rejected her before, he'll do iit agaiin! And 2peakiing of flu2hed quadrant,  
you do know iif you hadn't come and reviiwed me ED was goiin to do iit  
riight? He told me hiim2elf, 2hame he diidn't.

FCC: O)( s)(ut t)(e glub up Captor. S)(ore )(e'd do t)(at because you're )(is  
FRI--END, of coarse )(e'd revive you and nofin else! 3>8(

FTA: oh ii'd dii2agree there piiexe2. \*ii would dii2agree\*

FCC: Prick <3<

FTA: biitch <3<

## Chapter End Notes

Yes, I ship SolFef, but I do ship them <3< just as much as <3. Anyway,  
i hope you enjoyed! next chapter is going to focus on the past a bit  
more rather than the game. typing with the keyboard kinda still sucks  
but im getting used to it, oh and im typing this last note without the  
keyboard so all lower case for now. im tired so no professional  
goodbye capitalization, damn im tired. bye guys, till next chapter

# History and Past - Mindfang's Journal #1

## Chapter Notes

Warning: Mostly pesterlogs :P, oh and implied canon death and violence. I'm delving more into Homestuck as I type this tbh. Also making Mindfang's journal entry was quite fun to try, never had a more sophisticated and fancy character to try other than Kanaya :3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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### ==> Read a page from Mindfang's Journal

~ On the 12th 8ilunar perigee of the 2nd Dark season's equinox ~

The Orphaner poses a caliginous riddle like no other I've met. I have met other potentially caliginous rivals in the past 8ut the Orphaner surely takes the top. He makes my 8lood 8oil like the red hot dangerous star that serves as this planet's sun, his stoic arrogance and 8latant disregard to my own forces never fail to keep me enamoured to him. Though in truth I was quite surprised at his starting acceptance to my 8lack courting, I have heard the rumors of his disregard for concupiscent quadrants as well as the conciliatory which is enitirely unheard of.

He is quite honestly an enigma, the most calm of his 8loodcaste and certainly the most interesting. I had heard of him since I was 8ut a young gru8, rising and now prime leader to the other yet less interesting and less dangerous orphaners that held the duties of feeding the Empress' horrorterror of a pet lusus.

Our first meeting planted the dark 8lack roots of a 8lossoming kismessisitude that I had honestly thought were to 8e one-sided unfortun8ly on my part for like I said it seemed that Dualscar had no interest in quadrants and showed no interest whatsoever for many sweeps at the countless trolls that 8egged for his attention for any of his quadrants..... That is, until I came around it seems.

But of course that is to be expected, I am not one ordinary troll and he is not one either.

Orphaner Dualscar is a violet blood shrouded in mystery and I intend to uncover that shroud and pick at every single detail that is hidden for me to find. Had he been that of a lower caste it would have been far too easy to pick apart his mind, however something tells me that even if that were the case he would still be just as interesting as he is now. In fact, I would dare imagine he would gain my interests in a more creative way.

Nevertheless, he is yet my proper kismesis and I intend to change that soon enough. If I remember correctly, our paths are to cross yet again in my next raid, I shall use that opportunity to serenade my soon-to-be black lover. I do have to wonder though on what would come when I win his spade, will our relationship be as black and deep as I imagine it with our rivalry spreading colors along the watery depths of the sea or will it sour and fail to please?

I can only look forward to our future repartees, to the future my dear kismesis and I do hope it will not fail to please for the both of us.

---

=> Sweeps in the past

calmingAquarius [CA] began trolling adiosToreador [AT]

CA: Hey Tavv.

AT: ???,,, oH HEY ERIDAN

AT: uHH WHAT'S UP?

CA: Did you really start FLARPin with Vvriska?

AT: uMM,,, yEAH WHY? sHE OFFERED AND I ACCEPTED,, mE AND ARADIA HAD FUN WITH THE FIRST SESSION HAHA THOUGH I KINDA FEEL BAD FOR THE LOSING TEAM BUT THE FOUR OF US WERE PRETTY AWESOME }:)



CA: Yeah I heard, Rezi trolled me a bit ago and bragged about the justice she and you all brought to the losing team. I'm just honestly surprised to be honest, I didn't think you'd be up to FLARP wwith Vvriska of all trolls. Dia and Rezi sure, but Vvriska?

AT: wELL UMM,,, sHE ISN'T \*THAT\* BAD TO BE HONEST AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT THE OTHER TEAM AT LEAST. i DON'T KNOW WHY YOU DON'T LIKE HER THAT MUCH EVEN THOUGH SHE CAN BE PRETTY SCARY. IS THIS ABOUT HER PITCH CRUSH ON YOU??

CA: No, wwell, maybe. I'd like it if she'd just givve up already and accept that I ain't interested in her like that. I'm honestly not interested in being pitch wwith anyone at the moment, and I guess red too.

AT: oH OKAY,,, BUT EVENTUALLY YOU WILL HAVE TO UHH,,, FIND A MATESPRIT AND OR KISMESIS RIGHT?? tHE UHH \*\*\*ADULT DRONES\*\*\* DON'T REALLY CARE FOR THE CASTE AND WHEN YOU REACH THE CERTAIN AGE YOU'RE REQUIRED TO GIVE YOUR SHARE OF UMM,,, g-GENETIC MATERIAL RIGHT?

CA: Sigh, yes I knoww that but luckily for me and for the rest of us that wwon't be a thing wwe'll havve to wworry about in the future

AT: i UHH,,, wHAT?? IS THIS MORE OF YOUR AND ARADIA'S CRYPTIC TELLINGS ALONG WITH SOMETIMES KANAYA'S???

CA: Perhaps, howwevver nevvermind on wwhat I said. It wwill make sense soon enough as soon as Dia and Sol find the damned thing. And hopefully, it all goes as wwell as it could be.

CA: Ah, apologies Tavv. Keep silent about that wwill you? Especially to Sol and Dia, supposedly I'm not to knoww of this subject until later on.

AT: i UM,,, oKAY

CA: And for the record Tavv? Don't be discouraged by Vvriska in the future, evven wwhen she acts out. She doesn't knoww wwhat she's doing,

none of us are evven myself but wwe can only hope for the best. But I am sorry for wwwhat's to come, I can only hope my small interferences havve... wwwell I suppose I can only wwait and wwatch unfortunately.

AT: wHAT?? uHHH,,,,,

CA: Nothin Tavv, it's best to just forget this convvversation. Good luck Tavv, stay strong.

calmingAquarius [CA] ceased trolling adiosToreador [AT]

AT: uMMMM,,,,,,,,, bYE?????? }:/

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==> Even more sweeps in the past

Staring at the yellow color of his claws did nothing but remind him of his new life, which wasn't really needed seeing as he had a lot of time to come to terms to it. It's been a while since he's awoken as Eridan Ampora, a, well, a 'perigee' he supposes if he went by troll terms? It was all still confusing for him. So used to the normal time measurements, troll time and time measurements were all new to him and he was having a hard time adjusting.

Nevertheless, he's had enough breakdowns as it were to last him a good long while and he was starting to feel a bit guilty for the lusus that took its time to take care of him. Cuddling up to him whenever he panicked or whenever he felt like he was going to explode or something. It was clear to him that this animal was not just an animal but a parent in its own right. A guardian that clearly cared for its charge and wanted the best for him.

So he did his best to control himself, which was easier said than done. Emotions were *very much* a thing for trolls no matter what they must say, and seadweller emotions and primal instincts were a bitch to control even with his adult mental capacity. Suffice to say, he's broken down two walls so far in a fit of rage that he was too embarrassed to call as 'tantrums' but were clearly are such.

He was so curbing these needless emotions and putting them under tight control, he didn't like losing himself to mindless emotions. It would take a long time but he fairly remembers ways to calm oneself from back when he was on Earth, he doesn't know why because he had a feeling he wasn't that much of a ragey or angry person but he wasn't going to forsaken it now that he had to control the foreign feelings and emotions that were troll childhood tantrums.

God knows how hard it would be controlling troll *puberty*, and wasn't that a terrifying thought? Anyway, currently he was learning Alternia's language and admittedly speaking Alternian was much easier for his new vocal chords rather than English as a young alien species. The language mostly reminded him of Asian languages that went from Korean to Japanese with how it started to come to him though that might now be a surprise seeing as Damara and Rufioh spoke Japanese or at least, 'Eastern Beforan' which closely resembled Human Japanese.

He wouldn't put any more thought into it as he was having a hard enough time getting his shit together and trying to adjust to the best of his abilities and hopefully by the time he met any of his future friends he wouldn't be freaking out in a very bad way. Supposing he would actually *meet* them, that was still an unkown currently and he didn't know if the game existed in this universe he was in but he hoped it did because he didn't like the thought of growing up completely in Alternia and all it's horrific whimsical shenanigans.

That aside, he was in for a long ride as in time he would learn for and more about the universe he had unwillingly awoken to. He would constantly wonder and ponder in his free time about the life of the original Eridan and would wonder if it was just as hard for him to live his life just as *he* was living *his life*.

Suffice to say his view on Eridan had always stayed nueutral if a bit amused but with this new possible perspective to the seadweller's life; he had a healthy amount of respect for Eridan and a deeper understanding for the violet blood.

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==> Sweeps in the future but as well as in the past

apocalypseArisen [AA] began trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

AA: y0u knew this w0uld happen didnt y0u

AA: its why y0u warned us in the first place

AA: ab0ut vriska and tavr0s and maybe even that thing that appeared

AA: why didnt y0u say anything? did s0mething t0 st0p it fr0m happening?

CA: fuck aradia did it happen

CA: im sorry i tried to do something but i couldnt he wwouldnt let me

AA: eridan? are y0u 0kay? what's wr0ng?

CA: givve me a minute

CA: I'm sorry, I needed to gain my bearings for a moment.

CA: And I'm sorry for not sayin anythin, I couldn't. That thing you saw is more than it seems, that's all I can say. I'm sorry Dia, I really am.

AA: 0h... what d0 y0u mean by that? wh0 is \*he\*?

CA: Fuck I havve to go, Dia wwwhateverver you do be careful and please for the lovve of the stars; don't do it.

AA: d0nt d0 what, eridan y0ure w0rrying me

CA: I don't knoww, I really don't knoww. I'm sorry Dia, but I only hope right noww but by the stars am I going to try my fucking best.

calmingAquarius [CA] ceased trolling apocalypseArisen

AA: 0-0

gallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

GC: HOW 1S H3

AA: 0k

AA: he cant walk th0ugh

AA: pr0bably never will

GC: >:[

GC: M4YB3 H3 COULD B3 F1X3D

GC: W1TH ROBO PROSTH3T1CS

GC: 1F YOU D1DNT M1ND G3TT1NG H3LP FROM...

GC: UH >:\

AA: neither he 0r i sh0uld have ever had anything t0 d0 with th0se hateful sn0bs

AA: it was a big mistake

AA: n0 0ffense 0\_0

GC: TH4TS OK

GC: 1M 4 L1TTL3 TOO T34L FOR TH31R T4ST3S 4NYW4Y >:]

AA: i d0nt see why theyd lift a finger t0 help him

AA: they hate us b0th s0 much

AA: im s0 mad!

GC: W3LL 1F W3 ASK 3R1D4N TH3N H3'LL G3T 3QU1US TO DO 1T

GC: THOUGH I HOP3 YOUR3 NOT TH1NK1NG OF DO1NG  
4NYTH1NG 1N R3T4L14T1ON

GC: 1TLL 3ND B4DLY

GC: YOU SHOULD L3T M3 H4NDL3 1T

AA: i kn0w, i d0nt kn0w why a nice guy like eridan is m0rails with a  
hateful sn0b like him. why cant there be more tr0lls 0ut there like eridan?  
but n0, i want t0 take care 0f this matter myself

AA: im n0t scared 0f her

AA: she cant c0ntr0l me

AA: shes tried it d0esnt w0rk

GC: I KNOW

GC: BUT TRUST M3 1F YOU P1SS H3R OFF SH3LL F1ND 4 W4Y TO  
G3T YOU

GC: TH1S 1S R34LLY TR1CKY JUST L3T M3 D34L W1TH 1T

AA: but it was my fault

AA: i was distracted when i c0uld have helped him

GC: I W4S TOO

GC: W3 W3R3 BOTH D1STR4CT3D BY TH3 S4M3 TH1NG

AA: yeah

AA: wh0 was he anyway

GC: PR3TTY SUR3 1T WAS VR1SKAS FR13ND

AA: what was he d0ing there

AA: watching us

AA: when i told eridan about him he said that 'he was more than he seemed' and was acting very weird

GC: WHO KNOWS

GC: H3S NOT R34LLY H3R FR13ND

GC: YOU SHOULD S33 HOW H3 T4LKS 4BOUT H3R B3H1ND H3R B4CK

GC: SH3 H4S NO 1D34 HOW B4D H3S PL4Y1NG H3R

GC: BUT TH3N 1 DONT TH1NK H3 KNOWS HOW B4D SH3S PL4Y1NG H1M 31TH3R BUT 1 D1DNT KNOW 3R1D4N KN3W H1M THOUGH BUT WH4T3V3R

GC: S33 1TS COMPL1C4T3D

GC: YOU R34LLY N33D TO ST4Y OUT OF 1T 4ND L3T M3 D34L W1TH TH1S

AA: i guess s0

AA: i feel p0werless sitting here d0ing n0thing th0ugh

AA: its like she wins even if y0u get her back!

GC: DONT TH1NK OF 1T TH4T W4Y

GC: 1 KNOW HOW TO STOP H3R

GC: TRUST M3

AA: i guess 0ur gaming days are 0ver then

AA: us f0ur at least

GC: Y3P

GC: 1M PR3TTY MUCH DON3 W1TH H3R 1 GU3SS 1 NOW KNOW  
WHY 3R1D4N STOPP3D FL4RP1NG 4LL TOG3TH3R 4FT3R  
PL4Y1NG SO MUCH W1TH VR1SK4 1 H4V3 H34RD OF TH31R  
M4NY 4DV3NTUR3S B3FOR3 FROM VR1SK4

AA: yeah...

calmingAquarius [CA] began trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

CA: I'm on my wway, I knoww you did it anyway and I can't stop her no  
matter howw hard I may try on her end but I'm on my wway.

CA: Wwhatevver you do, don't listen to her and get out of your hive and  
into the ruins.

CA: Noww.

calmingAquarius [CA] ceased trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

AA: what? eridan y0ure n0t making any sense

AA: y0ure 0n y0ur way? where, t0 my hive? why? and the ruins?

AA: h0ld 0n, s0me0nes tr0lling me

apocalypseArisen [AA] ceased trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

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==>Eridan: Be too late

*Shit.*

That's what mostly on his mind as he jumps of SeaDad on onto the ground,  
the sight of the broken and smoking hive before him has his stomach  
turning as he runs up to it. SeaDad is not far behind as they arrive at the  
scene.



*Shitshitshitshit.*

The back of the destroyed hive has a lane of charred and blackened grass, at the front of the hive hovered Sollux in the air. Psionic powers still crackling around him as mind honey dripped down his chin, still underneath the thrall of either the honey itself and or Vriska.

Eridan ignored the bubbling anger that was in his chest in favor for the other body in his sights, at the broken doorway laid Aradia who was crushed underneath a giant piece of her hive. Instead of going completely outside to meet Sollux she paused at the doorway it seems he thought faintly to himself as he rushed to her side, hoping for the silver of chance that she would live.

"Dia!" He used the mangrit he had into getting the rubble off of her, carefully kneeling at her side and noticed the fact that she was singed and her grey skin had gone unnaturally dark for one at her age. Her thorax and lower body was crushed and if she survived she would be just as crippled as Tavros was, *if* whispered his mind but he foolishly kept hope for a moment because *what else could he do?*

And then that hope completely died as she looked at him with blurred, unfocusing eyes.

She was barely alive. "E-Eri... dan...?" She said so weakly that even his seadwelling hearing found it a bit hard to hear properly. Instantly he has her hand in his hold, gently gripping at the stained and bleeding hand.

"Fuck, Dia I wwas too late. Fuck fuck, I-I... can't savve you. I'm sorry, so fuckin sorry but you aren't goin to livve." He whispers, oh how he wanted to. But with Scratch being more of an asshole and even more of a manipulative smug he could do nothing at moments like these, *especially* moments like these. "Oh gog, I'm so sorry... I wwish I could've done *something* but..." he bit his lip, a path of a semitransparent line appears on his face as his tear splashes into a puddle of rust on the ground.

Her lips twitched upwards, a ghost smile on her face as her eyes closed. "It's... o...kay... not... your fau...lt... and it..s not... Sol... lux's.... fau...l..." she

didn't finish. His grip tightened and Eridan had two paths of violet on his face, damn Scratch. Damn him and his master to the depths of *hell*.

"A-Ampora...?" His head snaps towards Sollux with eyes wide as he froze, the Captor had finally snapped out of his controlled daze.

Before Sollux never really liked him, thinking he was just like every other violetblood out there just more of a fucking weirdo and was mad at him for even talking to his matesprit Aradia who insisted towards Sollux that Eridan was a good highblood but the goldblood never believed her and blatantly showed his disliked towards him whenever they spoke.

"The fuck... AA?... What the fuck, *Ampora did yo--!*" He pauses abruptly from his anger as he feels something drip from his mouth, he wipes it off and sees the golden liquid and his blue and red eyes widen in horror and dread. "I-I, *mind honey*, fuck, fuck! Did I really, no please no, AA! AA!" He's fallen from the ground, glasses laying forgotten as their owner scrambles towards Aradia's side, completely forgetting Eridan was there right beside her.

He stopped, standing right over her dead body.

Sollux could clearly see her dead corpse, the way her hair was singed, her skin darkened, her lower body crushed and her face slack and eyes open but dead to the world.

Yellow tears trekked down his face before sizzling, "No, no no no no no **no!**" His psionics acted up again, red and blue electricity sparked between his horns as his eyes flashed. Eridan's eyes widened and before he knows it he's behind Sollux hugging him tight as he flailed, eyes shut and closed tight as he feels the air grow *hot as fuck* and Sollux screaming into the night with a bright purple beam flying into the sky.

He stood strong even when sparks of blue and red ran over his body from Sollux, as the screaming goldblood flailed in his strong grip and shouted his grief into Alternia's night. Psionic powers going haywire at the emotional turmoil from the powerful goldblood, Eridan gritted his teeth and shouted

for him to calm down, to stop and listen to him, to stop before he pushed his psionics to their limit and fried himself and his thinkpan.

How canon Sollux delt with his breakdown in Homestuck was something he wanted to know as he actively shouted and told the other to calm down.

Eventually he did, hanging limp in Eridan's hold as he silently cried and mourned for his dead matesprit. Eridan did his best in consoling him, letting him sit against a piece of wall that hadn't fallen over yet and the goldblood watched Eridan dig a body-sized hole in the ground with one of Aradia's surviving shovels saying that Aradia's body didn't deserved to be laid out in the open just to be scavanged or taken by some other troll or lusus.

When he finished burying Aradia's body, he turned to Sollux with a deep frown saying he would come back later since the sun would soon come over the horizon, plucking Sollux's glasses of the ground and gave the undamaged pair back. Sollux's hivestem is closer so he takes Sollux on SeaDad and drops him off, the goldblood staying silent the entire time right until Eridan was about to leave.

"The thun ith coming up thoon." He says blankly as Eridan prepared to leave, leaning against the doorway of his respiteblock.

Eridan blinked, tugging on his cloak, "I knoww that, it's wwwhy I'm leavvin noww. If SeaDad 'n I go fast enough, wwwe'll make it back to my hivve before the sun is too high in the sky." He replied, shifting in place as he pulls the hood over his horns and head.

Sollux shook his head, moving to stand in front of Eridan and much to his chagrin he is reminded that Eridan is not the most tallest of trolls as he was just a few inches shorter and was short enough that he had to tilt his head back a bit to keep looking at Sollux in the eye.

"Like fuck I'm letting you go out there jutht ath the thun ith coming up, thtay for the day." He states, "I got an extra coon if you wanna uthe it, and clean yourthelf up." He continues as if Eridan had agreed with him.

Before Eridan could protest Sollux cuts him off softly, "It's the least that I can do for what you did for Aradia." After that Eridan reluctantly accepts, he was lucky he had a clean pair of clothing in his sylvadex from doing the laundry earlier that night.

He left before Sollux woke up the next night.

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calmingAquarius [CA] began trolling twinArmageddons [TA]

CA: Sorry if I seemingly disappeared into thin air like that, I woke up way earlier than you did and decided to leave as soon as the sun went down.

CA: I'm sorry about Aradia, but know it wasn't your fault she died alright? It would never be your fault and Dia agrees with me, she told me that herself right before she...

CA: Anyway I'm going to be heading back to her hive later tonight, clean the rubble a bit and make a little headstone for Dia. Don't ask me why, it just kinda feels right I guess that and she was a good friend of mine.

CA: Rest, don't use your psionics for a bit and mourn for as long as you need okay?

CA: Later Sollux

calmingAquarius [CA] ceased trolling twinArmageddons [TA]

twinArmageddons [TA] began trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

TA: ...

TA: thank2 ED, appreciate it all

CA: Good evenin Sol, and don't mention it. Anything for a friend

Chapter End Notes

Being sick is not fun, but look: I updated a story :D

To the ones waiting for the update of my others stories, sorry and hold on. Originally I wasn't going to update MACAO but I kinda just started and couldn't stop so sorry about that but I'll focus on the other stories tomorrow I promise!

# SGRUB - Partial Revelations and ~ATH

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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### => Eridan, confront Equius

"Equius this is gettin ridiculous, and not evven that ridiculous to be honest. You need to decide, you cannot havve both wwhen it is clear you can only choose one for one quadrant and wwe both knoww only one of them wwould be completely wwilling to be your matesprit." Eridan told him as they sat in Equius' hive and respiteblock, it took a while to corral the blueblood into the place however as he kept trying to change the subject and avoid talking about the whole ordeal altogether along with trying to manhandle Eridan outside his hive and out into the wilderness of his planet.

Equius sat reluctantly on the personal pile they made in his respiteblock, it was a replica of the pile in Eridan's block but it had more robo parts and a few unbroken bows with one broken one somewhere within. Eridan sat beside him staring at him determinedly while crossing his arms, he even had his glasses off a very serious sign Equius learned quickly in the beginning since he had met the seadweller.

"I... I know, but..." He stammered, trying to think and put what he was feeling into words. "... I am very selfish..." He finally said, highblooded pointed ears drooping and his form slumping into the pile while taking off his glasses. His gaze aimed firmly at the ground and he hears Eridan sigh beside him.

Eridan sighed and looked at his moirail. In the beginning he had been hesitant to become moirails with Equius, he and Nepeta had been destined for each other as 'Meowrails' in the canon comic but young Equius was more outgoing than the Equius of today and had stubbornly wormed into the pale diamond while dragging Eridan with him, he had been pale for

Eridan back then and hadn't met Nepeta and in time the stubborn Sagittarius had Eridan going pale for him.

And wasn't that a strange sensation? Going pale for someone, as in like the real actual troll pale. It was a feeling he had never really felt before and it was close to feeling love for one's family but not. It was hard to describe but he enjoyed being moirails with Equius, surprisingly enough he didn't feel any regret at all when Equius finally met Nepeta growing up.

He even felt a bit negative when Equius and Nepeta admitted they had felt a little pale for each other but that didn't really last long and decided that they were just really good friends in the end which Eridan very happy. Also he found himself shipping, *actually shipping for stars sake*, Equius and Nepeta as matespirts after a few perigees of hanging out with both of them.

"You're not selfish Equi, you're 6 sweeps old and confused and in love with two admittedly very nice and awesome trolls. Two who are slippin' away from you, your actions and thoughts define you Equi I told you this many times remember? Dia is a good friend but she's not flushed for you, you can't make her flushed for you with that program not truly flushed anyway, if anything she's pitch for you! Pitcher now more than ever with that stunt." Eridan said and continued despite seeing Equius flinch at the truth of his words. "And then there's Nep, who's *truly* flushed for you. Flushed and red despite her small crush on Kar but I don't exactly blame her." Eridan muttered softly with a small tint of violet on his cheeks. Equius raised a brow at that and he coughed.

He remembers a bit of his life before becoming Eridan, not totally like his name, his friends and family, anything personal was blurred out of his memory that somehow stayed intact for sweeps, or years, he's been using troll vernacular for such a long time he's more used to it by now.

Anyway, he recalls being a big fan of Karkat out of the beta trolls, Karkat often competed with Sollux in his mind but that didn't change the fact he *still* found Karkat attractive and a good troll but that was it. Besides, he totally shipped Karkat with Dave the most and would like to live to see the day his ship sailed. Hopefully.

Eridan quickly continued before Equius could say a word. "Noww before you get into that wwe're not going to stray from this topic Equi, wwe can discuss that at a later date." He said firmly and Equius nodded his head, "Continuin' on, Nep is vvery flushed for you and you are clearly flushed for her. I am not goin' to decide your quadrants for you Equi but I will advvise you to make the decision that wwill keep *both* you and your matesprit happy. I am your moirail and I wwill support on wwhat you decide evven if I don't agree on it sometimes, and as your moirail I wwill interfere if it's hurtin' you and all around you, got that?"

Equius bits his lip and nods making Eridan smile knowing Eridan took his words into heart, personally Eridan hopes Equius chooses Nepeta not only for his ship but for the fact both of them make each other very happy and going with Aradia would just eventually destroy them both at the rate both of them are going but like he had said, he would support Equius' decision and only interfere when it would seriously hurt both Equius and or Aradia or those around them.

A troll of his word.

"I... still don't know Eridan. They're both, I like, but then, oh *fiddlesticks*." Equius swore before blushing in apparent embarrassment, "Erm, pardon my lewd language Eridan."

Eridan chuckled, "I'll let it pass today Equi." He never really knew why Equius was so against cursing when Eridan didn't really mind cursing but then again he rarely cursed around Equius so maybe that was why? But then again fiddlesticks wasn't much of a curse word... Ah who knows?

"You don't have to decide noww, you knoww. But don't take too long or you'll be too late. Just be sure to tell me your answwer." Eridan said, smiling at the blueblood who smiled back and leaned forward so their foreheads met.

"Thank you Eridan, I pity you so much." Equius says and Eridan huffs before smiling a bit.

"Your wwelcome Equi, and yes I pity you vvery much as wwell."



Such a strange way to say 'I love you' in troll moiraillegiance. But Eridan got used to it as best he could and now he can't help but feel a little embarrassed by it, surprisingly enough between the both of them Equius was the most forward in palemance while Eridan somewhat lagged behind in embarrassment. Like now as an instance, Equius brought Eridan closer to him and Eridan reluctantly lets him and they both cuddles on the pile with Eridan blushing at the small content purr both he and Eridan let out during this moment, hearing himself purr was always weird even after all these sweeps.

But Equius obviously didn't mind and found it good knowledge to know that he alone made Eridan purr like this and was Eridan's first and so far only moirail and that Eridan was truly pale for him, at the beginning he tried to hide it or deny it and Equius was glad for once about his stubborn naively young self's decision to go after him. It was the best decision he had made as a young almost innocent troll.

### ***Ping***

Eridan blinks before shuffling a bit to comfortably take out his hands-free communication and computation device that he briefly alchemized before coming to Equius' planet. It was a combination of his glasses and his husktop making the huskglasses that could play SGRUB, a brief check on Nepeta's hive saw that she hadn't returned yet and Eridan hopes he could talk to her soon and that Equius would choose soon and that it was Nepeta.

But anyway, concern for Nepeta aside it looked like Aradia was trolling him.

apocalypseArisen [AA] is trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

AA: ribbit

AA: eridan en0ugh is en0ugh

AA: pale m0ments are d0ne and im getting impatient

AA: i want answers

CA: Alright, I did promise you an explanation

AA: n0t here in tr0llian

AA: c0me t0 l0qam ribbit

AA: n0w

AA: then y0u can talk

CA: Vvery wwell then, I'll be there soon. I am a troll of my wword and I'll be there in a feww minutes. I'll see you there

calmingAquarius [CA] ceased trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

Eridan sighed and exited Trollian before turning to Equius, "I need to go Equi, I havve to speak with Dia about important things. I gave her my wword, I'll be back after." Equius almost wanted to protest but Eridan had given his word and he knew how much that meant to Eridan who was the most honorable troll and highblood he has ever met even though he had a blatant disregard to the hemospectrum.

"Alright, just be careful alright?" Sighed the blueblood and reluctantly let Eridan go, he had wanted some pile time with his moirail since it's been almost a perigee since they last piled comfortably but that could wait, there were more important things to attend to right now.

They both said their goodbyes and Equius watched Eridan jump through the gate with his STRENGTH and a little help from his hive's structure. Out of the both of them Equius was also the most physically STRONGEST, well he was very very STRONG to the point it had been a problem when they were younger but Eridan had been there for him and taught him to control his STRENGTH.

In return Equius taught Eridan ways he could increase *his* STRENGTH, it wasn't up to par nor near Equius' level but it was certainly higher than most of his caste now and it made carrying the dead carcasses of lusii easier back when Eridan needed to feed Feferi's lusus. Speaking of which Eridan must

be really relieved he doesn't need to kill anymore lusii on an almost daily or weekly basis, his moirail never liked nor enjoyed the job but it was thrust upon him early on as a descendant to an Orphaner and a violetblood despite the fact his ancestor wasn't very...

His ancestor had been the very best Orphaner that Alternia had ever seen, loyal to the Condesce and feeding Gl'bgolyb and doing his job while being a big deal on the seas of Alternia.

Had being a keyword.

Because of his ancestor Eridan had been put through a hard time in his wrigglinghood, the violetbloods and other highbloods had shunned him, bullied him and made him an outcast but it almost kind of changed when Eridan accepted the job as Orphaner and gained his ancestor's legendary weapon Ahab's crosshairs. With the weapon at his disposal no one dared try to bully him in fear he would lash out and kill all who wronged him, which Eridan didn't, not... not all who wronged *him* anyway.

Equius smiled softly as his hand sneaked its way to his broken horn, he fell pale for Eridan the moment he realized that Eridan truly cared for him or unknowingly was pale for him at the time when it happened. He fell pale the moment Eridan went into bloodrage and culled and fatally injured the trolls that were responsible for breaking off his horn all the while protecting the young blueblood from other trolls.

It was one of the most romantic moments that ever happened in his life.

Anyway, he hoped Eridan would be alright in his confrontational meeting with Aradia. The thought had him sweat nervously in worry for his moirail, Aradia or Aradiabot had become worryingly violent in her new body and Equius knew it was his fault but as much as he wanted to accompany his moirail to see her he knew Eridan could very well protect himself and Aradiabot would perhaps be friendly to him since they were friends before her untimely demise.

That and Eridan was adamant on his word and decision, and Eridan would let Equius know if something went wrong. But the prospect of Eridan

telling him *what* went wrong or *what happened* was another thing entirely.

Equius knew Eridan was keeping secrets from him, he wasn't naive or stupid as when he was younger. His moirail was harboring very dangerous secrets, ones that could cost him his life should he do something wrong. He could still remember...

---

*Violet, violet everywhere and the brutish scent of something **burnt**.*

**"Eridan!"**

*"E-Eq...ui...us... f-fuc..k!"*

*"No, stay awake for me Eridan, s-stay awake, please. **Don't die on me!**"*

*"M-mm, 'm n-not... gonn... di..e... H-He... won' let... m'..."*

*"Who?! Who did this to you?! Your side, your gills!!"*

*"... S-shh....oosh.... ju-just... just h-help m'... ri'ht... n'w mk'y? H-h'rts ta, move..."*

---

He took a deep breath and shook the memory away, he had been so foolish and stubborn back then and look what it almost cost him. The life of his moirail.

However, when the time was right and all was well, he would ask his moirail. Ask him anything, *everything*, but only when it was safe for Eridan.

He'll be damned if he would let *that* happen again, never again he swore.

But anyway in the meanwhile, with Eridan gone it left Equius with his thoughts and their previous conversation was well grounded in his mind. Eridan was right, as usual, he needed to think and choose...

---

=> Eridan, meet with Aradiabot on LOQAM

Eridan grunted as he landed roughly on the platform before briskly shrugging it off and examining Aradia's planet. He could hear a faint melodious tune playing in the background and was awed at the beautiful chunks of land that were entirely made of quartz surrounding him.

It was certainly different than Equius' Land of Caves and Silence, he looked around and his heart dropped as he sees the ruins of Aradia's old hive.

There it was underneath him, broken with wildlife teeming among the wreck and he could even see the grave he had made for Aradia at the very edge of the grass.

"Eridan" He whirled around to see Aradiabot floating behind him, glinting grey and blue metal and cold red robotic pupils staring at him as she landed on the platform. Equius had made her an admittedly beautiful body but blue was not a color for her, it never was and this robotic body was seemed wrong to Eridan. He couldn't wait for her to god tier, then she'd be the right and happy again.

"Dia, you're looking well." Eridan greeted politely, "Equi's work is wonderful as always... however I didn't approve of his actions concerning, well... Nevermind, I've made a promise and I intend to keep it. Ask away." he said with a small smile before frowning.

Aradia stayed silent before speaking, her cold and metallic voice nearly making Eridan shiver, "**From the very beginning you knew too much, you have no psionic mutation or any mutation I know of that might give you such knowledge of what was to occur before the game and the game itself... How is it that you know so much Eridan?**" She questioned, and Eridan opened his mouth and paused before answering.

"My knowledge about SGRUB and everything before... I don't know how to answer you Dia, and I don't know if I *can even* answer." He took a deep breath, "There are more forces here at work than those of the dead and the horrors, forces that I know and don't know of that

keep me silent on most things. Evverthin' I knoww and evverythin' I did before the game has been risky and the things I kneww, wwll I tried to change it but... All I can say to you Dia is that things havve changed and yet at the same time things havven't changed."

Her eyes narrowed and Eridan holds back a flinch at the intensity of her robotic red eyes, "**Changed? Eridan you are the hope player of this session, not a time player, that is me. You speak of change and of forces. That guy Terezi and I saw during that time before Tavros' fall. Is he one of the forces? Before I died, you were disheveled and... you had encounter with him as well didn't you? He's keeping you silent, you know things you shouldn't, you know the outcome and tried to change that but he wouldn't let you...**" she murmured with a critical eye, this time Eridan did flinch only supporting her thinking as he shivered and clutched at his scarf.

**"Very well, but then how do you know? Where did you acquire this knowledge and do you know the path our future is taking us?"**

Eridan held in a breath before releasing it slowly, "I don't knoww howw, I just wwoke up after my first pupation and suddenly I kneww wwhat ww was goin' to be in the future." Not the entire truth but basically, "I havve a big idea on ww what's going to happen but ww with the changes I've done I don't knoww for sure for ww where ww we're all goin' down in the road Dia. But certain things are supposed to happen, I changed ww what I could and did my best but I've been riskin' evverthin' the moment pupated ww with the things I knoww in my head, though I didn't know it at the time."

He laughed bitterly, before lifting his shirt to his upper stomach.

Over the sweeps he's lived as Eridan Ampora he's been injured and near death many times, those moments left marks that either stayed permanent or healed and was gone with time. It was natural seeing as he was a violetblooded troll as well as an orphaner, not to mention his old status as outcast to his entire bloodcaste before he got Ahab's Crosshairs and became the top orphaner on Alternia as well as a favored friend to the living fuchsia heiress, make no mistake he didn't become friends with Feferi just for that but it was a nice side-perk of being her friend and she knew that.

Aradia stared at Eridan who looked away as she looked at his scarred stomach with some scars disappearing into the rest of his torso that was covered by his shirt, some were leftovers from difficult old hunts during his time as an orphaner, some FLARPing scars from the short time he FLARPed (not of his free will mind you) and met Vriska, and most were from his time as an outcast but the one that stood out the most was the burn mark shaped perfectly like a circle the size of a cueball that was worryingly near the gills on his left side. A burn mark like that being so near his gills would've been *agony* for a seadweller.

And it had been.

"The truth is Aradia, I don't knoww and I'm terrified not only for myself but for you, Equius, Nepeta, fuck *evven Vvriska*. I'm terrified for all of you and I *wwant* to say *evverythin* that I knoww but I can't. Not yet, not *wwhile*..." Eridan stared ahead, right past her with a pensively tense look and Aradia looked behind her and her eyes widened.

Behind her was another version of her, robotic body and all but it was stained with colors that was apparently blood, that had two floating devices made of quartz and was standing defensively but that wasn't what made her eyes widen. No.

It was the *adult troll* in a green dress and she was suspended in mid-air, flying all the while glowing white with her eyes flashing yellow and purple. A *rustblood*, she was a *rustblood like Aradia* and *her horns*. They curled just like Aradia's, and her lashes and lips were a rusty red that Aradia would have had when she was alive.

But she knew of this female troll, heard whispers of her, stories of her, read the ancient texts that painted a vague yet terrifying picture of her.

*It was the Handmaid.*

---

= + > > A 6@12^@&3RR0r ErR0R!!\*\*13X4

calmingAquarius [CA] is trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]

CA: Kar

CG: ERIDAN?

CG: DUDE WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF SOMETHING HERE, THIS BRONZEBLOODED FUCK IS FINALLY GOING TO SAY HIS FLUSHED INTENTIONS TO THE BLUEBLOODED WHO'S BEEN FLUSHED FOR HIM THE MOMENT SHE MET HIM AND HE, HER!

CA: Pardon my interruption of your important romcom movvie wwatchin

CG: IT IS PARDONED

CA: I just need to ask you somethin

CA: Do you still have that ~ATH book? The big black one you recently bought?

CG: UM YEAH I DO. WHY?

CA: Get rid of it

CG: WHAT

CA: Burn it, tear it apart, destroy it right this instant

CG: WHY IN THE EVER LOVING FUCK WOULD I DO THAT

CA: Please Kar, it's not going to make any sense but you \*\*havve\*\* to do this. For me? Please

CG: BUT WHY??? I JUST BOUGHT THE DAMNED THING

CG: IT COSTED ME A GOOD AMOUNT OF CEAGARS TO BUY THE FUCKING BOOK NOT TO MENTION TRYING TO FIND THIS COPY OF IT



CA: I can pay you the exact amount of money you paid for the book, just please destroy it.

CG: ERIDAN WHAT IN THE EVERLOVING BULGESUCKING SHIT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT. IT'S JUST A BOOK, A FUCKING SUCKY BOOK ABOUT CODING THAT I AM DETERMINED TO MASTER TO SHOW SOLLUX I TOO CAN BE A GOOD FUCKING HACKER AND THAT HE CAN SUCK HIS OWN BULGES ALL THE WHILE MAKING HIS GRUBTOP EXPLODE.

CG: SERVES THE ASSHOLE RIGHT FOR BLOWING UP MY GRUBTOPS HAH!

CA: \*\*\*\*Karkat Vvantas you listen to me right now\*\*\*\*

CA: That book is nothing but trouble and you can get back at Sol some other way but \*\*\*please get rid of that forsaken cursed book\*\*\*

CA: You don't know what that thing is really capable of, neither does Sollux even if he thinks he does.

CA: But it's \*\*\*\*\*your copy\*\*\*\*\* of the book I'm adamant of getting rid of, Sol's copy's been destroyed. Destroy yours right now.

CG: OKAY NOW YOU'RE WORRYING ME HERE BUDDY ARE YOU ALRIGHT? MAYBE YOU SHOULD TALK TO ZAHHAK, HAVE YOU TALKED TO HIM? HE IS YOUR MOIRAIL.

CA: \*\*\*\*NO\*\*\*\*

CA: Karkat PLEASE, GET. RID. OF. THE. \*\*\*\*\*BOOK\*\*\*\*\*

CG: NO. NOT UNTIL YOU TELL ME WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON HERE.

CA:

CA: sjhit

CA: kar listen to me as yoyr friemd pleade get rid of the book hes coming this isnt the alphas timrline hes gping to kill us all but yiu need to get rif of the book

CG: ERIDAN?

CG: IS THIS SOME KIND OF HIGHBLOOD JOKE OR SOMETHING? BUT YOU NEVER DID THAT KIND OF SHIT. ERIDAN JUST WHAT IS GOING ON

CA: KAR GSTHER THW OTHERS AND DTAY SAFW GAMZEES GINE AND HES CIMING. DWSTRIY THE BOOK

CG: WHAT

CG: ERIDAN? ARE YOU STILL THERE?

calmingAquarius [CA]'s grubtop been smashed!

CG: OH FUCK

carcinoGeneticist [CG] ceased trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

Eridan panted heavily, an angel helping him walk as he limped along the walls of the building he was hiding in. He groaned, clutching his side as violet stained his shirt and pants and left a trail as he did. His right eye was bleeding but not as much as his side and he was thankful that he was a highblood, he wouldn't die with bloodloss this easily even with the amount of blood he's lost.

***Honk***

'*Shit*' He thought briefly before trying to limp faster, his angel screeched quietly matching his speed. The others were trying to stop his attacker but they would fail, somehow, *somehow* he managed to acquire Ahab's Crosshairs.

"honk. HONK MOTHERFUCKER."

In the words of an old favorite character back when he was human.

### ***Balls***

*He* stood at the end of the hall, stained in violet and purple from the injuries Eridan managed to inflict before he had the upper hand. Gamzee grinned widely, red insanity dancing in his eyes as he clutched at Ahab's Crosshairs in one hand and in another hand was the violet splattered juggling club that was his main weapon.

"sup eridan, going somewhere?" Gamzee asked softly, though it contradicted his face as it twisted to a gleeful and cruel sneer. Eridan cursed underneath his breath before standing as tall as he could and glared at the murderous clown, in the back of his mind he was thankful he got enough time to warn everyone before he died.

He knows his fate, he will die by Gamzee's hand and everyone else would as well but maybe, just *maybe* he could prevent Scratch's birth. It was a miniscule hope but he hoped nonetheless.

"Cut the shit Makara and just come at me you juggalo fuck." Eridan snarls, the angel beside him hissing with hackles raised as more angels phased through the walls. He was going to die, *but he wasn't going down without a fight.*

Gamzee cackled, "ALWAYS MOTHERFUCKING LIKED YOU AMPORA, LET'S DO THIS SHIT FUCKER **HAHAHAHAHA!!!**"

The Bard of Rage and Heir of Hope charged, only one would be victorious.

### Chapter End Notes

I AM SORRY FOR THE LATE UPDATES BUT THINGS HAVE BEEN ADDING UP AND SCHOOL SUCKS.

My updating schedule was already fucked up before but now it's just, *bluh.*

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed the chapter, till next time guys!

# Juvenile - Meeting You, Journal Entry #2-3 1/2

## Chapter Notes

Heeeeeeeey~ New chapter is out and here we find out how Eridan met Equius! Sorry for the late-ish update, school's been picking up and I am being forced to join the school prom.

Ugh, I wish I didn't have to jooooiinnnn.... Anyway, I hope you'll enjoy the chapter :D

Also! Warning! Some OOC behavior from canon, I don't know how Equius acted as a juvenile but this is fanfiction soo, this is my take on how young Equi acted before he found out about the hemospectrum and such. That and this is an alternate universe so let me have my fun, yeah?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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### ==>Sweeps in the Past

Eridan -he supposes that was his name now and has been for a couple of... sweeps?- frowned as he tugged at his brown cloak. SeaDad said, well the lusus couldn't really talk but he got the gist of it, he didn't need the cloak really but... He didn't feel okay with the idea of walking in public as he was, he was small and only a kid in this body and...

He still felt uncomfortable with it all. Now he was being forced out into the public of troll society at the behest of his skyhorse lusus who saw this grocery shopping trip as an opportunity for him to actually get out of the hous-hive. He begged to stay, tried to throw a tantrum, tried being a keyword since he failed miserably because it felt incredibly childish for him.

Eridan wasn't too keen on the idea of going out in the public, fearing the outside world. You know those baby books and other things that SeaDad

bought to help him learn troll language and such? They were the main reason why he was afraid, most of the time they spouted brain-washing nonsense! They praised Alternia, Her Imperious Condescension, the Hemospectrum and other things that had his still human mind horrified as he identified the not-so-subtle-yet-somehow-still-kind-of-subtle indoctrination for their empire.

It got worse as he learned more about the social dynamic and everything about troll culture and everything pertaining his new species, which -if you ignored the empire indoctrination tactics- was very interesting, especially quadrants. Fans of the comic theorized so much on everything about troll culture and he was surprised to see that some theories were either on the spot, nearly there, somewhat correct and more.

Like troll horns for an instance, fans theorized that their horns were so much more than mere horns, that they were sensitive and what not. They were correct, he vaguely recalls one comic or something theorizing the sensitivity of a horn as well as the blood veins that were underneath the hard cover of the horn, and after some... experimenting that lead to an embarrassing revelation on his... new package that was below the waist... he could say that the base of the horns were the most sensitive, the tips of the horns were the least sensitive if barely felt there though it all depended on the size and the structure of a troll's horn.

Like Karkat's horns, they'd be the most sensitive out of everyone with his horns being so nubby and small.

Anyway, back to the point; he was now about to venture out into the public of troll society.

Even if troll society of now was mostly comprised of young and teenage juvenile trolls. The Condesce's law of final molting trolls were set to leave Alternia and join her ranks just after their final molt, depending if they actually survive to their final molt anyway.

He fiddled with his cloak, in truth he probably didn't even need a cloak but... it provided him comfort somehow. He was a violetblood seadweller, one of the highest caste out there right underneath fuchsia and most trolls

don't bother with seadwellers but... that was probably a lie, despite being a violet blood Eridan suspected that he would still have trouble because he doubted that canon Eridan was handed everything his whole life. There were other seadwellers out there, other violet bloods and not to mention *purplebloods*.

The caste infamous for their, religious beliefs.

He was talking about the subjuglators in training. Gamzee's caste.

They wouldn't care if he was a seadweller, he knows that and despite being a color lower, the purple caste was the most feared out of the hemospectrum. Possibly even more than Her Condescension herself.

He was paranoid and scared out of his wits, and as much as he could act and pretend like a 'proper seadweller' slash 'proper violetblood that was above all castes besides fuchsias', he couldn't. He refused to act like that, besides he probably won't be good at being a proper violetblood anyway.

So, cloak and slinking into the background it is.

He just needed to use his paranoia and stay as a wallflower, avoid getting any attention and just wait till SeaDad takes him home. Maybe when he was older he could be better, but as a small troll kid in a world of violence, he just wanted to survive until he met one of the others and see if the game existed.

---

~ 9th perigee, 2nd Dim season's equinox~

My luck seems to be changing as of late, either good or bad, I am wary and unfortunate to say that I currently hold no clue as the pattern of my luck shifts at a random pace. But no matter, I will overcome and my luck shall stabilize soon enough.

Though I can tell my luck shifted during my last encounter with Dualscar where, to my shame and reluctant embarrassment, he bested me and claimed

my most prized possession. The oracle or8, once in the ownership of that foolish and smug milk tongued Doctor who called himself my mentor.

This was one curious reason why I sought out Dualscar in the first place, for it seems that my oracle could not, or rather would not, accurately and clearly predict his movement and future. And answers rel8ted to Dualscar were shrouded in mystery and written in unreadable script, he was a mystery to the Doctor as well as far as I can tell.

A mystery that I intend to unveil and solve of course, just as I intend to get my little or8 8ack, though I wonder... How he knew of the powerful trinket in the first place and his intentions with it. He could not peer into its knowledga8le inside, he would need my 8-fold vision to do so, of course he could always seek out technological help 8ut I have a feeling he won't.

8eneath his cold emotionless exterior, he is prideful and yet... unnaturally kind. I have seen his treatment to his crew, to the 'slaves' he keeps on his ships. A high8lood of his stature, sympathetic and kind to 8loods lower than his own and not within his quadrants? I almost couldn't 8elieve it 8ut... I myself have experienced his kindness, I will admit our kismessisitude may have fell pale the few moments we looked out for each other during the sweeps of our rivalry. He is... an anomaly to 8e quite frank.

He cares not to the norm of social hierarchy or even the hemospectrum itself, though outwardly he may pretend as to not gain more traction to his reput8tion as an Orphaner and such, and he is unwittingly kind in the most su8tlest of ways that it took perigees of o8serving his ship, his character and more for me to notice.

Truly underneath his 8ig 8ad and stoic exterior... he is a soft troll who cares for others.

8ut do not misunderstand or underestim8te him, he can 8e just as ruthless and dangerous as his reput8tion descri8es him and even more so as I have learned. Our 8lack rel8tionship stands quite firmly as well, Dualscar, I aw8t with anticip8tion for the moment your secrets are unveiled for my enjoyment. For now... I would like my oracle 8ack.

---

Eridan stuck closely with SeaDad. Eyes moving back and forth as they moved through the crowd of trolls, lusii and *drones* - *ohgodtheirterrifyingohgodtheydidn'tseemsomuchinthecomicfuck*- as the night continued.

Ignoring the terrifying feelings and individuals, the public troll market was quite the sight. The moons of Alternia were bright in the sky, they served reminder to Eridan that even though it seemed a lot like a dim day in truth it was night time and trolls were truly nocturnal creatures as their eyesight is more suited in the dark. Eridan's eyesight more so as he was a seadweller, though it seemed that he would need glasses whenever above water.

Swimming in the dark sea in the middle of the night was... suprisingly calming to the him. He's swam as deep as he could bravely go, which was pretty deep by normal human standards and saw the underwater world quite clearly. Rarely would he see or meet another seadweller in the water, though he hid all the time whenever one was in sight or nearby, same for other aquatic lusii.

There was one near incident where he directly met two older violetblooded seadwellers but the two seemed to be in a fight and were too busy with each other to notice him so he had quickly absconded and went directly home to avoid them.

Thinking back, they were either kismesis' or just outright fighting each other. He didn't want to find out and just left it at that.

Anyway, Eridan shrunk into SeaDad's side as well as in towards the comfort of his own cloak that hid him well. He saw trolls of many bloods walk past him, paying him no mind. There were other trolls his age with their lusii as well and then there were trolls much older than him, at one point he even saw a troll that was huge compared to him and was bragging about how near he was to his final molt.

He was a tealblood and he was bragging to a crowd of other juvenile trolls on how close he was to his final molt session and how he would serve greatly towards the empire, Eridan hid his scrunched up face of disgust as he turned away from him. The Condesce has done a reluctantly well job in



making her empire he would admit, but he knew that somewhere out there, a rebellion was brewing. Empires like this one would always have an opposing group, it was a given fact no matter what if the empire was good or bad, there would be people out there stewing and urging to rebel against whatever.

He only wonders if the group would succeed, he still didn't know if he was in the comic as a player or in a universe where the game never existed. He's read a lot and it was a very distinct and possible possibility that he couldn't rule out. If he *was* in the comic with the game and all than okay, good, cool, but if he *wasn't*... He didn't know what to think.

"Wwhat?" Eridan asked SeaDad softly as he's jolted out of his thoughts by the skyhorse's tail. The lusos nickered gently and pushed Eridan towards a space that had juveniles going around, it was akin to a park. A troll park. "Wwhat? No! Can't, can't I stay wwith you?" Eridan pleaded, fear gripping his heart at the thought of being left alone in a park filled with trolls he didn't know of and the very possible chance he could die at a wrong move.

SeaDad huffed but nudged insistently, urging him to socialize with juveniles his own age. He should be out seeking a moirail, a companion, potential companions that would help him grow as a strong troll. He's had a lot of his past charges socializing and such, they've become strong trolls from it ~~even though some died because of their own actions~~ and his current charge could not sit in his hive and respiteblock all his juvenile time until his final molt.

That just wouldn't do. So, as much as his little juvenile charge would beg and plea; he was going to socialize. Or at least, stay within the park until SeaDad returned, he needed to venture to a place where juveniles were prohibited to go to after all. It was best to have him in the contained nature area with the other juveniles and lusii for his own safety.

Death rarely happened in those areas anyway, or at least in this specific contained nature area for wigglers, juveniles and lusii. Injuries that may or may not be fatal on the other hand...

"I-I... okay... Just, come back soon?" Eridan murmured hopefully, SeaDad grunted softly, rubbing his scaly snout against the his hooded head in

comfort. He would try to be quick, but he hoped his little sea charge would find a potential companion or moirail, he didn't want him to be alone his whole wigglerhood and juvenile time before his final molt.

And with that, the white scaled skyhorse lusii left, leaving the hooded 4 sweeps old violet juvenile on his own in the public for the first time. Eridan frowned apprehensively as he watched the flying seahorse-like creature disappear back into the crowd, he bit his lip but took a deep calming breath before taking a look around.

The 'park' or whatever it was called, looked... somewhat peaceful at least. There were lusii, juveniles younger, older and some that were around his physical age walking around. His blood ran cold as he saw a group of highblooded trolls that mostly consisted of violetbloods *and* purplebloods with a few indigo and blue, just a few years older than him, gathered in one area.

*Nope.*

He turned on the spot and headed the other way, away from the mass of older and definitely more violent trolls. He winced as he tried to ignore the sound of something breaking from the group, something that was definitely alive and the loud shout of pain coming from the gathered area.

*Definitely a nope, fuck that!*

Eridan thought quickly as he tugged on his hood and cloak before entering the small forest that was in the troll park, away from the others and into more safe confined areas... probably.

Soon enough he couldn't hear anything else but the calm silence, his anxiety calmed as he sat against the trunk of a random tree, huddled and fully using his cloak as protection from the outside world. Had any other troll seen him, they would have made fun of his moment of public weakness for it was unlike a proper troll to curl up into a ball of anxiety and try to calm down from a fear that might seem irrational to their society.

And if they had known he was a *violetblooded seadweller*, well...

Eridan sighed as he looked at the strange grayish and yet kind of purplish leaves of the tree, Alternian plants were fascinating, *everything* about Alternia was fascinating if you ignored the Condesce's propaganda, violence, fear, death and a bunch of other terrifying stuff.

It was a cool place to learn about, to personally live in? Not really.

He stood up, ready to go back to the entrance of the park and just wait nearby it while keeping to the side and do his best as to not gain the attention of any troll. He just wasn't ready for social activities with his new species, he even suspects in his old life he wasn't a very social person and pretty much kept his head down for most of his life unless confronted on matters pertaining him.

It was frustrating, trying to remember who he was before he was Eridan Ampora. He couldn't remember his name, his age, his *gender*, he couldn't remember his family and friends and anything else that might have clued him on who he was. All he could remember was that he wasn't a fictional character in a web comic he somehow remembers with crystal clarity and other things like his favorite songs and trivial subjects.

Before he would have cried and panicked, but its been a few sweeps and he's... mostly okay now. The thought of his previous life no longer laid heavily in his head, instead it was the prospect of living and surviving his new life that was weighing his thoughts.

He shook his head, turning in place to head back, but before he took a step...

*"Oh come on! This is getting ridiculous!"*

He blinked at the shout, earfins twitching underneath his hood. He turned to look at the direction he heard the shout and paused...

---

He grumbled as he shift in place, he frowned deeply as he felt tears stinging his eyes. Quickly he wiped them away as he stared dejectedly at the broken device that was now on the ground.

"I worked so hard on that." He mumbled, "Why did I have to hatch so STRONG? I mean, it is nice and all but... making things and *not* breaking them is quite hard." He sighed, ignoring the slight snuffle he let out and reached for the toolkit he brought with him just for this occasion. He learned early on to just carry a toolkit in his sylladex because of his outrageous STRENGTH that kept breaking his inventions.

He took the device in hand, cringing when he left a dent on it from his grasp and tried to handle it as carefully as he could without completely breaking it. He did the same with his tools even though his lusus reassured them that they could handle his ridiculous STRENGTH, he bought the strongest set he could find.

Still, he had broken too many toolkits in the past and he wasn't keen on getting a new one so soon. He's only had this toolkit set for nearly a perigee! Which by far was the longest he could keep a set without breaking it.

He also took out a hefty book, heavy to a rustblood maybe but to him, it was just average in weight compared to the time he lifted the thermal locker trying to get a piece of important metal from underneath after it rolled away and even then he barely wasted his breath!

He didn't know the limits to his STRENGTH, but as of now he had no interest in finding out as he was too interested in robotics to care. The book he had brought out was about robotics, a blueblood's beginner guide to robotics, well, it was the extra special edition that his lusus Arthour bought for him his previous wriggler day half a sweep ago. He opened it to a page and read through a certain paragraph again just to make sure he was doing the right thing even though he knew he was, one can never be too sure of course.

He's made quite the progress for even a blueblood like him, he was proud to say that he had a talent for robotics, it all came easily to him... But the fact his STRENGTH made it hard to have complete and functioning robots, inventions and the like made him quite the laughingstock from his fellow peers, but no matter, one day they'd see he was a great robotic inventor! He was just, having some technical difficulties right now.

They'd see...

*Snap!*

He stood up quickly, hearing something snap and amazingly enough he hadn't crushed his little device or the screwdriver he had in his hands.

"Hello?"

Silence.

"Arthour? Is that you?"

More silence, he was getting antsy. He quickly captchalogued his device and toolkit so he wouldn't damage the both of them, though he left his book out in case it was just Arthour coming to take him back to his hive.

"Whoever you are, come out!" He said loudly, looking around.

*Crack!*

He whirled around as he heard a step and a branch break- only to find a cloaked figure coming out from behind a tree and it seemed he unfortunately stepped on another fragile branch and snapping it in two.

The figure was smaller than him, he noticed as he observed the other, either he was younger than him or was just short in general, and for whatever reason; this troll was hiding beneath a cloak. You don't really see that often, it was uncommon but usually ignored but usually their horns out be out through holes and a clear sign on the cloak would be stitched to tell the others their status and sign but...

This troll did neither, his horns were hidden within the hood of the cloak with no horn holes and there was no sign on his cloak which was pale brown in color... A lowblood perhaps?

"M sorry for startling you..." mumured the other troll. He blinked, not quite expecting that. Also, deeper voice, a male perhaps? Or, did they identify as something else? You can never know with trolls.

"Oh, it's alright." He answered back and they both stewed in awkward silence afterwards. He coughed, "How rude of me for forgetting my manners, I am Equius Zahhak. And who might you be?"

The troll stayed silent and Equius frowned, about to say something when the other spoke, "It's nice to meet you Equius, my name's Eridan Ampora." He even bowed slightly, how polite!

---

What was he *doing*.

"It's nice to meet you Equius, my name's Eridan Ampora."

He should have ran away, he wasn't suppose to meet *Equius Zahhak* here! At this age and place! Or at least... he thinks?? They never mentioned when everyone met, but he knew that Equius did not like Eridan in the canon comic but...

Equius looked so... adorable to be honest, as a young troll juvenile.

He still had both his horns, he wasn't wearing any cracked shades and currently he looked cute as he wore indigo overall shorts with grey shoes and a light blue button up shirt with the Sagittarius sign stitched on his chest.

He should have ignored Equius' demand to come out, just run away and more however, the temptation of meeting a character from his favorite web comic was too much, especially when they were younger and adorable like Equius.

He had another chance to go, to politely excuse himself from Equius and they could meet in the future when Equius and Nepeta were moirails...

Then Equius opened his mouth, asking him why he was there and instinctively he answered. His fate was sealed, and... he kind of knew what to do from there on.

He was Eridan Ampora now, and he knew what was to come (if it ever came but it *did*) and he naively decided that he would change things for the better.

Future Eridan laughed bitterly at Past Eridan's thoughts... If only it were that easy.

---

~ On the 11th perigee, 2nd Dim season equinox ~

It seems that my dear kismesis has made quite the mistake, leaving a ship full of his slaves and not enough of his crew -which mainly consisted of a Brownblood, a rust, a few teals and an unexpectedly weak minded indigo- alone on the seas heading towards their nearby base. However, an unsuspected storm brewed and charted their ship of course and directly into my grasp.

>Dualscar, as I have mentioned, was a soft troll that cared as unbelievably enough for his "slaves" along with his crew (Quotation needed as he barely treats the slaves as such, though only in private as he would pretend to be uncaring in the eyes of society, the public and in the vision of his fellow highbloods that were not of his crew). A bargain is what I plan for obtaining my or back, however the amount of slaves and his crew calls for more than just my oracle, an amount of his treasures will suffice nicely.

Though I am tempted to bargain with him to keep a few of the slaves for myself, I have kept an eye on a few of them since my last visitation on Dualscar's ship. They would do well on my own ship with their skills, and a few of them were easy on the eyes. I certainly wouldn't mind seeing a few of them work on my ship.

But alas, that would perhaps be saved for another time when I have my oracle back and Dualscar was in a better mood. I have found out that my kismesis is off dealing with another violetblood, one that was particularly a thorn to *both* our sides, though Dualscar is much more annoyed with him than I. I do not have to worry about our rivalry despite this, as he is not interested in the other that way.

It seems that only I will hold his spade, and I am confident that only I have or will ever be in Dualscar's quadrants for the sweeps to come.

(~ Added after the 12th perigee, 2nd Dim season equinox~

I... was very foolish to think my statement above to be true...

My sincerest apologies Cronus, as well as my dearest condolences...

Had I known she was as extraordinary as myself, perhaps I could have prevented her death. I should have known, she did seem quite the troll even underneath my control and your crew had quite the reaction when I took her will before I took theirs. Knowing what I know now, I wish I had gotten to know her and see for myself in what you saw in her that you did not see in countless others that begged for your attention.

The whole event was very saddening, even for I. You... I have never seen you shed a single tear in the sweeps that we've been together, she must have been something for you to weep and mourn into Alternia's night Cronus and I regret deeply in what happened...

You even sang for her, and before she died, she sang for you. A song between moirails, a heartwarming thing had it not been this way. You never even got the chance to tell her you pitied her and established moirallegiance before she died...

I wish Porrim -it was her name correct?- a peaceful afterlife. And Porrim, I wish you congratulations; for having the emotionless Orphaner Dualscar fall pale for you. And I wish you a peaceful afterlife, had things been different... Would we have become closer as fellow quadrantmates with dearest Cronus Ampora? I would have thought so.

To whoever is reading this, if you are confused worry not. I have transcribed the event in the next entry, I merely wanted to correct myself in this one... How foolish I was to think, that I alone was enough for Dualscar. It was only a matter of time to be honest... Though, after what happened, I think that Dualscar will never fall pale for anyone else ever again...)

---



===>Be Eridan of the present

Eridan stayed silent along with Aradia as they processed what happened.

" ... "

" ... "

**"I think we shall talk about this at another time.**

"

"I suspected as much, I need to go back to my planet anyway. I'm sorry for not answerin' all your questions Dia."

**"It's fine... I suspect now on what's going on, and I don't want to risk you dead. I will ask another time, when it is safer to ask without one of us being killed."**

"Agreed."

===>Be Eridan a few minutes ago

Chapter End Notes

:D

IT'S DONE!

Also, Alternian History has changed as you obviously all noticed ;), don't worry we'll eventually get to that fully hehe.

# SGRUB - Settling Matters

## Chapter Notes

YES UPDATE

Whew, this is great, I updated earlier than I expected thank gog for no school! :D

Anyway, this chapter is particularly long because of one pesterlog, not going to lie, but there's a lot hidden in this chapter that is vital to the plot of this story, you'll see what I mean ;]

HOPE YOU ENJOY~!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

### ==> Eridan: Minutes in the Past in the Present

*It was the Handmaid.*

Eridan gulped, trembling hands instinctively going for his throat and side before he resolved himself and took out Ahab's Crosshairs. Aradia spied his reaction in the corner of his eye but her main focus was her ancestor and her timeline duplicate that had multiple stains of various blood colors on her metal body as a pair of floating devices, made of quartz and some sort of instrument twirled around her lazily, but in her duplicate's was a suspiciously colorfully and bloody book.

Aradia recognized the book, it was a ~ATH Programming Book; both Sollux and Karkat owned a copy but she remembers Sollux throwing his copy away after he had learned the programming language with ease while Karkat's copy was destroyed in operating and starting the virus code that Sollux created earlier.

What was her duplicate, an Aradiabot from another timeline, doing suspiciously bloody with a bloody and just as suspicious ~ATH book?

"**Eridan.**" Her alternate said, making terrified and tense violet eyes look her way, "**Take, the book.**" She continued, a strong robotic arm with the gigantic colorful black book aimed at Eridan's direction as she stared down her ancestor with narrowed red robotic eyes.

Eridan's eyes widened at the sight of the book, "T-*That's-*!" He's interrupted with a flinch as Aradiabot from another timeline barked at him.

**"TAKE THE BOOK RIGHT NOW ERIDAN!"**

And like that, bloody Aradiabot threw the book to his direction while charging at the Handmaid. Aradia herself jolted as Eridan scrambled to catch the book, but was knocked back as suddenly the enraged and bloody Aradiabot from another timeline tackled nothing in the air and the Handmaid was there.

Knocking Eridan back and bloody ~ATH book in her hands, eyes cold and face grimace; they almost seemed apologetic in a way, but ultimately her face was grimly stoic and emotionless. "**NO!**" Both Aradiabot and Eridan yelled, Eridan now nursing a slight cut from when he was pushed back and collided towards the semi-built wall on Aradia's hive.

Aradia was by Eridan's side in an instant, helping him up as Aradiabot once again charged at Handmaid, psychically lifting a part of the hive's wall at the grown adult who merely huffed and flung the wall away while flashing towards Aradiabot, taking her arm and disappearing completely in a flash of colors and the sounds of ticking clocks.

Aradia and Eridan stared at where the Handmaid and other Aradia had been.

Eridan stayed silent along with Aradia as they processed what happened.

"..."

"..."

**"I think we shall talk about this at another time."**

"I suspected as much, I need to go back to my planet anyway. I'm sorry for not answerin' all your questions Dia."

**"It's fine... I suspect now on what's going on, and I don't want to risk you dead. I will ask another time, when it is safer to ask without one of us being killed."**

"Agreed."

Eridan sighed, tension slowly bleeding away, he grimaced as he felt the blood on his face coming from the cut on his forehead. Aradia noticed, **"Are you alright Eridan?"**

"I'm fine, I'll patch it up wwhen I get back to my hivve." He paused before sighing again, "I really am sorry for not answerin' all your questions Dia, I wwish I could but..." Aradia interrupted him. **"I told you it's fine."**

Eridan nodded, looking around and noticed Ahab's Crosshairs on the floor nearby. He had accidentally let go when he had been knocked away, he was glad he didn't manage to lose the legendary rifle.

He frowned, however it had been too easy to knock the gun from out of his grip. Next time, and he knows there would be a next time he could just feel it, he'd be in big trouble if he lost the rifle in the middle of a serious battle; thinking about it, for the past few sweeps he had been relying on the rifle a lot.

Tending to use it over the other arsenal of weapons he could use, that was a foolish decision.

Ahab's Crosshairs was powerful, that he knew very well; but it was not without its cons.

Relying on one thing only was a big disadvantage, a big tactical disadvantage. He would need to rectify it later, he wonders if he still had...

He should.

"I should get goin', I'll talk wwith you later Dia." Eridan greeted as he puts the Crosshairs back into his strife deck.

Aradia nodded and helped the violetblooded seadweller into the gate.

---

==>Eridan: Arrive on LOWAA

*Hive sweet hive.*

Eridan thought briefly as he touched down to his hive, only to blink at the modifications that were added to it, particularly on how *tall* it was now. That was right, they would need to build their hives to tall towers if he recalled correctly, he would need to work on Nepeta's tower soon.

Speaking of Nepeta...

He hoped Equius would choose soon, as well as correctly. He *would* support Equius choice of couse, even if his moirail would choose Aradia but Nepeta was the best choice, Aradia didn't like Equius that way, she was not red for him and his actions just lead her to feel pitch for him; something that Equius would not like.

**`Eridan, you are back.`**

He blinked as Skysprite phases in through the wall, leaving a tranparent and slightly glowing goo on the wall. "Hey dad." He smiled.

Skysprite narrowed his eyes at him, **`You are hurt, what happened?`**

"I'm fine, I just need to patch up is all dad."

After a few minutes of Skysprite and healing the cut on his forehead, Eridan explained what happened.

Skysprite frowned at him, **`That is troubling news... and what of your friend?`**

Eridan sighed, "Dia is fine, or at least, the alpha timeline her. Wwe've decided to hold off the entire discussion for another time. And as for wwhat happened... I think it's best that wwe keep that in the past and to ourselvves for noww. Evven though the Handmaid gaining the book is vvery unfortunate, it wwas fated to happen." Eridan told the other bitterly.

*'I suppose in this other timeline I tried to stop Scratch from evver being made but that would have caused a fuckin' paradox, at least I tried.'*

The violetblooded seadweller shook his head and looked at his lusur turned sprite, "Is our hivve wwraith-proof noww?"

**`Your angels have done excellent work, as well as your client player. Everyone has entered the game.`**

Eridan nodded as he made his way to his respiteblock only to pause as he remembers something.

"Oh crap... but I did promise Kanaya I'd talk to her..."

---

calmingAquarius [CA] has unblocked! arachnidsGrip [AG]

calmingAquarius [CA] began trolling arachnidsGrip [AG]

CA: Wwell, you wwanted a talk.

CA: Let's talk.

AG: What.

CA: I promised Kan that I'd talk to you as soon as evveryone wwwas in the game and settled.

AG: Oh really now?

AG: Well, that works for me :::)

AG: Anyway, how are you Ampora?

CA: I'm doin fine Serket, and you?

AG: Oh I'm doing just fiiiiiiiine

AG: I'm starting to explore my awesome new planet, it's called the Land of Maps and Tre8sure

AG: This game might 8e be worth playing now

CA: That is up to debate but at any rate, it is pleasant to hear that you're settling and your planet is something you are comfortable wwith

AG: Weeeeeeeell, what about your planet Eridan?

AG: Is it as awesome as mine????????

CA: It is...

CA: Doable, though I advvised evveryone to stay away from my planet for the mean wwhile

AG: What? Why????????

CA: My planet is called the Land of Wwraiths and Angels, LOWWAA

CA: It's

CA: Just as vvaguely terrifying as it sounds

AG: Oh fuck, really?

AG: What 8ad luck for you to have two of the most feared mythological creatures on your planet, man I feel kind of 8ad and almost worried for you

AG: 8ut then again, I don't have to 8e worried 8ecause you're an Ampora and as much as I'd hate to 8estow you with any sort of praise 8ut you aren't a weak troll, far from it really

CA: Ah, thanks I guess for that

CA: Also I don't think I havve to wworry about the Angel part of my planet, it seems that these angels are my consorts and are quite keen in keeping me safe from the wwraiths for howwevver long they can

AG: What????????? Now that's just not faaaaaaaair

AG: How come you get the awesome consorts? Uuuuuuuugh!

CA: They're

CA: Interesting, I almost made the mistake of shooting them down the first time I heard them. Wwhich wwould havve been a vvery bad mistake had I actually shot one of them.

CA: Luckily I held myself back from my instinctivve need to shoot them down, though Skysprite held me back as wwell.

CA: My reaction ww as bad enough howwevver I don't knoww about the reactions of the others should they decide to come to my planet; troll instincts against the angels are quite

CA: As much as you'd expect against a fearsome creature actually

AG: I never really understood why you do that.

CA: Do wwhat.

AG: Holding 8ack.

AG: Whenever it came to 8ase troll instincts and other shit concerning violence you always hold 8ack! I don't get that!

AG: That \*\*cannot\*\* be healthy, I've never heard a troll do what you do! Especially 8ecause you're a violet8looded seadweller.

AG: 8efore when we used to FLARP together it was so frustr8ting to see you hold yourself 8ack like that! I rarely saw you get loose and even 8ack then it wasn't much! 8ut whenever you did it was admittedly awesome as fuck.



AG: Remem8er 8ack then when things used to 8e so much fun????????  
When you actually 8othered to interact with me and we'd paint the seas with  
miles of our enemies' 8lood? That was so much fun!

AG: 8ut then you stopped

AG: A few campaigns after we found our ancestor's crypts and tre8sures  
and legendary weapons, you suddenly quitted from FLAPing all  
together!!!!!!!!!!

AG: Why?????????!!!!!!!!!!

CA: I had a duty to uphold, you said it yourself back then. The duties of our  
ancestors, wwell, the duty mine had before his infamous imprisonment and  
fall from the ranks and outted from the vvioletblooded caste entirely.

CA: After I found Ahab's Crosshairs suddenly I was rankin up against the  
other Orphaners and soon enough I wwas the number 1 Orphaner among  
the others.

CA: Not all of us can FLARP all the time, and FLARPin wwas just a hobby  
I picked up, it wwas

CA: Enjoyable, ignoring the gore and vviolece but I stopped and did my  
job and protected myself from the unhappy vvioletbloods that came after  
me after I triumphed over them.

CA: It didn't get any better wwhen they found out I wwas close friends  
wwith Fef, jealousy is powwerful thing.

AG: Oh. 8ut still.....

AG: You couldn't have just told me a8out all that instead of just 8locking  
me out?????????

AG: I mean sure, I could pro8a8ly understand after the whole Team Charge  
incident 8ut that happened a sweep after you quitted!

CA: Might I remind you during that time you pitch flirted wwith me heavily during that swweep, I felt vvery uncomfortable at that

AG: \*\*\*\*I D8D N8T\*\*\*\*

AG: Not heavily at least >::::[

AG: 8ut can you really 8lame me? You're just as a 8astard as you are now as 8ack then. More so in fact!

AG: And that's another thing I don't get with you, normal trolls would have 8een delighted 8y the fact that \*\*I\*\* of all trolls would consider them my kismesis and rival. 8ut you

CA: I told you for the thousandth time, I am not interested in the concupiscent and black half of the square

AG: 8ut why noooooooooot????????

CA: I just don't alright?

Ca: Besides, I had other things to wworry and focus on besides the rest of the quadrants other than pale! Like the game for example.

AG: Wait

AG: You knew about the game waaaaaaaay 8efore the rest did?

AG: How?

CA: ...

CA: Fuck

CA: I kneww of it because I awwoke on Derse early as a juvvenile alright?

CA: Just as Kan awwoke on Prospit early on in her wwrigglinghood.

AG: Kanaya?

AG: I remem8er her saying something about those two things- hey  
waaaaaaa8t a minute

AG: Does that mean that you and Kanaya were in cahoots with each other  
long 8efore all this game 8ullshit happened???????

AG: And thinking more on the su8ject, that pro8a8ly means that you were  
also in cahoots with Aradia too!!!!!!! She knew all sorts of things a8out the  
game, uuuuuuuugh!!!!!!!

CA: I don't knoww anythin about cahoots but Kan, Dia and I did discuss a  
feww things about the game before evverythin happened if that's wwhat's  
you're askin.

CA: Wwhy exactly are you so upset?

AG: I'm not ups8t!!!!!!! >:::P

AG: Just.....

AG: Surprised is all

AG: Anyway, what a8out Derse and Prospit???????

AG: And what do you mean 8y 'awwoke'

CA: Don't use my quirk Vvriska

AG: >:::;)

CA: Ugh, stop that.

CA: Derse and Prospit are one of the twwo things pertaining the game, I'll  
keep this short and just say that their significance is rather large invvolvin  
the game and that Kan and I, actually evveryone, are dreamers. Kan bein a  
Prospit dreamer and I myself, a Derse dreamer

AG: Well \*that\* was \*quite\* informative :::P

CA: If you want to find out more go ask Kan, she's a better source for Prospit anyway since you're a Prospit dreamer as well.

AG: What???????

CA: I need to go, I still have business to attend to.

AG: Wait!!!!!!!!

CA: What now?

AG: I just want to ask.

AG: If, at some point..... would you like to go adventuring with me again? Like the old times when we were FLARPing?

AG: Minus the gore and violence of course (again, you're so weird because your caste usually enjoys that but fine), it'd be hard to do that when there's no other trolls around.

CA: ... Hmm

CA: So you knew that the two sessions were in fact one session?

AG: Kind of, but you just confirmed it for me so thanks~ :::)

CA: Dammit

CA: Sigh

CA: Anyway, the answer to your previous question. I'll think about it.

AG: I'm not hearing a nooooooooo~~~~~

CA: I suppose not, but I do need to go.

AG: Just think about it alright? I missed our treasure hunting days, Dualscar :::]

CA: I haven't made my decision, but I'll let you know once I have

AG: :::P

AG: Alright, just tell me soon.

AG: Later Eridan

arachnidsGrip [AG] ceased trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

calmingAquarius [CA] began trolling arachnidsGrip [AG]

CA: ...

CA: I don't know what the hell I'm thinking here but I would have to admit, going on treasure hunts with you before was kind of fun.

CA: So fine, I'll go to your planet sometime and go on a hunt with you.

CA: I hope I don't regret this, 'Mindfang'.

CA: And don't get any funny ideas alright? We need to focus a bit more on the game.

calmingAquarius [CA] ceased trolling arachnidsGrip [GA]

arachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

AG: Yesssssss :::D

AG: Dualscar and Mindfang are back hahahahahahaha!!!!!!!

AG: Don't worry Eridan, you won't regret this.

AG: And whatever do you mean by 'funny ideas'~????????? ::;)

AG: At any rate, can't wait to adventure with you again Ampora,  
later~~~~~

AG: (<3<)

arachnidsGrip [AG] ceased trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

---

Eridan sighed as he lounged back on his chair, his promise to Kanaya was done and surprisingly it went better than he thought it would. Maybe Vriska was slowly beginning to get better? Huh, he didn't really know that she would at this point of the timeline, but then again the webcomic kind of skimmed over the troll session and was more focused on the kids session.

He wasn't lying, about the time they had went on treasure campaigns, those were fun times that he actually enjoyed when he was forced into FLARP. It was the murder, violence and gore that had him glad to finally quit FLARPing all together after he had obtained Ahab's Crosshairs from their ancestor's crypt...

---

==> A glimpse into a few sweeps in the past

*"Come oooooooooon Dualscar let's goooooooooo! We're almost there!"*

*Eridan rolled his eyes, huffing as he climbed the jagged rock with the two colorful moons high in the sky.*

*"I'm comin', 'Mindfang', just hold on! I'm still a bit sore from the last feedin' session wwith Fef's lusus!" He grunted, pulling himself up towards the ledge, grumbling as he tugged on his cape.*

*He didn't like the cape at all but only wore it at Vriska's insistence.*

*"This is so exciting! I can't believe we found it!" Vriska grinned toothily, map in hand as they ventured further into the alignment of caves and rocks that were on a remote island, it took them a long time to find the place and the final clue had been right underneath their noses all this time.*

*"Wwe havven't found it yet Vvriska, but wwe wwill soon."*

*"Oh shut up! But anyway, this is going to be amaaaaaaaazing, finding our ancestor's treasures; I can barely contain my excitement!" Vriska says as she puts away the map and takes out her ancestor's journal, Mindfang's journal.*

*Eridan ignites a torch as they go deeper into the dark cave and provides them light, "It says here that we just need to find our ancestral symbols and we'll hit the jackpot." Vriska continues, eyes squinting before looking up and around. "Well, to be more specific, find your ancestral symbol since it seems the sign of The Prisoner was more subtle to hide among the rocks. That's the first thing we need to find, then my symbol." She says, putting on her special glasses that would enhance her special eye even more.*

*Eridan frowns, "I thought wwe agreed not to call him that."*

*Vriska laughs a little sheepishly, "Whoops, my apologies Dualscar."*

*Eridan rolled his eyes, "Let's just find the crypt Mindfang."*

*"You got it."*

---

==> Back in the present

Eridan shakes his head, breaking himself from his memories as his attention is taken by an angel that had just phased through the wall.

"Oh, hello there." Eridan greets with a small smile as the white creature twirls around him, crooning softly. Eridan bares down the instinct to bare his teeth, reminding himself that the angels were not to be harmed. His hand twitches anyway and he also reminds himself that he needs a little bit more work to control his instincts, spending more time with the angels would possibly help.

*∴Hope, hope, ours, come∴.*

The angel floats back, tail curling around Eridan's wrist and tugs gently. Eridan blinks but lets the angel lead him outside his hive, he gulps as he

stares out into the monochrome world that was his planet.

*.:Explore:.*

Eridan curls his lips before sighing, he had wanted to explore at *some* point later on but... No time like the present.

He needed to find out more about his planet anyway, and as helpful Skysprite might be, he knows that his *lusus* sprite could only help so much and the angels could barely form a coherent sentence for him to understand that *wasn't* in painful, instinct-triggering shrieks.

"Alright, just hold on. I need to find somethin'." Eridan tells the angel, gently prying his wrist from the angel's tail who lets out a curious coo with an almost adorable tilt of its eye-less head.

The Hope Player turns and enters his hive again, going into the room dedicated to the various weapons he had accumulated during his stay on Alternia. Most ancient and with deep history though half of them could barely function due to time wearing them down and rusts on their figures, maybe at some point Eridan should restore the weapons back into their full glory if he had the chance; continue what he had done before he was preparing for the game.

He looked around, looking towards the more newer and modern weapons he had in the room.

Eridan had dabbled in training with each weapon type in this room, he didn't master any of the types other than gun play, or more specifically rifle play because of Ahab's Crosshairs, and a few other weapons but over the sweeps he had been relying too much on the legendary rifle and that would just not do.

He walked towards a specific corner of the room and looked between two particular weapons and narrowed his eyes thoughtfully.

He checked his strife deck and portfolio and was glad to see that he had a spare strife card to use; in his stride portfolio was riflekind and fistkind.



Fistkind was something Equius had insisted to teach him, hand to hand combat was a good back up plan but he felt more comfortable when there was a weapon in his hands.

Nodding in determination he picked one and allocated it towards the last free strife card, completing his portfolio.

The violetblood turned and met again with his angel outside his hive, only to blink briefly as he sees that a few other angels had joined his group. He shrugs and puts on his cloak, one angel took his wrist and they were off; out to explore the Land of Wraiths and Angels.

Deep in lair of another planet however...

A being stirred within the depths of its lair, eyes opening ever so briefly and a content but ominous chuckle echoes the empty place.

"... good, the deal prevails..."

---

"Stop, stop! *This vwasn't part of our deal! Don't!*"

"THE DEAL HAS BEEN MADE THERE IS NOWAY BACK YOU HAVE AGREED TO IT MY DEAREST PLAYERS"

"I-I... please..."

"IT WILL END AND WE WILL BOTH BENEFIT FROM THIS, I MUST HURRY BEFORE MY BROTHER HEARS OF THIS... HOLD STILL"

"A-ah, hrguc-k—!! AAAAAAAAAAAH!!!"

"-UTH?! Wha-NO! LET HIM GO!"

"DO NOT INTERFERE HE AND I MADE A DEAL HEIR, HE HAS MADE HIS DECISION AND SO HE SHALL FULLFILL HIS HALF OF THE BARGAIN"

---

The being closes its eyes, its brief moment of awakening did not go unnoticed as a certain troll feels the ground rumble just as he finished dealing with the imps that went after him.

"... The fuck was that shit?"

He jolts and curses as he nearly falls into the red swill that was part of his planet, "Fuck!" He sighs in relief as he *doesn't* fall into the ocean of blood, specifically made to taunt his own, "Grr, fuck this damn game..."

---

==> Be...

==> Bee Sollux

## Chapter End Notes

DUN DUN DUUN

The mystery continues.

Also, can't wait for more Hiveswap things! They ended the troll call last wednesday, I wonder what's going to come in the future. I CAN'T WAIT X]

I hope you enjoyed the chapter, till next time everyone!

# Juvenile - Bees and Fishes

## Chapter Notes

Thinking for this chapter was a bit of a problem since I was a bit stuck on certain things, luckily I managed to finish the chapter so sorry for the long wait :Y.

Sollux did not like Eridan at the start but we know he'll eventually come around, a glimpse to what happened last chapter and who it was about, also we see the first meeting between Feferi and Eridan :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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==> Bee Sollux

==> Sweeps in the Past

apocalypseArisen [AA] began trolling twinArmageddons [TA]

AA: hey

TA: hey AA

AA: h0w are y0u sull0x

TA: eh, iim doiin alriight. the vooice2 are beeing unu2ually 2iilent twoniight though, whiich ii2 2iimultaneou2ly good and 2u2piiciou2, but what about you, how you doiin AA

AA: actually ive been d0ing quite well if i d0 say s0 myself

AA: als0 yeah the v0ices are kind 0f quiet t0night

AA: i w0nder why

AA: anyway my lusus took me to a neat place today and i met someone there

TA: who did you meet, are they cool or what

AA: hush you im getting there

AA: i asked him what he was doing there and he told me that he was curious about this nearby tomb he heard about in the forums

AA: well that and he was getting away from a bad FLARPing session

TA: pfft FLARPing session? what happened that made him want to get away

AA: well apparently he didnt like his FLARP partner and the session itself was kind of stupid hearing it out myself

TA: huh, since ii don't know the stupid game as much as you do ill just leave that into your hands, but anyway continue on

AA: i could send you the handbook if youre interested so

AA: continuing on we talked a bit and i helped him find the tomb it was so very interesting so it contained a lot of old weapons and a few cool skulls and bones :D

TA: certainly must be something if it could get you to type the emoji

AA: Oh hush you

AA: eridan and i were quite happy to see the treasures that the tomb had but he collected the old weaponry and i got everything else

TA: eridan?

AA: Oh yeah his name is eridan and hes very nice

TA: oh, ii2 he really a2 niice a2 you 2ay AA? you know 'niice' troll2 are not very common

AA: Oh he is very nice because it turns Out i s0rt 0f kn0w him

AA: hes tavr0s' 0nline friend CA!

TA: waiit really

AA: mhmm i was just as surprise as y0u are

AA: tavr0s says he is One 0f the nicest tr0lls hes ever met and im inclined t0 believe him

AA: he didnt make fun 0f my l0ve f0r archae0l0gy and he didnt make fun 0r degrade 0r l00k d0wn 0n me because 0f my bl00dcast :)

TA: why could he make fun of your bloodca2t, ju2t how hiigh iis he for hiim to look down on your for that

AA: thats the thing s0llux hes kind 0f strange and weird f0r it but hes really nice i pr0mise y0u that

TA: AA...

AA: y0u might n0t belive this but

AA: hes a seadweller

TA: \*\*\*what\*\*\*

AA: i kn0w right?

AA: hes a vi0letbl00ded seadweller and hes \*nice\*

AA: he d0esnt l00k d0wn 0n tr0lls l0wer 0n the hem0spectrum than him and treats them equally

AA: One Of the reas0ns why he left his FLARPing sessi0n was because the Other team c0nsisted Of Other highbl00ds like him and they kept making fun Of his Other partner wh0 they killed Off in the sessi0n

AA: bef0re y0u say anything s0llux he was really upset ab0ut it and his partner was a br0nzebl00d like tavr0s

TA: he certaiinly 2ound2 weiird but ii dont get hii2 niice guy bull2hiit, he2 probably out to triick you and TV

AA: no!

AA: s0llux y0u d0nt understand he was **\*\*really\*\*** upset when his partner died he cried and everything when he t0ld me after we went int0 the t0mb and he t0ld me he wanted t0 distract himself fr0m the death Of his partner even th0ugh he didnt kn0w him as much but he dislikes death and tries n0t t0 res0rt t0 vi0lence

TA: thii2 ii2 why he2 2o 2u2piiciiou2 AA, what viioletblood dii2liike2 viiolence and death?? iive never heard of iit

TA: agaiin he2 probably fakiing iit all two try and get you two tru2t hiim before he reveal3 hii2 real agenda, AA, you and TV gotta 2top talkiing two hiim

AA: s0llux y0ure being ridicul0us and paran0id

AA: eridan is a g00d troll

AA: hes a bit weird but hes a g00d guy i just kn0w it

AA: here why d0nt y0u talk t0 him and find 0ut y0urself

AA: his tr0llhandle is calmingAquarius

AA: just l00k at his handle! its says a l0t s0llux

TA: ii am not talkiing to a hiighblood 2nob AA, no matter iif you 2ay he2 'niice' or not

TA: hiighblood2 are pretentiou2 arii2tocratic a22hole2 who flaunt around theiir 2tupiid blood and brag about the whole hemo2pectrum bull2hiit and how blood2 lower than theiir2 2hould obey every 2iingly fuckiing command or whiim they dii2h out

TA: ampora ii2nt goiing to be any diiferent, he2 ju2t actiing iit out then he'll throw away the niice guy act and probably 2tab you iin the back. both fiiguratively and liiterally

AA: uuuugggggh

AA: hes n0t like that im telling you!!!

AA: y0u havent even met 0r talk t0 him yet

---

Sollux groaned as the conversation had descended from there.

Aradia tried in vain to shift his view on this mysterious highblooded fuck Eridan Ampora, whoever he is.

He was probably another fucking snob just like the rest of them. Most highbloods were aristocratic snobs that had their damned heads shoved up their nooks, good highbloods did not exist; not unless they were on sopor slime and *even then*, they were annoying to deal with. The only highblood he was even *considering* to like, was that purpleblood that CG for some reason knew, TC, though he was so high off his ass he didn't care of things like his own blood and stuff but then again he was a purpleblood that was high off his ass and those shits were unpredictable.

At any rate, Eridan Ampora was *violetblood*, they were not nice, they were the most self-absorbed snobs he has ever had the misfortune to meet. Demanding, arrogant, thinking just because they had *fins* they deserved the whole spectrum to eat out of their claws with the exception of the only color above them, fuchsia who they would undoubtedly kiss ass for their own gains.

Even with Aradia's insistence that he was a nice troll, Sollux was not going to believe it, he's heard about it before. On the interweb, some sick highbloods pretending they were nice only to stab trolls in the back, *he was not going to let Aradia or his friends end up like that.*

Whoever this Eridan Ampora was, he was going to get a painful psionic-filled future if he even *thought* of hurting those he actually cared about.

Sollux contemplated contacting him through Trollian at the moment before thinking otherwise, he wouldn't want to talk with the probable bastard right now, it wasn't as if he was going to frequently troll this guy in the future anyway, the seadweller fuck would either get bored and leave them alone or get a face-full of painful psionics from one pissed off Captor.

In the future, Sollux looked back to his past self and was between breaking out to laughter or cursing in frustration.

---

==> Be Kanaya  
==>In the Present

grimAuxilliatrix [GA] began trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

GA: Eridan?

CA: Hello Kan, wwhat is it?

GA: I Have Just Finished Conversing With Vriska

GA: Thank You For Keeping Your Word

CA: It's nothin Kan, I \*did\* promise to talk to Vvriska after evveryone wwas settled in the Medium. Howw are you by the wway?

GA: I Am Quite Fine Thank You

GA: What About Yourself Eridan? Are You Well? Vriska Mentioned Your Planet Being Inhabited By



GA: Angels And Wraiths

CA: Yes, my planet is LOWWAA, Land of Wwraiths and Angels. Don't wworry though, the angels are harmless, to me it seems to the least I havve yet to find out if they wwill behavve around others besides myself.

GA: I

GA: See, Well That Certainly Seems Interesting Eridan And Uh The Wraiths?

CA: Enemies, and some kind of game construct. I believve they are part of my planet's main Quest and wwhat not. For wwhat exactly, that has yet to be seen.

GA: Ah

CA: Wwhat about you Kan? Is your planet alright?

GA: It Is Quite Interesting, My Oasis Has Turned Into An Island On An Oceanic Planet It Seems

CA: Really noww?

GA: Yes And I Would Like To Ask Your As Well As Feferi's Help In The Future Should I Really Need It

CA: I wwould be glad to help you Kan, just tell me wwhen.

GA: Thank You Eridan

CA: Howw goes Prospit?

GA: It Is The Same As Ever But Soon The Others Will Awaken In Their Towers

CA: Yes, and Sol has already awwakened his Derse dreaming self due to his inevvitable death vvvia the Vvast Glub

GA: What

GA: I Had Thought He Was A Prospit Dreamer, I Had Seen His Sleeping Self In One Of The Other Towers

CA: It seems that Sol is a special troll either by game or his own standards, he apparently has two dream selves, one on Prospit and one on Derse. It's peculiar, though I know it pleases the Captor for his obsession with bifurcation.

GA: Oh

GA: Alright And Yes Knowing Sollux He Is Most Pleased For This And Um His Original Body Died You Say? Who Revived Him?

CA: It was Fef who gave him the Kiss of Life

CA: Pun unintentionally intended.

GA: Feferi?

GA: Feferi Kiss Sollux To Revive Him Or At Least Awaken His Derse Dreaming Self?

CA: Yes and uh, it has lead to the latest development.

GA: Oh?

CA: Fef and Sol are now in a kiss situation with each other, filling their space quadrant.

GA: :0

CA: Emoticons do not suit you much Kan

GA: Indeed But I Feel Like That Was The Most Appropriate Reaction To Have

GA: Sollux And Feferi Have Entered The Pitch Quadrant?

GA: Well It Does Make Sense Since They Dislike Each Other Very Much,  
In Hindsight It Was Inevitable

CA: I suppose so but I do wonder why they dislike each other, I recall  
them being good acquaintances and almost friends before.

GA: Why Indeed

GA: (And You Call Me Oblivious To Red Solicitations)

GA: At Any Rate, I Thank You Again For Talking With Vriska.

CA: No problem Kan

CA: Just tell me or Fef when you need our help, we'll be delighted to  
help.

GA: I Will Thank You

GA: Farewell Eridan

CA: Bye Kan

calmingAquarius [CA] ceased trolling grimAuxillatrix [GA]

---

==> Be ??????

He sighed as he leaned against the pillar, silently brooding as always.

It might have been a weird sight for anyone who knew him but currently he  
was contentedly alone and was planning to stay that way for a while until  
the next meet up or whatever; he was just *so tired*.

That and this place was just another bad memory that somehow existed, the  
place where he lost everything and made that...

As much as he hated this place, it was the only location he could be  
properly alone without the fear of someone stumbling into him by chance,

too many instances that almost lead him to breaking his part. Though he didn't know why he kept it up, he was tired and starting to get sick of it no matter if he did this in remembrance or as a mask or *whatever*. By now, it was most likely habit however if he were stop now there would be complications.

Sometimes he would think of breaking anyway, thinking it would be worth it for the complications and consequences but then thought otherwise, either by his own thoughts or by the thoughts and will of the ***other bastards***.

Sliding down to the dark violet ground, he breathed a thick cloud of smoke. Contrary to the others, he *did* smoke, he didn't just pretend, he just didn't like to smoke in front of others, lying that the stick in his mouth was just a prop, and smoking always felt better in private.

It didn't make sense but he didn't care, being dead didn't have to make sense anyway.

Looking around with dull lifeless and already very dead eyes, thanks pinkbitch, he took in the very familiar surroundings, he knows this place like the back of his hand, and yet, he wished he didn't but again, it was the only place he could be alone and brood by himself, though that was when the old bastard was asleep below *then* he wasn't alone and would sport a migraine after talking to the old coot.

" . . . c o m e . . . "

Speak of the fucking devil and he shall appear like the douche he was.

He was tempted to ignore him, but he didn't want to deal with the fucking pain that would happen if he ignored the obvious command to go to him.

" . . . c o m e . . . "

Wincing, he snarled, "Alright! Just stop y'er yappin' I'm comin'" He stood up, brushing the memory dust from his pants and begrudgingly trekked through the dark violet halls, going deeper and deeper into the crypt.

Each step felt just as heavy as the first steps he took into the tomb, every time he went down it always felt like that, heavy, dark and tense.

He masterfully ignored it, having done enough times to ignore it now, no longer wincing and shivering with regret, grief and more with every step he took to the one who had a tight leashing noose-like collar on him.

He pushed through heavy stone doors, ignoring the symbols carved into them when at first he would look on mesmerized like the naive little juvenile he had been or look at with reluctant awe when he was dead afterwards and looking on in curiosity and boredom. Millions of sweeps passing by in a blink had their affects.

He walked on, puffing clouds of smoke as he did, leaving a faint and temporary trail before it disappeared.

He stood before the damnable creature, looking up with dull emotionless eyes, "So? I'm here, vwhat is it this time." Cronus drawled, looking to the side and pointedly avoiding the the stare he could practically *feel*, he could never look at the other properly, not after...

***pAIInNOsToPPLeaSe--!!***

Firmly the greaser-looking troll shoved those old yet stingingly fresh memories out of his head, fins out and listening.

" i t h a s c o m m e n c e d , y o u w i l l f i n d t h e b u b b l e a n d k e e p a n e y e o n i t s p r i s o n e r . . . "

'Prisoner?' Cronus thought to himself but stayed silent, wordlessly nodding, "And hovw exactly am I suppose to find the bubble oh mighty one." He snarked, "If you hawven't noticed but there are *infinite* bubbles out there."

" f i n d t h e b u b b l e , n a v i g a t e t h r o u g h t h e v o i d y o u k n o w t h i s " Cronus flinched back at the tone of the serpent-like creature, " n o w g o , f i n d i t b e f o r e m y b r o t h e r a n d h i s c h a m p i o n d o e s "

The seadweller hissed, feeling the pain in his head, "Fine *fine!* Just for the lowve of stars, *stop!*" he cried out, clutching his head and dropping his cigarette.

It took a minute but eventually the pain receded and Cronus suddenly found himself outside the stone doors that were shut tight as the other went back to sleep.

*Good.*

Cronus thought to himself as he rubbed his forehead, the bastard's mental bullshittery was even worse than Kurloz's chucklevoodooos when he was *furious*. And that was quite the something.

Speaking of the mute clown, for some reason Kurloz hasn't cornered him again lately, demanding answers as always.

He sighed and shook his head as the new order brought itself to mind, looks like he was going bubble hunting.

He huffed before mentally preparing himself and putting on the usual smirk that he had when around the others and entered another bubble, leaving the bubble of his denizen's lair and waded through the bubbles, looking for the one bubble that was so important to the snake-like bastard that supposedly held a 'prisoner' as well.

Though his thoughts went back to the other's words, "Commencing huh? Vwhatewver he did back then, it better be vworth it, or at least *helpful*." He grumbled to himself before slipping into the habit of his attire as he saw the others coming by in the bubble.

"Oh heya Porrim~"

He attempted to purr seductively, feeling utterly empty as the jadeblood rolled her eyes and greeted him in a deadpan.

Just another normal 'day' being dead.

---

### ==> Be Feferi

### ==> Sweeps in the Past

Feferi huffed, tugging at her dress as she sat on the 'throne' that the other seadwellers prepared for her.

Another gathering, another time for kissing *bass*.

"Are you comfortable your highness? Do you want another pillow?" A nameless violetblood asked her, he was the same troll from last gathering, a couple of sweeps older than her.

She gave the other a strained smile, "No thank you, I'm *fin*." She sighed as the another seadweller laughed exaggeratedly, complimenting her use of fish puns.

Currently the Fuchsia Heiress was attending the sweeply gathering of violetbloods that were part of the orphaning force that assisted in keeping her giant and horrorerror custodian sated and fed.

The first time she had come she had been a bit excited because she was meeting with the trolls that helped in keeping her *lusus* fed and thought maybe she would find a genuine friend, but she found out early on that the seadwellers around her were stuck-up, wanting to be her friend or even her *quadrantmate* for their own gains. She had been disappointed and spent the rest of the gathering rejecting the propositions of the other seadwellers and the rare indigo that was brave enough to face her.

The second time wasn't any better and just like the last, she spent the rest of the time rejecting the insistent highblooded advancements and attempted ploys to getting close to her as well as listening to the them brag about their kill and bounty that would serve as food for Gl'bgolyb.

She wasn't really impressed as they did *everything* they could to try and get close to her.

The Gathering was an event that older violetbloods came up as they grew closer and closer to their final molt; since they were going off-planet soon they would gather the younger generations and 'gift' them the 'privilege' of being an Orphaner. The group of violetbloods that would be tasked in helping her keep her guardian calm and well-fed.

The location of the event would change each sweep but would *always* be near the sea, and no matter what the violetbloods would have to attend whether they wanted to be orphaners or not; but unsurprisingly enough, most were willing to come so they could try and talk with her. Feferi sighed as she sat like some doll atop the ridiculously sparkly, gem-embedded and *gold* throne that wasn't really comfy, the pillows helped but she disliked the whole thing entirely.

Around her were *extremely* well-dressed seadwellers, dressed to impress, wearing all sorts of jewelry and fabric in trying to impress her or make the others jealous of them and acting arrogantly, bragging around their skills or exaggerating in things that Feferi didn't really care about. She *really* disliked the gatherings, and this was only the third time she's joined! Unfortunately, it was in her *Heiress Duties* to join the gathering and unless she picked a favored orphaner or someone to be in charge, she would have to continue. Only thing was; she didn't like *any* of these trolls and none of them would be her 'Favored Orphaner' or the 'Head Orphaner' any time soon.

Feferi looked around and politely excused herself, wanting to wander around instead of '*sit and look pretty*' the whole event.

She avoided the other seadwellers as best as she could, politely telling them to back off and leave her alone to her thoughts, wishing this whole thing was over and done with.

"*Tch*, who invited *him* here?"

She perked slightly at the whispered accusation, looking around to see a couple of violetbloods only a little bit older than her squinting and sneering at a certain other that was standing off alone, isolating himself from the others and not even looking at anyone.



"I don't know, but as much as I hate to say it; he's *still* a violetblooded seadweller even though he came from the slurry of that *traitorous* ancestor of his who you *must* admit, was *the* Orphaner himself before he defected from the Empire." One sneered, "What a waste of his skill, why would *anyone* of our caste defect from our glorious empire? Serves the bastard right, he *deserved* to be the Grand Highblood's little *toy*." He laughed obnoxiously.

His companion grinned sharply, "What was his new title? *The Prisoner* yes? How fitting, I heard he spent *sweeps* in the hold of the subjugglators before his treacherous allies *rescued* him." She scoffed, "His descendant is no better, rumors say he actually *cried* after killing his first troll and lusus custodian. How pathetic can he be? He's a *disgrace* to our esteemed blood caste."

She blinked before narrowing her eyes, The Prisoner?

She had heard of him, every seadweller knows about him and how he, an esteemed Orphaner that was heralded for his skills and ability to do his job and feed Gl'bgolyb and one of *the* most feared trolls on land and sea back when Alternia still had adults, defected from the Condescension's Empire and joined the Rebellion some bronzeblood led, attempting to overthrow the highbloods and abolish the Hemospectrum, just like the Signless; though not everyone knew about the martyr and she only knew because she had access to the information.

He had a descendant?

Curiously she took a closer look of the outcasted seadweller.

He looked around to be her age, for a violetblood, he was dressed comparatively to everyone else, it was modest actually even when it looked great on him. He wore a black suit vested tail coat and matching black and violet-ish dress pants with black leather shoes, the Aquarius sign stitched in elegant violet on the breast of his pocket and underneath he wore a purple button-up shirt with black and silver cuff links and an indigo bow-tie, he didn't wear much jewelry aside from the silver ring on his ring finger and the small silver bracelet with a small hoofbeast carved on the metal. He

wore square-ish glasses with black frames and had lightning-shaped horns, and it seemed he had the small genetic mutation of having colored hair because of the purple hair that framed his face, an uncommon mutation but not one that would get trolls culled.

Compared to the other violets dressed in various golds and more, he would be looked down upon for being 'poor'.

He looked interesting.

He cringed away from other seadwellers, keeping to himself and the other seadwellers were noticeably sneering at him, whispering and aiming disgusted looks, accusing glares and smug looks. He was *definitely* an outcast.

He also avoided confrontations, walking the other way or avoiding an incoming group heavily, whispers on how he disliked violence and was pathetically *kind* to those of the lowercast.

Feferi felt her curiosity grow bigger and bigger as she heard the gossip and actually wanted to meet the Aquarius and descendant of the one highblood she had liked from history.

Unfortunately she couldn't find him later on, soon enough the violetbloods couldn't keep away from her and predictably flocking towards her but she noticed that not once did the outcast come towards her, sure there were glances but he seemed content to watch from afar and didn't seem interested to even say a single *word* with her but kept sending her strange looks.

Near the end of the event though, she managed to get herself alone again as some began to leave, to head back to their hives as the night was going on late and the sun was coming in just hours from now.

The numbers dwindled but as Heiress she would have to stay until the very end, but this time it was an advantage compared to the first two times. She would finally get to talk to the strange outcast and see for herself what kind of troll he was.

Luckily he hadn't left yet, unluckily for *him*, a group of lingering violets managed to finally corner him.

"What are you doing here *Ampora*, this event is for the *privileged* and *worthy*, not a filthy traitor."

'Ampora', must be his last name, quietly responded, "Go away, I haven't even done anything'."

They sneered at him, calling him names and insulting him. Ampora didn't even seem to be listening, looking away from them with a blank face and sighing to himself; wrong move as it angered the surrounding seadwellers.

"Pompous little shit aren't you?" Snarled a particular angry troll, taking out a spiky ball-and-chain from his strife specibus. Privately she thought to herself as she moved forward, '*Like your one to talk bubbly.*'

"And just *what* is going on here?" She demanded, grabbing the attention of the violetblooded trolls, their eyes widened in surprise as they saw her, Ampora's going especially wide and for some reason, confused.

"Oh your highness! Don't mind us, we're just having a conversation with this *gentletroll*." Someone quickly said, the angry troll instantly shoved his weapon back into his strife specibus.

Feferi raised an elegant brow, "A conversation that required the use of a *weaprawn* when I ordered that there would be no fighting whatsoever?"

Ampora hid his snort, hiding his lips that twitched upwards as the seadwellers were quick to apologize and automatically went back to kissing her ass.

She shoed them off, having them leave as she turned back to Ampora who stayed silent throughout the whole thing, looking at her curiously but there was no motion or move to try and speak to her or even try to appeal to her. Just curiosity and a polite air around him.

"Are you okay?"

He nodded, smiling slightly at her, "Yes, I'm fine. Thank you, I wwould'veve thought I wwas going back to my hivve wwith a bloody and ruined suit. My lusus and a friend of mine wwould not like that." He said easily, as if talking not to the Heiress herself but to a new and friendly stranger. An odd experience but she didn't dislike it, in fact, it was a nice change.

"That's good." She smiled, already liking this troll who didn't hit on her or try to appeal or kiss her feet, "I'm Feferi Peixes." She said with a small polite curtsy.

Ampora bowed slightly and responded, "I'm Eridan Ampora, a pleasure to meet you Feferi." Contrary to what one of the troll said sarcastically before, it seemed that Eridan *was* a gentletroll as kept her company as the event ended. Though there were times that he tried to leave or excuse himself but Feferi was too curious for her own good and had him stay by her side, learning more about the outcasted violet that was so strange.

By the end of the night with the dawn of the dangerous day coming closer and closer, it was time to head back to their hives and sleep but Feferi managed to wheedle out Eridan's trollhandle so she could talk to him again.

It was the best thing that happened to the fuchsia princess as she became closer to Eridan as perigees and sweeps went by.

In the future, Feferi would look back to her past self and smile fondly but not before happily reminding Sollux on how much of a jackass he was.

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==> Be Equius

==> Come to a Decision

## Chapter End Notes

That little event up there is something I thought on a whim, since like the orphaners are a group of seadwellers to me that help Fef with feeding Gl'bgolyb, there is *no way* it was just Eridan and Feferi that kept the horrorterror fed.

I like to think that there were others and Eridan was just the main one because of the fact he had the deadly and ancient weapon Ahab's Crosshairs, with it he could kill friggin *Sky Whales* so he had to be the top dog on the orphaner rack.

Also, I would have made Feferi do more fish puns but the pun master I know went to bed and I only know a bit of it so :PP

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed! Till next time everyone!

# History - Jade on the Sea (1)

## Chapter Notes

*Ten chapters :D*

This story has officially gone to the double-digits! I'm so happy ;u;

To celebrate, we are going to breach a subject I've been *dying* to do ever since I made this story, ever since I made the Mindfang Journal Entry at chapter 7, revealing more on the subject on how Orphaner Dualscar was changed.

I've been dying to write about that, for this chapter we will be mostly reading about the Dolorosa after the Signless' execution and when she was sold to slavery; Dualscar buys her as canon but after that, things change from the canon.

Though first, a little time in the present. Equius has made his choice, Eridan cheers him and gives moire insight on the 'new' Orphaner Dualscar and after that it heads back into the past, *waaay* back into the past.

Hope you enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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==> Equius: Decide

centaursTesticle [CT] began trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

CT: D --> Eridan, I

CT: D --> Wish to talk, I have come to a decision.

CA: Really?

CA: That was admittedly faster than I'd thought it'd be Equi.

CA: Nevermind, tell me your decision.

CT: D --> I've given it extreme thought about this and... I am sure I've come to the correct decision.

CA: Oh Equi, there's no real wrong decision here, only the decision that will make you either satisfied and happy or otherwise.

CA: Like I said before, I will support either decision either way.

CT: D --> I know that, and I thank you for that Eridan. However according myself to think otherwise that there is no actual consequence if I choose wrongly is a foolish notion.

CT: But I am quite sure about this, I've made my decision and I've chosen who I wish to pursue.

CA: Who is it?

CT: I choose Nepeta

CA: !!!!

CT: I came to the decision of temporarily dropping my quirk to prove that I am serious about my decision, I wish to court Nepeta fully flushed.

CA: Equi :0

CT: D --> I have shocked you to the usage of actual emoticons, incredible.

CA: Hush, it was the most appropriate thing to type for a reaction!

CA: Also I'm proud of you Equi

CT: D --> Thank you Eridan

CT: D --> Now, I only need to inform Nepeta and... Aradia I suppose.

CT: D --> I... To be extremely honest I am, quite afraid on their reactions Eridan.

CT: D --> I acted as a fool Eridan, selfishly going between two equally wonderful trolls and Nepeta clearly bears dissatisfaction over what I have done, and Aradia...

CA: Oh Equi, who knows how they'll react but whatever or however they react you're going to have to be STRONG. Not just physically my moirail, but emotionally as well.

CA: Just know that I will always be here for ya, supportin ya from the sidelines as best I can.

CA: I will admit that they might not react the way you might think they will but I know you, you can handle it and you can work through it, you are my moirail the very same one who stubbornly wriggled his way into my diamond when we were both young juveniles.

CA: Remember that, because for some odd reason you take pride at that fact.

CT: D --> Of course I am, you were so adamant on being alone and taking no quadrantmates whatsoever that is was ridiculous and mind-boggling when you were so clearly pale for me as I was for you.

CT: D --> Eridan you saved me from losing both of my horns as well as my life from a group of your own caste, outcasting yourself even more just for the sake of one lowly blood that was lower than you in the hemospectrum, I felt even more pale for you afterwards.

CT: D --> Granted I was quite the stubborn juvenile for my blood caste, before I truly learned about the propriety, importance. and excellence of the hemospectrum shortly after our moiralliance.

CT: D --> You were there cheering and supporting me on and helping me with my extreme STRONGNESS that had drove other trolls away. You



stayed even though I was of b100d lower than yours, and though you had not realized it at the start, you had tr001y fell pale with me.

CA: Oh shoosh you ridiculous pony. You knoww I nevver cared for the hemospectrum so don't bring that up, and perhaps I did fall pale sooner than I had expected wwith you before the wwhole mess that wwent on and led to our moirallegiance.

CA: And I'm still somewhat sorry and upset for the wwhole thing, they wwere after me. They had no need to go after you, and if I ww as faster you wwouldn't havve had to lose your horn Equi. But I don't regret it, as much as I wwould like to regret it, I don't.

CT: D --> Good, because I don't regret it as well.

CT: D --> <>

CA: <>

CA: So, are you prepared to inform our resident Leo Huntress?

CT: D --> I

CT: D--> Yes, I am.

CT: D --> Wish me luck Eridan

CA: You'll be fine Equi, she may be angry right noww wwith understandable reasons but she's really flushed for you.

CT: D --> I, yes, well, I am

CT: D --> Flushed for her as well

CA: That's good.

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==> Be Eridan  
==> Eridan: Cheer

Eridan grinned as he turned away from the computer, Equius had finally left to travel to Nepeta's planet, LoLCat aka the Land of Little Cubes and Tea.

She was currently exploring her planet as far as he could tell, she was certainly not in her hive.

He grimaced as he sees Poncesprite, reminding him that he would have to make up to accidentally killing Nepeta's lusus. Though Nepeta had insisted that he didn't have to, he still felt bad for unintentionally causing the death; he always did.

It was one of the reasons why he had been outcasted, he always upset whenever he killed a lusi, even if it was for the greater good and if the troll was still alive he would go out of his way to make it up to the juvenile, that just made him more outcasted by his fellow seadwellers, not just the fact that he was the descendant to the 'traitorous' Orphaner Dualscar.

He had no idea how that happened, in the original universe Orphaner Dualscar was just his ancestor that died at the hand of the Grand Highblood for telling a bad joke and nothing more. In this one however... He had radically changed.

Orphaner Dualscar *had* been one of the best orphaners to ever rise to power, he had it all, riches, fame, feared on both land and sea but then suddenly the whole event involving with The Dolorosa, Kanaya's ancestor and Post-Scratch Porrim Maryam, had gone differently from what he had remembered.

From what he had read from Mindfang's Journal and Vriska's retelling of the journal to him from when they had found the tome along with their ancestral legacy weapons, instead of loathing the Dolorosa, Dualscar had been crushing pale on her. Rather than Dualscar killing Dolorosa in a jealous rage in the end and attempting to convict Mindfang to the Subjugglators, she died in Dualscar's arms in a failed revenge assassination attempt from a random teal troll that held a giant grudge against both Dualscar and Mindfang.

And during Mindfang's trial, it wasn't Dualscar who tattled to the Grand Highblood, in fact they were *both* held on trial by Neophyte Redglare, he had helped her escape before being captured by the Grand Highblood himself and was imprisoned. Not culled, but *imprisoned*. After that he had become the Grand Highblood's 'toy', they had stripped him from his title of Orphaner and Dualscar and the title of 'The Prisoner' was forced unto him instead as he suffered sweeps in the Grand Highblood's personal imprisonment, enjoyment and entertainment.

It was only due to the combined effort of both Mindfang and the Summoner sweeps later did he escape, or rather he was rescued as Mindfang never forgot him and plotted his rescue, she and the Summoner broke him out and afterwards he had joined their rebellion, he was labelled as 'traitor' and 'outcast' when that happened.

It had left a giant impression on the violet caste that would tell stories of the 'traitor to the glorious empire' to its younger generations, *especially* the Orphaning groups, they would remember the stories of the Aquarius that betrayed the empire and became the Highblood's imprisoned toy.

And remember they did, when other violets found out or recognize him as the descendant of that Aquarius, the 'Prisoner's' descendant, Eridan was made an instant outcast. He certainly didn't help when he treated every bloodcaste equally, crying at his first kill, renouncing the hemospectrum, *befriending the heiress*, he had been slated to being the outcaste even if Dualscar *hadn't* changed. (He would never call Dualscar 'Prisoner', back when he had FLARPed with Vriska he would correct Vriska whenever she referred 'Dualscar' as the 'Prisoner')

He wondered though, on why and how Dualscar changed.

He also wondered about the pale feelings between the Dolorosa and Dualscar, how had that happened? Not to mention Mindfang mentioned singing in her journal...

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==> Hundred of sweeps in the past

### ==> Be The Dolorosa

Porrim stayed silent even as the slave-trader barked at her to move on, she felt tired, her joints and limbs aching as she moved on, the chinking of her shackles were rhythmic in her ears as she moved to the stage.

She was to be sold again.

This was the fourth time she was on a stage with 3 others like her, trolls unfortunate like her in chains and the air of despair thick in the air surrounding them. Though it didn't seem to affect the 'buyers' in the crowd, leering at her and the others as they were showed off like prized hoofbeasts, a tealblood grinned into the crowd, loudly informing the crowd of the slaves on the stage.

She stayed silent and emotionless as she was prodded by the tealblood, the fire inside her doused, barely an ember. When she had first come they had to sedate her from the fact she would fight them viciously, the second time she had fumed silently and snarled at the handlers but didn't do more to prevent being sedated again, the third was similar though she was more subdued than last and now as the fourth time, she just silently stood there, not bothering to look at the crowd and simply kept her gaze on the floor.

It has been sweeps since her beloved son was executed. Kankri was dead, Meulin had ran and was never seen again and Mituna... Her heart twinged as she thought of the consequence that was worst than death for a powerful psionic like him, he was now a pilot for the Condescension herself, and knowing the witch she would painfully extend his lifespan at the fact he was so powerful.

And as for her... Well it was already stated and obvious, she was made as a slave for the highblooded rich, her sign stripped, her dignity in tatters and her freedom taken from her... so far only seadwellers had bought her. They had used her as they liked and tossed her back after some time, claiming boredom, typical seadweller fashion.

Those three instances were enough to make her emotionless, she prepared herself for another set of torturing sweeps to come, who knows, her fourth

'master' might just kill her. Or maybe she was too 'damaged' now, and the slavers would cull her off, her previous *masters* were careless and didn't care if they scarred her or not.

"And *sold!* Please come by and claim your slaves." The tealblood said with a beaming greedy smile, he motioned to the handlers and Porrim grunts as she and the others are forcefully tugged off the stage and to the side.

Oh, she was sold already. She wasn't paying attention and got lost in her thoughts.

She looked up and is surprised to see a violetblood being flanked by a bronzeblood and a rustblood. The rust and bronzebloods... they looked decent, for slaves, telling by the violet and white marked silken collars around their throats, they looked on emotionlessly and reacted to nothing.

"That's five hundred seventeen thousand caegars my friend, for these slaves." The tealblood, "A hundred three thousand caegars each, with the exception of the, lovely lady here. She my friend, is two hundred eight thousand, she's a rare one." He leered, "Jade. Rare one right out of the brooding caverns."

The seadweller said nothing and gave the tealblood a blank look. There was an unnerving silence between the two and Porrim used that to observe the violetblood that wanted to buy her.

He was a tall troll, horns jagged like lightning that swept back and hair slicked with the rare mutation of his blood color seeping at the tips of his bangs and strands that were slick back. He wore violet of course, like all other of his caste, he wore violet and black and the black was stylishly revealing his sign to the world. Judging by his outfit he was part of the orphaner group, her first and third master had been part of it and had been keen on flaunting it around, her fourth was one of the rare seadwellers that wasn't part of the group that kept the empress' horror lusus fed. What gained most of her attention was the fact his face was scarred, twin scars going from the right of his forehead, travelling over his nasal cartilage and ending at the left of his cheek.

"Pay them, vwe're leawving." Was all the violet said to the rust who nodded concisely, he certainly had a wavy accent, a burlap sack appeared in his hands, a sylladex? The bag jingled in his grip, filled to the sealed brim with caegars. "Zephyr get them to the ship, I hawve more business to attend to, Adamma come vwith me. Hawve Steadfast acquaint them to the ship and the others as soon as she can before vwe leave for the vwaters."

"Yes, Master Dualscar." Both intoned, bowing their heads. The rust, 'Zephyr', gave the sack to the tealblood who was visibly holding back the urge to either jump up for joy or drool on the sack.

'Dualscar' turned, the bronze followed him out as the rust motioned for them to follow him.

Porrim's mind began to think as they were led by the rust, who was soon accompanied by a tealblood who nodded at the rust, said rust nodded back with a small smile. They clearly knew each other as the rust began to act like a bodyguard, and Porrim noticed a violet sign stitched to the sleeve of the tealbloods shirt, the sign of 'Dualscar', he worked for him it seemed.

Speaking of Dualscar...

He was the head of the orphaners, *the* top orphaner, a feared violet gambliant on both the seas and the land, Orphaner Dualscar...

All of her previous masters lamented about him, they were either jealous or enamored. Her first master had been jealous, ranting in a fit about how it should have been *her*, *she* should have been the head of the Orphaners, the Empress' *Favoured Orphaner*. Her second was crushing on him, flushed for him and complained on how he did his best to try and get the attention of Dualscar. Third, jealous *and* enamored, he wanted to be Dualscar's kismesis instead of the infamous Gambliant pirate Marquise Spinneret Mindfang.

"Welcome, to the Wrathful Angel." The rust says to them after trekking through the crowd and towards the dock, she and her fellow slaves look up to the gigantic black ship. There were other trolls on the deck, some slaves and others that were part of Dualscar's crew.

Porrim shared a look with her fellow slaves, 2 rusts and a goldblood who's psionics were not strong enough to become a helmsman seeing as he seem to have the bifurcated mutation and his ocular spheres were normal troll eyes, resulting his slavery.

They were ushered unto the ship, lead to the lower levels of the ship, the tealblood disappeared when they passed the deck where the crew were preparing to leave, some slaves were helping out as well indicating the collars around their necks. Collars on necks for the enslaved trolls while the crew had Dualscar's sign stitched somewhere on their clothing.

The one thing Porrim noticed was that all slaves looked clean, better, they had proper clothing though not as glamorous or proper as other trolls but it was considerably better than the standard slave rags. And more to that, they looked... pleasant, and the crew treated them like comrades instead of servants, she had seen many smiling and talking with the crew despite the fact they had collars around their necks.

Zephyr smiled at them, it was then that Porrim noticed how Zephyr seemed so relaxed now contrary to when they were still in the market, wading through the crowd but the moment they stepped on the ship he had began to relax and when they went underneath the dock to the lower levels he seemed to ease completely and was now smiling brightly at them.

"Come on, Steadfast isn't here yet but we should definitely get those shackles off of you guys." He said earnestly.

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Porrim rubbed her wrists, faintly massaging the aching skin and relishing the feeling of freedom from the trapping iron that used to be on her limbs, her wrist and ankle shackles were finally off. She and the three other newly bought slaves were free of their shackles, but the thought of fleeing was shot down as they had reminded themselves they were deep within the bowels of a highblood *violet* ship that had countless of slaves and crew onboard. Though the fact their shackles were taken off was a pleasant surprise, rarely when they were bought did the shackles come off completely, Porrim only experienced it once so far from her second master.

Zephyr had excused himself from the room and advised them to stay in the room, he went out to find 'Steadfast' and temporarily they were left alone.

In the lieu of silent awkwardness, one of the rust set of into introducing themselves.

The youngest rust introduced himself as Nemdei, just like the rest of them they had their sign stripped the moment he was captured and turned into a slave but he used to be an Arrius. He had been turned into a slave just a few sweeps ago and only had been sold once so far, this was his second time being sold.

The oldest rust was Lissof, previously his sign was Aro and this was his 7th time being sold, he looked so tired and old, scarred and low-spirited.

The goldblood's name was Ponkoi, his sign before it was stripped away was Gempio and this was the third time he was being sold.

They were surprised when she informed them of her name and her old sign, Virgo, not to mention her bloodcaste, she perfectly knew how rare it was for a jadeblood like herself to be above ground and not in the brooding caverns tending to the mothergrub and all.

"I-um, this is my first time being bought by a violetblood..." Nemdei whispered, Ponkoi nodded in agreement and the both of them were very nervous and paranoid, scared at the prospect of being bought by one of the highest bloodcaste that were famously violet and cruel to colors 'underneath' them.

Lissof shared a grim look with her, he had experience of being bought by a violet aristocrat it seemed, same as her. She could only hope she could keep her head down and help the others as well in the next sweep in slavery.

Suddenly Nemdei perked, "But Zephyr, he seemed okay, maybe this 'Dualscar' guy isn't so bad?" He said weakly, not really believing his own words, he wilted as both she and Lissof let out simultaneous disbelieving snorts of doubt. She felt bad as she watched the youngest wilt but it was doubtful that 'Dualscar' was any different from her previous seadweller



masters, if anything he was probably more high maintenance than all the others. However, what Nemdei had pointed out came to mind, Zephyr, a fellow rust slave, along with every other slave they had seen on the ship seemed to be pleasant, smiling freely and dressed in non-raggy clothing...

The door creaked open and all four newly bought servants jolted, postures straightening and tense as Zephyr came back with an olive troll, she grinned at them. She was part of the crew telling by the stitched sign that was on her hat, only, a second and closer glance had Porrim slightly confused as she saw the silken purple and white collar on her neck that peaked underneath the olive cloth she wore to apparently cover the collar? Hmm.

But anyway, she must be Steadfast. "Hey! The title's Steadfast but call me Beldum if you want, though only in private okay? Anyway, first things first, you guys should get cleaned, the abulation area for servants is just behind you in those two doors, go right ahead and shower. Don't worry about clothes, Zephyr and I got those covered." Steadfast, or Beldum apparently, informed them with a smile.

Hesitantly Porrim entered one of the abulation areas, surprised at the cleanliness of the area since they were apparently the servant ones as well as the amount of space they were granted. Lissof joined her but they both minded to themselves and were quick to finish even with the pleasant tingle of *warm* water, warm, why warm? Porrim was certainly not complaining but usually they didn't bother giving the 'lowly slaves' the privilege of such frivolous things.

Beldum and Zephyr quickly gave them new clothing, plain black and gray clothing, while the others sported pants, Porrim was given a long skirt that reached her ankles and almost smiled in visible relief, she very much disliked the short, tattered rag that served as her previous garment, it reached above her thighs and she had gotten her fair share of harassment for it.

Suddenly she blinked as she and the others were offered a strip of purple and white that were in the hand of Zephyr and Beldum.

It was one of those silken collars they realized.

"Here, since Master Dualscar still bought you and you guys are still classified as slaves, we need something to show that unfortunately. It can easily be taken off but it's best if you guys do it in the privacy of the servant quarters, *never* take it off above deck or in the vicinity of outsiders." Zephyr instructed seriously but kindly, confusing them at the weird instructions. What exactly did he mean by that? "Take them, you guys need to wear them, they're not that bad I promise, they're comfy actually, Master Dualscar dislikes the thought of iron and just used silk instead since it was more comfortable for us and more, oh this is probably confusing isn't it? Don't worry, you'll see, you won't have to worry much for a long time underneath the care of Master Dualscar." The rust reassured with a smile, Beldum nodded in agreement.

They didn't have much of a choice, or so they thought as they took a collar and snapped it around their necks.

It felt... better than the other collars that Porrim had been forced to put on, better than metal certainly, the fabric was made of silk yet felt firm and also comfortable though it would take some time to get used to.

Zephyr beamed while Beldum nodded in approval, soon they were ushered out of the room and introduced into the 'servant's quarters' where they shared space to sleep with many other slaves, or well, servants as they preferred to be called she found out later on. Porrim was once again surprised as she saw the coon-hammocks, they were cheap coons that would only let them sleep half-comfortably rather than the regular recuperacoons but it was better than sleeping without it. She shivered as she settled unto her very own hammock, for the first time in *sweeps*, she would truly sleep rather than drift tiredly through the day, barely sleeping on the floor or vertical slab of wood or stone with only a ragged cloth to protect her from the changing temperatures and doze in her spare time only to be awoken by harsh reality or dayterrors.

Porrim had a strange feeling that this was only the start of it all, warm water, coon-hammocks, non-ragged and dirty clothing, silken collars and a seemingly positive air around the crew *and* servants...

The tired jade felt conflicted as she thought about it more and more, thinking of the fourth seadweller that had bought her and became her 'Master', Orphaner Dualscar... Was he really as kind as the others seem to allude to?

She could only see for herself as the perigees passed by and she worked on the ship, doing chores and tasks she would be assigned to and getting to know the various other trolls that were on the ship with her.

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==> Perigees in the future

"Mm, I don't see what's the point in clothing these, *vermin* like this *Dualscar*, it's a waste on them. Not to mention *silk* collars? Why not iron? Surely those would work better than these flimsy strips of cloth~!"

Porrim stayed silent and continued her work, but kept an ear out on what the seadweller was saying. She quelled her urge to cough though, her throat felt sore but she could easily ignore it, she just felt under the weather this night was all.

Anyway, there was another seadweller onboard the ship besides Cronus, she recognized him, it was one of her old masters, her second one actually.

He was the same height as Cronus, he was dressed in a modified Orphaner's garb, it looked similar to Cronus of course since it was a similar one but modified to his own tastes. It had his Aquiborn sign as she had remembered, he wanted to be Dualscar's matesprit and was trying hard to seduce the Aquarius who only looked at him in bemused silence, expression cold and emotionless, not a twitch to be seen and that seemed to irritate the other. Porrim smothered the urge to snort loudly at it.

"Unlike others I prefer having *my* slaves clean and healthy, they last longer that way. And why waste good iron on them as well? And those *flimsy strips of cloth*, have thin wires underneath actually, flimsy they are not." Cronus drawled, his eyes narrowed sharply at him, "*Are you telling me what I should or should not do? Hedonist? Are you telling me what to do to my slaves on my ship?*" He intoned sharply.

Porrim had to resist the urge to flinch at the sharp tone, and it wasn't even aimed at her! Hedonist, her old second master's title, flinched back and was quick to try and appeal Dualscar who continued his emotionless stare.

The jadeblood continued on, sighing in relief when she went below the deck and into the safety of the lower-level of the ship. All without alerting her old master who was thankfully too focused on trying to seduce and appeal to Dualscar to notice that she was on the ship, she had laid her head low and kept it that way the entire time she was on deck.

"Are you alright Porrim?" Nemdei asked, he had followed her soon as discreetly as he could. He caught up to her as she sneezed, coughing lightly and clearing her throat.

Porrim gave the other a reassuring smile, "Yes, I am quite alright. Thank you Nemdei, but I believe we should be continuing our tasks." Nemdei gave her a look but nodded all the same before he went off, probably to find Ponkoi who had become his moirail just a perigee ago.

It has been nearly a complete sweep since she's been on the Wrathful Angel, since Cronus had bought her and the others and... it was a confusing experience.

During the beginning she had expected Cronus to come out very cruel, the typical seadweller attitude however, and he almost did seem that way, he acted cold and cruel, emotionless and almost snide in some ways but after some closer inspections and deeper thought... he only seemed to act that way, mostly whenever there were 'outsiders' as Zephyr called them, trolls that were not underneath or allies with Dualscar.

"Cap'n Dualscar," greeted one of the slaves one day, a bronzeblood that seemed to be very old, Porrim briefly wondered if the bronze was senile and insane as he addressed Dualscar cheerily with a sense of familiarity, "Mind if I join the crew on shore next stop? Got me ocular spheres on a particular sort of tools tha' we might need in the future."

Cronus only seemed to scoff and muttered to the bronze, "Do as you fuckin' please, don't come cravwlin' to me for shit like this you old bastard." He

said coldly, flicking the bronze's forehead and stalking away. Porrim almost got angry until she realized that the bronze was smiling fondly and shaking his head, laughing as he walked away, after that she also processed what he had said, the captain had... technically did not oppose to it even though he gave no verbal agreement, he literally gave the old troll the choice to do anything he wanted during their next stop at a dock.

After that Porrim carefully observed how Dualscar interacted with the crew along with the slaves from afar, he always interacted with them in an almost aloof and stoic act, but she began to catch the way his lips twitched, how his fins wiggled slightly, how his eyes gleamed sometimes and how he shifted ever so slightly whenever he was talking to someone or whenever a troll was talking to him.

She even witnessed a miracle one perigee ago when the whole ship was celebrating Cronus' victory over a particularly hard problem that was orchestrated by Marquise Mindfang which led to her loss and Cronus gaining a particular treasure relic the spider-like pirate treasured as well as as most of half than her treasure, Cronus had become very drunk, to the point of discarding his act and laughing uproariously with his celebrating ship, actually showing emotion that astounded Porrim. And they had spoke then as well.

Porrim flushed a bit as she remembered that night, feeling a bit warmer than usual, in more than one way.

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*"Enjoyin' the night?" Porrim froze as Dualscar slipped to a place beside her at the rail, leaning against it for support as his face flushed with a very deep shade of drunken violet, "Rowdy shits aren't they?" He laughed, laughed as he motioned to the singing and drinking crew.*

*Porrim didn't know what to say, "I um, well they, they are very enthusiastic Master Dualscar." She responded, smiling a strained smile at him.*

*Dualscar blinked before offering a kind smile, "Ya don't hawve to call me that novw, usually my servvants only call me that because they either vwant to or vwhen I tell them to vwhen a highblooded snob comes aboard or in the*

*public. Keeps the public satisfied and my little shits safe." He admitted, smiling easily.*

*She was taken back, "High um, highblooded snob?" She asked in amusement and disbelief, unbelieving at the fact a violetblooded seadweller had admitted that to her.*

*Dualscar beamed at her, "Yeah! High... Highblooded snobszz the lot of them! I, I don't care about the fuckin' shpectrum color shhit. But I can't do anythin' not against the hag of a Empresssh, I hawve to keep her momma fed vwell or vwe all die. Not to mention... the bashtard on the moon." He mumbled darkly, usually strong and straightened figure wavering as he drunkenly downed another swig from the bottle in his hands. Porrim couldn't believe what she was hearing!*

*"What?"*

*Dualscar waved it off, back to grinning brightly at her, "Ah, don't mind me. I'm just... drunk." He chuckled, he blinked before shaking his head, "I, shit. Shorry for thizz." Was all he sad before he was grabbing on to her, Porrim yelped as Dualscar clutched at her and was laughing lightly as he sagged against the railing, unwillingly bringing her down with him.*

*"M-My goodness! Master Dualscar--" She was abruptly interrupted, "Cronush."*

*She made a confused noise, Dualscar, Cronus continued, "Tha'sh my vwiggly name... Caall me... Cronushh, none of... Dualshcar bull, not novw... vwho're you?" He asked happily, half-hugging half-leaning against her. Porrim's face blushed at the utter pale implications their situation would draw.*

*She sputtered before sighing and answering, "Porrim... I am Porrim."*

*Cronus smiled, "Porrim." He said softly, "Tha'sh a nisshe name..." He yawned, and Porrim was left with a sleeping captain clinging to her until the crew took notice.*

*Porrim flushed a bright shade of jade as the crew grinned and laughed, whistling and teasing her lightly until she demanded them to take him off of her and into a proper coon.*

*Her peers teased her relentlessly after that, the crew doing the same.*

*The next time Cronus talked with her, he surprised her with the fact he remembered her name. He was quick to leave conversation however as Porrim would blush slightly and she would catch a tint of violet on his skin as he did so.*

---

The whole interaction had her wondering on what she exactly felt for the strange captain.

She was... probably in denial as she came to a sudden conclusion on what she felt for the violetblood, severe denial as Lissof would say but she didn't believe him and focused more and more on tasks and inevitably avoiding Cronus.

"Porrim! Are you okay? You look, tired, more than usual." Zephyr said in concern as she bumped into him, nearly falling to the floor and almost dropping the cleaning equipment she had in hand.

Porrim smiled, though it was kind of weak as she coughed lightly, "Don't worry Zephyr, I am just a little under the weather tonight. I can still do my tasks."

Zephyr gave her a deadpanned look. "Porrim your flushing jade, unhealthily so, maybe you should take a break." He said, gently pushing her, wanting to lead her to the infirmary.

Shaking her head she dodged past him, "I am quite alright I assure you." She responded determinedly, only to blink as suddenly she's leaning against the wall with Zephyr fussing over her and trying to support her as she panted heavily, feeling hot, hotter than Alternia's sun.

"Porrin, you're burning up! This isn't good, jades aren't suppose to be this hot!" Zephyr panicked as he tried to keep her up right. He nearly jumped as he sees a figure coming towards their way. Porrim however was struggling to keep awake, her vision blurred as she breathed puffs of hot air and she could only see blurs of colors so far.

She was barely on the edge of consciousness when she felt someone lifting her, she laid her head against the firm chest as she bobbed in the hold of whoever was carrying her who was gently cradling her in their arms.

All she could make out when she looked up with blurry vision to see the face of her carrier, was a blurry image and violet specks before succumbing to unconsciousness. '*... Cro... nus...?*'

---

==> Porrim: Awake to a Melody

## Chapter End Notes

I decided to divide it into two parts, it's a bit two big to be one whole chapter and I wanted to publish a chapter before the end of the month, which is literally today. At any rate, I'm glad I managed to get this out before May.

The Dolorosa, or Porrim as she is in this chapter right now, is now sick, what'll happen next? Find out in the next chapter~!

Hope you enjoyed!



# History - Jade on the Sea (2)

## Chapter Notes

A long awaited continuation of the previous chapter, phew! Sorry for the wait guys, had a little trouble with the other stories before this one. At any rate, I'm excited to continue! :D

Unfortunately and surprisingly enough, the chapter was a bit harder to write initially but thankfully I finally managed! Another unfortunate thing is that this chapter was shorter than planned but there's a reason for that:

The Jade on the Sea arc is going to be a bit longer than I originally planned, it'll span a few chapters but it won't be so long as to span past probably 4-5 chapters? At any rate, I hope you won't mind and I hope you'll enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

==> Porrim: Awake to a Melody

*"...stand there. Tried it was true..."*

Porrim groaned softly, slowly drifting into consciousness. Her eyes pinched together as she felt hot, hotter than the Alternian sun, which was strange since she was one of the few trolls that was quite immune to the scorching sun of the planet. She felt hot, faint and downright tired beyond belief, she could barely stay truly awake for long.

But as she struggled she faintly took note of the soft melody playing in the background, she was too tired to recognize the lyrics fully but it sounded a bit... sorrowful in her personal opinion but beautiful nonetheless. The voice singing the song was a deep, baritone one, alas her mind was too muddled and tired to stay awake for long; especially with the sudden contact of something cold and soft on her forehead.

*"...run, run to you..."*

---

The second time Porrim came to consciousness, the melody was gone. She found herself somewhat disappointed, from what she could remember it was quite beautiful and she wanted to hear more. Unfortunately she was still quite tired but she no longer had to battle herself into staying awake like before.

The water-soaked cloth on her head was still cold she found as she weakly shuffled on... a horizontal lounge platform. A very soft one she was quick to notice as she felt the soft surface of the platform cradle her, as well as a good and well-made blanket draped over her figure.

She didn't bother trying to get the blanket off of her, she felt comfortable with it on and she was still too tired to move that much. She still felt like she'd been underneath the Alternian Star for far too long, even for her, but it felt a bit bearable now that the cold cloth was on her brow.

She still couldn't see clearly, everything bleary and blurry in her vision, and she couldn't stand to keep her eyes open for long for it would irritate her eyes to the point tears would peer from the corner of her peripheral.

Suddenly she could feel how parched she was, she attempted to groan but it ended up in a pathetic whimper.

Porrim was too distracted by her thirst and the fact she still felt like she was burning to hear the footsteps coming her way, then she felt a gentle hand sneaking its way underneath her head, gently lifting it from the soft pillow that cradled her head then she felt something cold at her lips. A glass, she realized, filled with deliciously cold water which she sipped tentatively, drinking from the offered glass.

"Careful there..." A soft deep voice said as her throat itched and she ended coughing, the glass was taken away in her coughing fit, she felt embarrassed as she felt drool and spit escape her mouth and felt her embarrassment spike as she felt a soft cloth wipe it away.

The jadeblood wondered who was taking care of her, if only her eyes were working normally she could see her caretaker who was being so gentle with her. He sounded familiar but her mind was as foggy as her skin was heated, she couldn't for the life of her recognize the very familiar voice.

The wet fabric on her forehead was taken away, she heard it being dipped in water and strained before being put back on her brow. She let out a sigh at the feeling and heard the low chuckle.

Porrim strained to open her eyes, for her vision to clear and to see who her caretaker was, being so vigilant in tending to her health.

"Close your eyes, you must rest Porrim."

She let out a nonsensical mumble, causing the voice to chuckle once more. Tiredly, she stopped and let out another sigh.

Suddenly, she heard it again, the melody she had heard from when she first came to consciousness. Though it didn't have lyrics she had recognized the tune that her caretaker was humming.

Her mysterious caretaker continued to hum the melody, and before she knew it she was lulled to sleep.

She dreamt of gentle hands and positive memories of her beloved Kankri.

---

The third time she came to consciousness, she felt better, she was still ill but her skin didn't feel as hot as before. Not to mention her vision had cleared a bit, it still blurred a bit but it was clearer than before and trying to open her eyes no longer irritated them beyond belief.

She used this to her advantage and tried to observe her surroundings, figure out where she was and possibly who her caretaker was. Ignoring her parched throat and the possible hunger settling in her stomach, she looked around her still blurry surroundings.

It didn't really help, colors of dark purple greeted her eyes and she didn't make anything of it since most of the inner ship's walls were purple, so were most of the blocks, not to mention the block she was in was dark with only the light of the night peering through into the place through the open windows. She couldn't really make out any clear decorations, not with her current vision, the lighting and as much as she wanted to sit up from her place on the horizontal lounge platform and physically look around she found herself still weak and could only shift on the platform much less stand on her own which would probably hinder her healing progress.

She sighed in disappointment and laid back, closing her eyes once more but didn't sleep. Her thirst could no longer be ignored, she looked to the side and was relieved to see a ceramic cup and a pitcher filled with water in the dim light. She struggled a bit but somehow she managed to pour herself a cup of water, though she clumsily spilled some water much to her displeasure as well as accidentally letting the no-longer very cold cloth slide from her forehead.

She fulfilled her thirst, putting the cup aside and sighed as she tiredly looked around. While she was no longer thirsty, she was still getting hungry. She breathed slowly, and noticed the wet cloth beside her cheek from when it slid from its place, worn out, she fixed the cloth back on her head just above her brow even though it was not as deliciously cold as before, it still helped.

"Oh, you're awake? That's good." She jolted from surprise and looked towards the source of the voice, it was her mysterious caretaker! He had entered the block, her limited vision could only provide a blurry figure that was at the doorway of the block. She wouldn't be able to look at him clearly unless he came closer, which he did eventually after setting aside something on a nearby shelf and filling the block with light, and it took all she could to *not* gasp in shock or sit up incredulously, that and she was simply too weak to much too much.

It, It was *Dualscar* who was her mysterious and gentle caretaker! She... In retrospect, she should have known, the voice had been too familiar, and this platform was *too* comfortable to be considered normal, even on a ship that didn't treat slaves like slaves and provided them with utmost care. Not to

mention she wasn't in medical block, where she would have been surrounded by other platforms as well.

Dual-Cronus looked weary, though he always did whenever he wasn't acting cold and aloof, but he seemed a tad bit more tired than usual. Possibly from the time he had obviously spent in personally helping her with her health, he had even brought a bowl of soup!

The seadweller captain took a seat, there had been a wooden chair that she hadn't noticed by her side, with the bowl of warm soup in his hands. "Do you think you're vwell enough to eat on your ovwn?" He asked tentatively, motioning to the bowl in his hands.

Porrim was somewhat thankful for the fever she had at the moment, it hid the embarrassing blush that would have surely appearing on her skin. She took a deep breath and shifted, trying to sit up, Cronus quickly set aside the bowl and helped her, even going as far as to rearrange her pillows so she could lean against the platform's headboard for support.

She coughed, almost violently as it appeared in her throat, the cloth fell once more and this time on her lap and on the soft blanket. Without a word, Cronus took the cloth and refilled the cup with water and awaited for her stop, offering her water in the process. She accepted and drank once more. Her stomach growled audibly, causing her to twitch, Cronus offered her the broth with a questioning look.

At a slowbeast's pace, she took the warm bowl, a spoon already within. She took a sniff and licked her lips as her hunger demanded her to consume, which she did, slowly of course since she was still ill much to her dismay since the soup broth was quite delicious and much to her disappointment, she found that she was quickly satiated in hunger even though she only consumed about half of the broth within the bowl.

She couldn't take anymore or else she felt like heaving, which was once again a shame since the broth really was delicious.

It was then she remembered she was not alone in the room and took notice of Cronus, observing her intently with an almost smile on his face that sent

her once again back into mortification. She attempted to thank him as the violetblood took the wooden bowl out of her grasp and put it aside, "Th.. thank..." The words were stuck in her throat as she was once again sent into a coughing fit, a dizzy spell was casted on her as she felt like the block was spinning around her.

"Vwoah there!" She felt gentle but strong hands hold her as her head lolled, if she weren't so ill and in a sick-induced haze at the moment she would have been shocked at the warm feeling that spread through her chest at the feeling, one that didn't feel as sickening or uncomfortable as her illness, it was a nice warm as she felt the captain of the ship carefully tuck her back in the platform, arranging the pillows once more to cradle her head.

"Rest Porrim, get better soon."

It wasn't until later when she woke later in the day with a clearer head and feeling a little better, did she realize what was happening as she caught herself recalling *fondly* how Cronus took care of her, how gentle he was with her.

Dear sweet stars above, she was falling for him!

The once-mother felt her cheeks heating up, which was mostly not caused by the fever at all.

---

*"But your heart drifted off,  
Like the land split by sea~  
I tried to go, to follow  
To kneel down at your feet..."*

Porrim kept quiet as possible, feigning sleep to listen more to the melody Cronus was singing softly. She had slowly come awake, feeling much better compared to a few days ago when she could barely keep awake by herself and her body felt as if she had napped within the dangerous star that her planet circled around.

Just as she woke however, it seemed that Cronus was with her in the room, sitting by the closed tinted window that protected him from the sun's violent and dangerous rays, it was late in the day and yet Cronus was still awake and not in a coon to sleep in. Better yet, he was awake and *singing*.

It was the melody she had first heard when she first came to consciousness, she had recalled it vaguely but it haunted her dreams, it's tune lulling her to sleep on various instances that she could only barely remember. She knew snippets of it's lyrical song but knew the melody by heart now, as she said, it haunted her dreams, her memories, it seemed to be there everytime she was reminiscing about her beloved young grub Kankri, darling Meulin and dear Mituna.

Her chest stuttered as their faces flashed behind her closed eyelids, just as Cronus continued singing.

*"I have broken bones and tattered clothes  
I've run out of time  
I'll run, I'll run  
I'll run run to you~  
I'll run, I'll run..."*

Oh how she wished she could.

Run to the past, run away to her Kankri and their precious ones, how she *yearned* to do so.

And yet... She did not want to leave Cronus behind, no matter how much she wanted to... She couldn't deny it anymore, not with his harmonious voice, his gentle hands, his pity-worthy self.

She had gotten to know him in that span of the perigee she was ill with him as her caretaker.

And as time went by, it was official, she was *pale* for the violetblood, not flushed as she had first suspected but honest to *stars above PALE* for *him*. The violetblood that bought her, saved her from the usually cruel enslavement, smashing her expectations as he clearly cared for every single

troll on his ship, in his fleet, how he disregarded the hemospectrum despite being on the top, how he tried to protect each lowblood as discreetly as he could without invoking the suspicion of the other highbloods.

She pitied the other, so very much it was surprising. She pitied him as much as her own grub had pitied both Meulin and Mituna, how could she when it was obvious he was also pale for her too? Whether he knew it or not, he was just as pale for her as she was for him. Why else would he personally aid her? He didn't have to, he could have left her with his ship's Mediculler, left her to her lowblood friends who could care for her just as he could. And yet... he took obvious time and care for her, personally overseeing her health and just being so *gentle* with her...

*"Hmm take my heart  
And I'll lay down my weapons  
Break my shackles to set me free~  
I'll run, I'll run  
I'll run run to you..."*

His voice was truly fit for singing, though he seemed so lonely in his song. Which made her wonder who the song was about, and how he knew it. Did he create the song? If so, for whom? It seemed like a song fit for a flushed relationship and yet... The song took her back to her memories with her grub, to happier times and left her there until she wept as it came from happiness to gradual sadness.

Just as she was doing as of now, translucent and faint jade tears gathered at the corner of her visual spheres and she was glad she was facing away from Cronus as he sang for he would no doubt stop and check on why she was crying. She didn't want him to stop singing despite the pain of the memories seeping in with the song. All she could see was her beloved scarlet-crimson grub, hung on *burning shackles* ***and oh god stop it, let me go, let him goKaNKRI.***

Despite it all, she manages to keep quiet as Cronus finished the song, but continued to hum.

*"Mmh-mmh mmh-mmh mmh-mmh mmh~..."*



Slowly his humming slowed before coming to a stop. Porrim opened her eyes, wiping away the small tears from her ocular spheres and slowly sat up, she felt strong enough to do so and walk around the room as well but she wasn't completely well yet. She looked towards Cronus, asleep at the edge of the window, special tinted glass protecting him from the sun as he slept on, bags underneath his eyes.

Something must be going on besides her sickness, for he wasn't as tired as before, perhaps another highblood had visited him or will be visiting him soon. He never seemed to enjoy them, even his infamous kismesis, a cerulean on par with Cronus himself. Marquise Spinneret Mindfang if she recalled.

She had yet to personally see the cerulean troll, Cronus usually faced her alone or on another ship or she would be too busy to see the cerulean herself even from afar. She only saw glimpses of the admittedly attractive woman a few times in the past.

But gossip on the ship told her much, Mindfang was the more active on their relationship seeing as she was the one who sought Cronus out for a black courtship. Apparently when the cerulean managed to attain a hate date with Cronus, it was a surprising event since it seemed that the violetblood hadn't seem interested in courting anyone in *any* of his quadrants, staying a bachelor throughout the sweeps.

~~Privately she felt somewhat satisfied, knowing that Cronus fell pale for her, even if he didn't seem to know, and perhaps a little smug as well.~~

Slowly, she came to the edge of the soft platform, gathering the blanket that used to cover her completely in her sleep. She quietly padded towards Cronus and smiled softly, flushing a soft jade as she slowly draped the soft cloth over the violetblood's sleeping frame on the chair.

She observed the sleeping seadweller, taking in the scar marks on his face, the tattered earfins, the tired and dark bags underneath his sleeping ocular spheres. He wasn't wearing his usual Orphaner outfit, instead wearing a loose white tunic with a purple sash around his waist and lack leather pants

with matching boots. He had even foregone his usual jewelry, which wasn't really much compared to the other trolls of his caste.

For all her time alive on Alternia, she hadn't thought she would become pale for a violetblood like Cronus. But then again, she hadn't thought of raising a mutant grub either, and as painful as it was in the end for her grub, she would gladly do it all over again.

She looked at the strange violetblood, she rose a hand to Cronus' head and hesitated, tempted to run her fingers through his messy hair, and then turned away. She sighed and went back to bed, laying down instead.

Porrim drifted off at some point of the day, singing the song Cronus had sung quietly in her head all the while humming the tune. When she woke up again, she found the blanket once more over her figure and Cronus out of sight, since she was alone she didn't have to hide the disappointment she felt.

---

In the confines of his respitblock, one Cronus Ampora, or the Post-Scratch version of Cronus Ampora, was facing an inner conflict as he faced the vanity in his *r-block*.

"Vwhat are you doing Ampora." He whispered as he stared into his own violet on yellow eyes, taking in the very familiar face of himself. "You can't get inwvolvwd vwith her, *you're not suppose to care for her... you're suppose to **kill** her.*" He reminded himself harshly, looking away with a pained and agonized glare but the mere thought of *killing her*, it mde him physically ill. His chest hurt at the thought of the jadeblood he had gotten to know over the span he had personally oversaw her health and well being.

It was because he didn't want her infecting the others with her illness, he argued with himself, though it felt like weak excuse in the face of his emotions.

The violetblood felt as tired as ever, even more so as he took care of Porrim, or well, the Post-Scratch version of Porrim, the Dolorosa herself... It was a shame he hadn't met the Signless, or the Disciple, or the Psiioniic. He really

wanted to, honest to the gods themselves, he really, *really* wanted to. He had wanted to meet them in their prime, when they were still preaching peace in this godforsaken planet and it's barbaric hierarchy with a tyrant as its ruler.

But the scars on his face and those hidden underneath his clothes reminded him that he could not interfere with the original story.

He couldn't do anything, he was just Orphaner Dualscar, Kismesis to Marquise Spinneret Mindfang and soon-to-be killer of the Dolorosa, he was destined to die by telling a bad joke.

*And he couldn't do anything to change that.*

---

~~ 4th bilunar perigee of the 1st Dim season's equinox ~~

For as long as I've known Dualscar, his wiggler name had escaped me until now. This night, in a rare neutral d8 that did *not* infact involve antagonizing each other -or most usually I would attempt to 8ait him he would either dismiss it or he would fall to it as rare as it was, finding his triggering 8uttons are as frustr8ing as they are amusing and entertaining- we exchanged wiggler names. I gave him mine, and he his; Cronus Ampora, it suits him 8eing honest.

It's not just that, I have now only realized how wrong I was in my first initial thoughts of the infamous Orphaner Dualscar. It seems that he was not as cold and emotionless as he seems, though at times 8e rest assured he could 8e as cold as the coldest waters of Alternia's oceans. I have seen this man face purple8loods with a chilling stare that almost, *almost* as surprising as it was, unnerved the su8jugglator that stopped 8y during one of our com8ined efforts against a particularly hardy adversary that was just a thorn at 8oth our sides.

The fool thought he could replace myself as Dualscar's 8lackm8, how irrita8le and yet amusing to think that he could replace *me* of all trolls. It was then that I found out that Dualscar had eyes only on I and I alone in

terms of kismessitude, which does fill me with pride and perhaps the slightest sliver of smug.

However when I asked why in the most subtlest way I could, he kept to himself. Oh well, eventually I will find out, I have all the time in the world to do so. It's only so unfortunate that I cannot find out with the little oracle I have taken to using, it seems that for some reason Dualscar evades it's answers, evade, change and overall confounds my or8 which just fuels my curiosity more and more. It seems that I will have to exert actual effort into finding out on my own, very well, it will only satisfy me more in the end when I pry and coerce secret after secret from my wonderful kismesis.

He hides his emotions well and is deliciously hard to read, others of his caste become arrogant when they find out I cannot peer into their minds and control them like I do to the usual low8loods, they forget the traitorous ways of their own faces. It amuses me to no end, though with Dualscar it does get admittedly frustrating sometimes but it only fuels the tenderly growing blossom of h8 that is between us.

Dualsar is admittedly the strangest violet8lood to ever exist, and I relish in that fact as he finds ways to impress me and antagonize me in ways I don't usually think.

In our last black tinted d8, he fanned the fire of my h8 by stealing the last kill, word and more of the entire event and then *faking sweetness* as he left, giving me an actual smirk as he went his path. Oh how I intend to rile him up in our next meeting, I had planned to do it this meeting but we had agreed that the next meeting would be a neutral d8 with ashen tints, little pockets of relaxation that every serious and healthy kismessitude should have.

At any r8, I intend to employ my plans in the next meeting, which coincidentally enough coincides with the incoming Drone Season of this season's equinox. My curiosity to my kismesis' viability in terms of procreation shall finally be contented soon, let us see if dearest Cronus Ampora can prove he had deserved to be a bachelor of the concupiscent quadrants~

(~Added after the 5th bilunar perigee of 1st Dim season's equinox~

Mmm, he does~~

<3< <3< <3< <3< <3< <3< <3< <3<)

## Chapter End Notes

The Song is ***Run to You*** by Pentatonix, I was inspired by this particular video on youtube that had me crying.

[Homestuck - Run To You - Lyricstuck - paperseverywhere](#)

Truth was, I was inspired since the start of this story and I finally, *finally*, get to have it in the story. Oh yeah, I modified it ever so slightly, not really noticeable unless you compare lyrics from this one to the original I promise.

Also last bit? *Was not planned*, I didn't mean to put that there but it just happened and now it's just there, being there as a thing between Mindfang and Dualscar... I honestly just wanted to end the chapter with a Mindfang Journal Entry but then it ended like that... so... yeah...

Hope you enjoyed?

## History - Jade on the Sea (3)

### Chapter Notes

Final installment of The Dolorosa's Story Arc. See how things change in this version of Alternian History! Plus we get some other Ancestor cameos at the end!

I really need to do something about the writer's block that's chained me down for most of my stories. That and the procrastination part too. Ugh. Well at least I got this out, now we can focus more on Eridan and their SGRUB session again!

By the way, it might seem that like it's a bit red between Dualscar and Dolorosa, that is not the case, it is fully pale and that is that. I'm a bit off my game on homestuck so apologies if it's clear in this chapter, I just really want to get back to the session again after this arc.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

### ==> A perigee into the future

Porrim sighed, a longing sound that came from her squeal pipette, as she stared out the glass surface. Lissosf sighed as well, but one of frustration and exasperation, "Porrim, if you would cease your pale ogling of our Captain and Master and get back to work, it would be very appreciated." He gruffed, annoyance and amusement in his tone.

The jadeblood's cheek colored and she gave her rustblooded companion a stern glare, "I am not *ogling*." She hissed indignantly, he rolled his eyes with disbelief.

"And I'm not a rustblood." He deadpanned back while Nemdei and Ponkoi giggled at the side. "When will you two stop flailing around the grid and finally just settled on the square you two were meant to be in?" Lissosf

demanded, crossing his arms, taking a break from wiping the glass of the window, "It's clear to the *whole* ship!"

Just when did her companion become so forthright? Especially when it came to the subject of Porrim's *Quadrants*?

"That is none of your business Lissos." Porrim argued before sighing, "... Is it really that obvious?" She questioned a bit shyly, holding her tinted jade cheek, flushing with more color as her three friends nodded without a beat.

Nemdei however added to the action, "Well, it's *you're* obvious but Master Dualscar isn't as obvious." He told her, "He seems to be in denial though, or at least that's what the crew is saying." Porrim sighs at that, a sad sound.

It had been a perigee since she recovered from her illness, and afterwards it seemed that Cronus had reverted to acting cold around her. Nemdei was obviously right, he was in denial of the pale feelings he had for her, for whatever reason why. Maybe it was because he had previously been a bachelor for almost all the quadrants? With the exception of the spade square that the infamous ceruleanblood Marquise Spinneret Mindfang of course.

"Denial or not, he's no doubt pale for our Porrim. Why else would he personally care for her when she was sick?" Ponkoi teased lightly with a cheeky grin much to Porrim's mortification, *of course* they were still on that.

Random times during the perigee she'd get teased at and prodded information by both the crew and her fellow servants of the ship.

It seemed that the status of her relationship with Cronus was the most popular subject aboard his ship, of course it was kept on the down low since they didn't want any outsiders hearing of it, that and Cronus would verbally carve their insides out for gossiping about his pale quadrant status. He seemed irritated, tired and over all just *done* with the world.

He tried being mean to Porrim, *tried* being the keyword since he couldn't actually do it and that just made Porrim all the more pale for him. After

seeing his soft side, she couldn't seem to see him as the indifferent aloof captain and owner of her person and the ship she was on.

"It is simply because I did not wish her illness to spread along my ship."

All four servants froze at the monotoned voice that came from behind them, they whirled to see Cronus, face icily stoic and figure looking in the hall. It seemed that he had finally come inside and came across them on his way to wherever he was heading.

"I suggest you all finish your work and head back to your servant quarters, sunrise is fast approaching." He subtly commanded as he went past them, pace barely faltering as he pointedly ignored Porrim who just smiled at him in greeting. Holding back her amusement as she manages to get a glimpse of the faint dust of violet on his face, denial or not, he was pale for her undoubtedly.

She had to admit, seeing him try to deny it was somewhat adorable.

---

"You are a fool Ampora, you can't do this to yourself. You are destined to kill her, don't torture yourself more than you have to." Cronus growled as he paced his respiteblock. "You can't change that, you can't change anything'."

Why, oh why was he in this mess?

He doesn't remember anything aside from waking up from his molt to Alternia in the fucking past. Where adults still roamed the planet and things were much much more harsher than Hivebent's time. The memories of Homestuck trickled in as he grew in his juvenile years, or sweeps. He started remembering the Ancestor Arc, remembering what was in store for himself in his future.

He was suppose to die by a capricious clown from telling a bad fucking joke.

At first, he rebelled against the idea. But then...



*A glowing floating figure stood before him, two glowing wands in one hand and the other bloody with violet as Cronus screams in agony, cradling his bleeding face.*

Cronus glared harshly into his reflection, the scar on his face reminding him on why he couldn't change anything.

"何も変更することはできません。彼はあなたをさせません。あなたは異常であり、私のマスターは皆あなたに注意を払っています。"  
**Foolish boy. We are slaves to his plans...** これは申し訳ありません。"

'We are slaves to his plans.' Cronus thought bitterly with closed eyes.

That was only the first time he tried.

He stopped after *she* nearly kills him, strings him up on the edge of death only to heal him and permanently carve **his** symbol on his back. Even now, the carved scar pulses on his back painfully.

*He's been branded.*

---

~~ 5th bilunar perigee of 1st Dim season's equinox ~~

Mmmmmmmmm, I feel a8solutely gratified and contented to find out that Cronus truly deserved his 8achelor's status and that the rumors of his skill and passion do not disappoint~

He is quite the lover on the horizontal loungeslab >:::;]

Drone season has passed and our first coupling shall 8e something to remem8er. I am quite lucky to have his spade and look forward to our future together in our kismessisitude.

I must keep this short, I am still on his ship and quite surprisingly enough Cronus is still asleep 8esides me. He is, quite adora8le actually like this. I have something to hold over him now; he is quite. Affectionate. When

slumbering besides another it seems, he refuses to let go of my waist as he sleeps yet as tight as his grip is he is undeniably gentle.

It's almost scandalous at how red he's acting as of now, the gentleness in his movement and how cute he seems to be... Make no mistake, we are not vacillating quadrants, I quite like being his kismesis. I only hope that he feels the same way and has no red feelings underneath, if he does.....

.....

Oh, in our throes of the season hours ago, I noticed something on his body.

The amount of scars and marks on him is impressive, some of them actually makes me ponder on how he survived them. But then I think on how strong my kismesis is and scoff, of course he could survive those wounds. They are the marks of his survival, of how strong he is, softer trolls might find his scars unattractive, But then again, they might not since they seem to fit Dualscar's body quite well.

However there is one wound that I admittedly find... troubling.

Situated on his back. Right on the middle of it, a symbol lies there, carved into my kismesis' skin.

A skull.

Or at least, I believe it to be a skull.

I know not of its origins however it... unnerves me. That and the thought of someone other than myself, marking Cronus so boldly. I wonder if it was from a previous relationship that no one knew of, though I doubt it. I will have to ask when my beloved kismesis awakens.

Nonetheless, Cronus Ampora is now my kismesis. Mine. Should I ever find whomever branded him in such a way...

There is a very good reason why it is I, Aranea Serket, the Marquise Spinneret Mindfang, am Cronus Ampora's, the Orphaner Dualscar himself, kismesis.

I don't intend to let him go, I am very possessive over what I consider mine.

---

Porrim gasped, holding on to the walls of the ship as it rocked, the sound of shouting, explosion and fighting echoed.

"P-Ponkoi, I'm scared..." Nemdei whimpered, holding on to the goldblood with a frightened expression.

They were under attack.

All she knew was that one moment, she was on the surface with her friends, enjoying the night with the crew and the next she was being ushered down to their blocks, ordered to stay inside no matter what. As they left, Porrim could hear Cronus-no, *Dualscar* for this was a serious matter- barking order after order as his crew scrambled to handle the sudden ambush from an enemy fleet.

It was unheard of how Dualscar wanted all his servants and non-combative lowbloods protected, he really did care for all trolls on his ship no matter their blood caste. Which was amazing but at the moment Porrim could only hold her breath and hope he would be alright.

The conflict going on sounded so harsh, this was the first time Porrim and the other newly bought servants ever experienced an ambush. Usually Dualscar would be on another ship and fight, he didn't like fighting on his personal ship she hears and preferred to fight elsewhere. But now, he had no choice *but* to fight on his ship, commanding his forces against the attackers, the ones who *dared* ambush him and endanger the trolls underneath his command and protection.

The ship rocked again, they held desperately to anything that could serve as a steady support to stay upright.

"Everything's going to be alright Nemdei, I'm here, we're here." Ponkoi soothed, papping his face reassuringly, at any other moment both Lissof and Porrim would feel shame for witnessing such a close pale moment but they

had no choice, they were stuck in the respiteblock together until the attack subsided and finished.

### ***BANG BANG BANG***

They all flinched at the sound of angry thumps on the respite's door, which was thankfully locked. That did not sound friendly at all, the angry demands to open the door from an unfamiliar voice just further cemented their fears.

An enemy managed to get down to them.

### ***BANG BANG CRACK***

Nemdei shrieked, the door cracked as a *colorfully stained* battle axe hit the solid wood. Lissos and Porrim stood protectively over the younger pair of trolls as the troll hacked away at their door, there wasn't much to use as weapons but they made do with the mops and brooms they had.

The troll trying to get in their room was a blueblood, Porrim could feel herself trembling as the hulking highblood snarled at them, brandishing the axe and ready to attack.

Porrim tried to shine, to glow brightly as before, she was a *rainbowdrinker*, she had become one while being Kankri's mother during their journey of his preaching for peace. However, ever since her beloved grub's execution, she just couldn't seem to glow or feel the sensation of the drinker within her, no matter how much she tried. Her cravings for blood had disappeared and she was only a jadeblood now.

A weak jadeblood who could do nothing but look at her incoming death which came in the form of a blueblood pirate wielding an axe.

"P-Porrim-" Ponkoi stammered only to yell in shock and fright as the blueblood finally moved, swinging his weapon down at them. It hit the floor as Lissos and Porrim dodged, the elder rustblood grabbing the younger pair of trolls with him but looked alarm as Ponkoi cried out, the axe managed to slice at his arm and he was bleeding mustard.

"Ponkoi!" "Porrim look out!"

The jadeblood dodged again as the axe was aimed at her, in her wake, their coons were destroyed along with the wall. Lissof snarled, gaining the blue's attention as he the rustblood swung his mop, a pitiful and perhaps even foolish move but the rustblood was trying to protect his companions.

"*Lissof!*" The rustblood was knocked into the wall, dealing a blow to the head and was knocked unconscious, rust red bled from his forehead. Nemdei and Ponkoi scrambled to his side, crying out in worry and trying to get him to wake up only to freeze as the highblood loomed ominously over them, axe in the air and ready to cull them.

"*NO!*" Porrim jumped on his back, arms tight around the other's neck in a determined vice, he choked in surprise flailed, trying to get the determined jadeblood off of him. "GO! Get out of here!" She urged to the two terrified lowbloods, "Take Lissof and *go!*"

"But Porrim, what about-" Porrim roared at them, "*GO!*"

They took the injured rustblood and got out of there.

Porrim gritted her teeth but unfortunately the highblooded troll slammed his back against the wall, effectively slamming her against it making her gasp in pain and unconsciously let go. "Lowblooded *filth*, how *dare* you lay your filthy hands on me." The blue growled darkly as she slid down the wall only to pick her up by the throat, "You will pay with both your and the lives of every lowblood on this ship!"

He squeezed tightly and Porrim tried to claw his hand off of her, to breath because she didn't want *to die yet*- "*C-Cronus.*" She unconsciously pleaded breathlessly, transparent jade tears dripping from her eyes and her vision was beginning to sport black spots.

"***DON'T YOU TOUCH HER.***" Suddenly she could *breath*. She greedily took in a deep breath, vision swarming as she fell to the floor with a thump. The sound of snarls, screams and utter *rage*, '*C...ronus?*' She thought faintly as she gathered himself, she looked up and gasped.

Cronus was fighting viciously, cutlass in both of his hands -he never used *both* his cutlasses before, he rarely ever used them even against *Mindfang*!- Already injured, there were cuts on his body and he looked to be a bit singed but still fighting ferociously against the losing blueblood who struggled to keep up with Cronus, the axe-wielding troll's look of anger turned to a look of fear. Even when he managed to slice at Cronus' chest, causing Porrim to gasp in horror, the violetblooded seadweller only stumbled and *roared*, eyes completely red with rage and contempt. She's never seen such rage on his face, his eyes were always a calm shade of yellow and the rare tint of orange!

When the blueblood finally died, he didn't seem to stop, mindlessly slashing at the corpse, staining his blades, his clothes, his surroundings with blue. He was clearly aggravating his wounds even more, especially the slash on his chest! Porrim didn't think twice, she moved, hugging him from behind and crooning him to calm down.

Instantly her violetblood stopped, the red in his eyes faded from red. He looked at Porrim as she released him the moment he seemed to calm down, a brief look of relief before his wounds and exhaustion overtook him and he was slumping forwards, his twin mostly-blue-stained cutlasses falling from his loosened grip. Porrim caught him, grunting at his weight a quick moment of panicking passed but she pushed through- she *had* to save him, save him and help him like he had done for her.

The crew find her mere minutes after she rips off cloth from her long skirt, dressing the wound with a determined and somewhat desperate look. They try to take him from her, she hisses in retaliation, cradling their captive to her chest. It takes a while for the ship mediculler to reason with Porrim, get her mind back from the protective pale instincts that kicked in the moment Cronus collapsed but she stayed by his side the whole time the mediculler treats Cronus.

She gets appointed as his personal caretaker much to her delight, ignorant to the amusement of the ship as she takes care of her pale crush who had yet to wake up completely.

---

Cronus drifts in and out of consciousness, never staying awake for long.

*"I've been settling scores, I've been fighting so long..."*

But whenever he does, almost always, he can hear a familiar hum, a tune or a song. Faintly ringing in his head as he dives in and out. It's familiar, very familiar along with the voice that sings the lyrics he hears sometimes. The voice is beautiful and he always seems to feel the gentle touch of a careful hand carding through his hair. It's nice, and for once in a long time.

He feels at peace. A gentle calm that manages to fully relax his usually tense muscles and the pain there just slowly ebbs away.

*"A thousand angels are waiting for me. Ooh take my heart, and I'll lay down my weapons..."*

The first Cronus does in a moment of coherency and consciousness is take hold of the warm hand on his head, it jolts but he keeps a loose grip on it, he's slipping back under unconsciousness and he whispers out words he can't remember. The gentle hand takes his and intertwines their fingers and another hand comes to gently rub his cheek, the humming comes back and he feels inconceivably warm and happy as he slips back into the darkness.

He's content and hopes the feeling never goes away.

*"Mmh-mmh mmh-mmh mmh-mmh mmh~..."*

---

The first time he manages to wake up fully, he's alone and in pain. It's not much and he can ignore it to an extent, but the warmth was gone as he laid alone on his bed. Or horizontal lounge plank as most of Alternia calls it. He's in his personal room and as far as he could tell it was night time telling by the soft light that spilled from the window. He breathes slowly, wondering what happened while he was asleep.

He tried to sit up only to hiss as his body vehemently denied him that, he looked down to himself and found his torso dressed in bandages. There were small violet stains but not as much as he expected, so he was being

properly treated, that was good. He resigned himself to a time on his bed, hopefully he'd be able to move soon, staying on the bed was just torture as he wanted to know what happened to his crew, the status of his ship, his fleet and-

**"DON'T TOUCH HER."** *He roared as he caught some **blueblooded TRASH** holding her against the wall-*

Porrim.

His body unconsciously jerked to sit up but at the same time fervently denied him again of the action, he gritted his teeth as pain washed over him and he was forced to lay still unless he wanted to reopen the possible stitches he got underneath the gauze. Breathing heavily hurt and he tried to calm his breath and heart as he tried to remember more on what happened.

Seeing Porrim pinned to the wall like that... angered him beyond belief-why? Why was he so *angry* at the thought of her getting hurt? He-

With a huff, he groaned and closed his eyes. It was getting a bit hard to ignore the pain completely, and his thoughts were giving him a headache. He calmed himself, but before he knew it he was falling back asleep, at some point though, the warm feeling came back along with the gentle hands he didn't know he missed until then.

---

A song greets him the second time he wakes up. Laying on his bed, but he doesn't open his eyes as he hears the song from far off to his side. A familiar voice sings it, he still can't put a finger on it but how did she know that song?

*"But your heart drifted off  
Like the land split by sea  
I tried to go, to follow,  
To kneel down at your feet~"*

He recognizes the song, and soon enough recognizes the voice. His eyes flew open with shock and *Porrim*, Porrim Maryam sat on a chair near the



window sill, sewing up a torn shirt-*his* torn shirt. She doesn't seem to notice that he's awake, concentrating on sewing and singing.

*"I'll run, I'll run  
I'll run run to you~  
I'll run, I'll run  
I'll run run to you..."*

"..Vwhere did you hear that..." She's startled by his sudden raspy voice, looking up to see him awake and staring intensely at her. Briefly, Porrim looks confused then relieved, putting aside the semi-fixed shirt to get up and come to his side.

She smiles, "You're awake! Thank goodness, do you feel any pain? Would you like some water?" She asks instead of answering. Her questions send a warm feeling that confuses and terrifies him, he ignores it and his stare intensifies but for some reason she doesn't look bothered by it at all.

"Vwhere did you hear that song." He asks her one more time, did she-

Her smile widens and becomes a bit bashful, "I heard it from you, you sang it to me when you took care of me did you not?" She checks his chest, his wounds that were healing at the rate fitted for a seadweller like him, doesn't make it any less painful though. "It's a lovely song and you have a very lovely voice." Cronus could practically feel his face color, he grits his teeth and looks away.

Was he-? He couldn't, *he couldn't*, not with her. He was suppose to kill her, be her *murderer*-

"Thank you." He snapped to look at her in brief confusion but is taken back at the utter sincerity, warmth, kindness and other emotions that he could see on her face, in her smile, "For saving me. And for taking care of me when I was ill."

He opens his mouth to say something but closes it tightly and grunts instead, looking away once more as he feels his face unnaturally heat up.

"I-" She interrupts and there's humor in her voice, "Yes, I know. You were the one with the strongest constitution on the ship and did not want my illness to spread to the others. However you still took care of me nonetheless and saved my life, so once again, I say thank you, Cronus." It's the first time he's heard his name come out of her lips coherently.

*And it makes the warmth in him pulse.*

"..."

He stays silent and she continues to hum, hum that stupid song that got stuck in his head as he took care of her, sang the lyrics when he was bored as he took care of her, he took care of her and now she was taking care of him.

He wants to take the stupid warmth in his chest and strangle it, stomp it away because he's *scared* and she's *wonderful* and...

...

*He could never kill her.*

***Never her.***

---

Porrim dutifully stays by his side, aiding his recovery. She's calm, quiet and composed but talks casually around him and sings and hums that song whenever she feels like it. Cronus on the other hand stays quiet, conflicted and in denial as he spends all of his time recovering in her care. He could order her away, ask for a new caretaker, give her a reason to stay away from him but-

He can't.

As he heals, the stone walls he built up, they softened and ebbed away as she continues to care for him. In more sense than one.

*And that **song**.*

It haunts him constantly now, invading his mind even more as she keeps humming and singing it to him, apparently getting it from when *he* sang and hummed it to *her*. Damn it. He has to stop himself from humming with her every now and then as it for some reason, relaxes him despite *everything*.

He sang, she listened now she sings and he listens.

Simultaneously, he's scared and frightened yet relaxed and at peace.

This wasn't how things were suppose to go, *this wasn't in the story*.

And yet... nothing seemed to be happening.

For hours on days on end, he waits, and waits, and waits in trepidation for *her* to show up. To relay a *miffed* message from the damnable puppet servant on the green moon that mocks him every time he sees it. It mocks him now as he sits on the window sill, staring out into the night. He's not completely healed yet, but Porrim's allowed him to walk from his bed to the window without aid, deeming him healed enough for that at least.

At the thought of her, his chest blooms again and he's *smiling* at it. He's smiling and he's *terrified beyond belief* at what was going to happen now.

"Cronus?" He doesn't turn to look at her as she appears at his doorway again, smiling happily as she brings him dinner, "Come, I brought dinner, you must eat." He takes a moment, looking straight at the green moon before nodding gruffly, turning away from the window to sit back on his bed to eat.

A minute into his food, he pauses, it takes her attention immediately as he stops eating. She's about to ask what was wrong when he speaks, "... Thank you... Porrim." She blinks then *beams*, looking unbelievably happy that he's said those three words, he nearly cringes away but at the same time he wants her look happy forever. To be happy forever, to keep that smile on her face.

"You're welcome Cronus."

He goes back to being silent but the jadeblood doesn't seem to care, she talks to him, telling him on what was going on with the ship as always. The repairs were going fine, they had stopped near a market to repair the damages from last perigees ambush, not many trolls were hurt on their side but the enemy had apparently retreated after Cronus defeated their captain, unfortunately the other had been saved from the killing blow. A brash violetblood that tried to challenge him, a million miles away and very different compared to Aranea who had gone predictably silent in news of his ambush. He was never going to hear the end of it from her the next time they met, whenever that would be.

Hours after dinner, she's back on the chair near the window, sewing once more. She takes her time, she's already fixed his shirt and his pants but now she's fixing the tears on his cape. She's skilled in it but that was to be expected, her descendant Kanaya's made such beautiful cloths and clothing in the story and her dancestor self had given dancestor Kankri a nice red sweater.

She's humming again. He didn't think she'd get so attached to a song from his past made from a band he'd liked. He'd forgotten their name, it had been so long but for some reason he couldn't forget the song. 'Run to You'.

He didn't know why it came to him, why it came to his mind when he took care of Porrim when she got sick, it just... When he saw her, the song came instantly to his mind and refused to get out of his head. He'd given up and just hummed and sang along when he had been sure no one would hear, but apparently Porrim heard and was utterly besotted by the song, no matter how sorrowful the song implied to be.

All he could remember about the song was how it had made him sad and that it had been connected to Porrim, or specifically The Dolorosa.

Speaking of her... He glances at her from the book he's reading -the literature in Alternia was an interesting read, full of propaganda of course but interesting- and quickly looks back before she could see him glancing at her.

He doesn't know what to think. He knows he has feelings for her but he doesn't really recognize them, all he knows is the normal 'red' love that he knows as a human -even though he doesn't remember much of it just like the rest of his life- and the 'black' love he learned with Ara- with Mindfang. And that had been... interesting enough to say the least, at first he had just done it because he was *suppose to* but then falling genuinely *pitch* for her had been surprising.

There was just something irritating about her that... nevermind. At any rate, with 'red', 'black' out the window, he was left with two things, one of which he threw out the window as well, 'grey'.

That left...

Pink.

Pale.

Stars above he was *pale* for her.

Porrim made a questioning noise when Cronus suddenly dropped his book in surprise of the realization. The violetblood coughed and shook his head, "It's nothing." He gruffed forcefully before picking up his book again to read. Inwardly he was panicking, what the fuck was he *doing*? *What the fuck has he done*?

The thought reverberated in his head with one other thought; *Can you kill her now*?

He couldn't-*He wouldn't* because the thought angered him, scared him, he was...

He was so screwed.

---

[S] ==> Sing in a Duet

*"A light in the room  
It was you who was standing there  
Tried it was true  
As your glance met my stare~  
But your heart drifted off  
Like the land split by sea  
I tried to go, to follow,  
To kneel down at your feet~"*

Porrim nearly couldn't believe what was happening, warmth bloomed in her bloodpusher and she felt like she could keep the smile on her face forever, something she couldn't believe she was feeling again.

It had started out normally enough, for the past perigee or so, she'd been taking care of Cronus as he healed from his injuries. He usually kept quiet and had been tense and guarding at first but gradually, she could see him relax, slowly putting down his walls as she patiently stayed by his side. The stubborn violetblood had more on his mind than she realized.

He probably thought she couldn't see the moments where he slipped into his own mind, seemingly afraid of something that wasn't there, how he tried to keep away but couldn't. She wondered on what happened that made him so afraid to go pale with someone, something must have happened in his past to have him so doubtful of entering the pale quadrant with someone.

It had been obvious, or at least obvious to her, on how scared he was of the prospect of being pale, his hesitance, his denial, it was all on how he acted.

Something happened to Cronus.

The very thought of it made her furious, just who would hurt him? Did they mold him into who he was at present? What had they done to him?

Questions filled her head but she all put it aside, she'd ask eventually but as of now, she was slowly showing Cronus that he could trust her, that he could pity her in turn as she pitied him. It was a slow but effective process, or perhaps not as slow as she thought because right now...

*"I'll run, I'll run  
I'll run run to you  
I'll run, I'll run  
I'll run run to you~"*

She and Cronus were singing, singing that song that he had sung to her first. They were singing Run to You.

She had asked about the name of the song and he had answered after a hesitant moment and it made sense and fit since the chorus of the song was of running back to someone. She had yet to ask how he knew the song or who it was about though.

But that didn't matter at the moment because *she and Cronus were singing together.*

The jadeblood had been simply sitting besides him, looking over the nicely healing wounds one last time. The mediculler had informed her that tonight their seadwelling captain would be well enough to resume his duties and she would be back to her own original duties. As saddening as it was that she couldn't devote most of her time to personally assist him anymore, she was glad Cronus was well now.

She began to hum her favorite song, it was surprising on how attached she had become to such a simple and slightly sad song but she had become attached to it and she felt like she would never tire of it. Make no mistake, she would gladly stopped if Cronus asked her to yet the violetblood never once asked her to stop humming or singing so she kept on.

This time however was different for the jadeblood, soon after humming as she quietly began to sing... A second voice joined her much to her surprise.

She had nearly stopped out of shock but kept on in fear that he would stop if she did, and so, they sang together.

*"I've been settling scores  
I've been fighting so long  
But I've lost your war"*

*And our kingdom is gone  
How shall I win back  
Your heart which was mine  
I have broken bones and tattered clothes  
I've run out of time~"*

Porrim could feel and hear her bloodpusher but she focused on Cronus, who had looked away from her yet kept singing. It felt like forever as they sang their duet, Cronus slowly looking at her with almost unreadable violet orbs. They glinted in the dimness of the room and stared into her own glinting jade.

This was happening. This wasn't a dream for both, they were singing with genuine feelings and Porrim couldn't help but shed a fear transparent green tears as they continued.

*"I'll run, I'll run  
I'll run run to you  
I'll run, I'll run  
I'll run run to you, oh"*

Hesitantly, his hand rose, coming to her face and slowly wiped away her tears. The action has her flushing even more jade as she thought possible, in return, Cronus' scarred handsome face seem to be tinting violet more and more as they continued.

Mesmerized in the moment, the feelings of pure pity practically came off of them in waves.

*"I will break down the gates of heaven  
A thousand angels stand waiting for me  
Ooh take my heart (take my heart)  
And I'll lay down my weapons  
Break my shackles to set me free~~!"*

Before she could realize it, she had let Cronus take the lead of their duet, it felt natural to do so.



But when his hand seemed to hesitate on staying on her face, she covered it with hers, wanting it to stay on her cheek. The action seemed to shock the violetblood but his singing didn't waver a bit as she reached up to cradle his cheek and felt happily pleased when he leaned into her touch and his own hand went to cover his own, they were both holding each other's faces and hands and she felt utterly delighted at the fact.

*"I'll run, I'll run  
I'll run run to you  
I'll run (I'll run), I'll run (I'll run)..."*

Slowly, the moment was coming to an end along with the song.

Slowly, reality was coming back to them as the last of the lyrics was sung.

*"I'll run run to you~"*

Porrim smiled up to him, and to her never ending delight, Cronus smiled down at her. Both lulled into a sense of peace as the song slowly came to an end, humming together.

*"Mmh-mmh mmh-mmh mmh-mmh mmh~~..."*

And like that, one of the moments Porrim would forever cherish slowly ended to her lament. But the feeling lingered as they still held each other, it felt... amazing.

In a comfortable silence, they stared at each other and for a moment, Porrim thought that Cronus would finally admit his feelings- of course it wouldn't be that easy.

*Knock Knock Knock*

They both jolted as the door to Cronus' rumpusblock was knocked upon, efficiently breaking the pale atmosphere and Porrim was sad to see Cronus instantly have his guard up, separating from their position, pulling his hands away from her and standing from the loungeplank. She was slightly happy

to see that his walls were not all there for he did not shove her off, in fact he helped her up to stand.

*"Captain Dualscar sir? Are you feeling well now captain? We're about to embark."* The muffled voice of the mediculler said through the door.

"Aye, I am. Prepare the crevw, y'er captain's back in top shape." Cronus gruffed, buttoning his shirt to cover the rest of the bandages left on his body. "An' I reckon vwe hawve a job to do, set sail for the huntin' grounds. The other orphaners might hawve a problem vwith handlin' ole Gl'bgolyb." He commanded.

*"Yes sir!"*

Porrim watched with a sense of lingering disappointment that she tried to put away, Cronus still had a duty to do as an Orphaner, as a Captain of his ship. Cronus reached for his newly mended cape, slipping it on and headed for the door with her right behind him, just as they left however, he paused and turned to her. She blinked and her eyes widened as she felt a hand gently pat the spot between her horns and heard Cronus' voice.

"Thank you Porrim, for taking care of me."

With that and a slightly dramatic flair of his cape, he stalked away and seemed to be trying to control the violet flush on his face.

The jadeblood watched him go with a quickly thudding bloodpusher, the look of shock morphed into a kind and besotted smile.

At least she was partially successful in having Cronus be more open with her.

---

The next few perigees were both delighting for the ex-rainbow drinker and frustrating for the crew.

Ever since Cronus got better, things have certainly been a little different around the ship and the crew quickly took notice.

Their captain was actually showing a bit more emotion than usual, his lips would twitch to an almost smile whenever something nice happened or something amusing but would quickly settle down, he talked a bit more casually and not as aloof or stoic and cold as before. And of course the crew and everyone on the ship quickly noticed both their captain's and a certain jadeblood's interactions.

Cronus would make some time for Porrim every night, indulging her as she talked to him when she could during her breaks from her own responsibilities on the ship. It was only then did the ever-aloof and stoic violetblood actually relax, the first time they've seen him genuinely *smile*, if only for a short period of time and without the assistance of soporifics.

Orphaner Dualscar had officially become the tiniest bit softer and was pale-smitten for another troll. The crew couldn't be happier at the fact, they had always thought that their beloved captain deserved some happiness in his long life. Of course, their previous pale teasings increased for both captain and servant but they didn't seem to care anymore.

Though the crew was a bit frustrated as Cronus had yet to make anything official, it was practically painful to see them so pale and yet still carefully dancing around the quadrant they both wanted to enter. Porrim though seemed content in going the slow approach, carefully prodding their captain but never going too far, and as much as it was working for the violetblood, the trolls on the ship just wanted them together already.

Lissof, who had recovered from the attack, Ponkoi and Nemdei kept cheering and teasing their jadeblooded friend on, happy to see her so happy. Though sometimes they'd push her a bit to take the lead and ask Cronus outright but Porrim would decline every time and told them that Cronus was still getting used to the idea and would accept it on his own pace.

However all good things must come to an end eventually.

The violet that had tried to ambush them had healed and he was angry, he demanded a rematch, head to head, full combat. Cronus accepted of course, if he didn't then things would have complicated even more and he didn't need that. And if he wanted a little revenge for the lives of the crew and

servants the other took from him then he kept that to himself, he was Orphaner Dualscar after all.

But first...

"Why must you send me away?" Porrim asked quietly, staying by his side as they oversaw the entire ship. Currently all non-combative servants and severely injured trolls, mostly lowbloods, were being transferred from one ship to another. "I'd like to stay by your side." She told him, a touch of boldness in her tone.

Cronus glanced at her, looking briefly at the boarding trolls before sighing and turning to her fully. "You vwill be safer on this ship, Porrim. I vwould have you safe and aliwve rather than injured and dead on my ship." The very thought nearly sent him into a rage, suddenly he felt a gentle hand on his face and he looks at her, she looks serious.

"Promise me you'll come back." She whispers and Cronus smiles, a genuine full reassuring smile is all he can afford her for the moment.

She's stunned at the sight as he replies softly, "I promise I'll come back, I hawve something important I vwish to discuss with you afterwards anyvway. So vwait for me Porrim, I'll run back to you, I promise." He takes her hand away from his face, "Novw get on the ship Porrim, that is an order." She looks sad but at the same time happy, reluctantly they separate and the next thing Cronus knows, she's on the ship with the rest of his servants and injured trolls. Sailing away to safety as Cronus-no, *Dualscar*, sailed forth to battle.

A battle that Dualscar was fully intending on winning, just so he could run back and finally let go of his worries, to say something that's been building up for the entire time Porrim had been on his ship.

What he didn't take to account, was how quiet his kismesis seemed to be.

And that costed him dearly.

---

*Porrim couldn't remember much in her haze. Something in her mind cooed that it didn't matter she didn't remember.*

They had been sailing to one of Dualscar's safehives, a ship filled with servants and injured trolls with some of the crew for protection.

*Random bursts of concern, worry, happiness and sadness was what she felt as she moved, a subtle voice in her head whispering to her on how everything was fine, there was no need to worry, she was safe and nothing mattered at the moment. But then the random bursts would happen and all she could think of was how she wanted to see the color violet again.*

It should have been a simple trip, the safehive was so close by, they'd be able to stay there until their captain was finished with his battle, until it was safe to come back to the main ship and fleet. It should have been simple, everything was going fine. Until it wasn't.

*Sometimes she'd be granted moments of coherence, staring in horror at what was happening, what had happened to her and her friends and the crew and- she would be submerged back into her mind, told not to worry. She was fine, but she still strongly wished to see the color violet once more.*

A storm brewed unexpectedly, that wouldn't have been a problem until they were knocked of course and ambushed. A familiar fleet intercepting their path towards the safehive, Mindfang at the helm and grinning victoriously as she took over the ships easily even as the crew tried to defend and keep her away but ultimately, the cerulean's might and mind control won over.

*They were going to be used as the latest pawns for Aranea to use in her kismessitude with their captain. To get revenge for the precious treasures and a certain **oracle** that their captain claimed from their last encounter that ended with Dualscar victorious.*

---

He should have known.

He should have known this was bound to happen, *he should have known.*

"Mindfang." He greeted icily, far from unamused, inwardly he was *seething* at the latest trick that his kismesis was doing on him.

She seemed almost surprised by the bite in his tone, but she shifted into a pleased smirk, "Dualscar." She greeted back. Her eyes roam his injured self in the dark of the night, clouds blanketing the sky and giving dim light. "I see you've become victorious in your latest battle. Congratulations." She drawled, nodding to herself slowly, as *if* Dualscar would lose to another violetblood. Her rival was strong and would always win against those who dared challenged him so bodily like the other violetblood tried to do, there was only one troll he was allowed to lose to; *her*, and this time... She was going to win.

"Name your price Mindfang." He said with a low growl, the spider pirate is taken back a bit but she adjusts accordingly and smiles slyly at him.

"*So forward my spade~* Do you not wish to make small talk with me?" She questioned innocently, "After all, I'm sure you're curious to know about my newest recruits now yes?" Her smiled sharpened as she motions to the ship she commandeered, almost every troll on the ship standing idly by, swaying slightly in the cool night breeze, faces blank as a clear sign of mind control kept them together.

He looked at the ship, almost desperately looking at his trolls, *his* trolls, *his* servants, *his* crew on *that ship*, under her total control. But there's a certain servant he's trying to see, wanting-*needing* to know if *she* was okay. The clouds parted as if to grant his need and he sees her, amidst the crowd, the same blank look on her face and his instincts *flare*.

"You must really plan better my dearest rival, a ship full of slaves and so few crew? It was just *begging* to be taken over the moment they were knocked off course right into my hands, but of course at the same time you cared more on winning so I commend you for your victory once again." She continued and he's had *enough*.

"*Aranea*." The ceruleanblood freezes at the use of her wriggling name, at the tone he used it in, at the *face* he's showing her, "*Name. Your. Price.*" He intoned slowly, uninjured hand gripping Ahab's Crosshairs by his side.

The other, injured hand twitches for one of his cutlasses on his hips. And she can *see* that, because for once, Dualscar was an open book, an open *furios* book.

The Marquise hesitates but does bid in her price, "My treasures, and half of yours for the ship." She bargains warily, "Especially my-" "It's a deal." She's definitely taken back by how swiftly he agrees, the determination burning in his eyes, a different kind of hate that has her reeling back a bit. *Her kismesis was showing intense emotion.*

Were the slaves on the ship really that valuable towards him?

"In two days time, I will have your treasure for you to take as well as your orb. *Do not harm **any** troll on that ship.*" Dualscar barked, the rarest form of an angry snarl on his face and he faces away, barking orders to set sail. Mindfang is still reeling in shock and surprise, before emotions flared and her control wavers ever so slightly before snapping back, giving the mind controlled no time of coherency at all.

She huffs, irritated and glares at the sailing ship. But at the same time, she wonders what happened, why that slave-filled ship and the ever standing question on who Dualscar was. He really seemed to hate her at the moment, as in a platonic kind of hate.

The gambliant troll could only wait for the time Dualscar would come back with her precious treasure, the chances her answers may finally be answered by that orb was high with how much emotion Dualscar showed.

When the time came however, she didn't think it was worth finding out anymore.

*'Wait for me Porrim... I'm running back to you as soon as I can...'*

---

"Now this simply is tragic is it not? What do you think my dear?"

"..."

"Why yes, I do think we should end this soon. It was foolish to think that he would stay on route till the end, he had been a wild card from the beginning. Take care of it will you?"

"... ばか、私はあなたに何を言ったのですか? **Foolish boy.**"

"Indeed."

---

Cronus is tense and awake the whole two days it takes to gather everything for the ransom.

He does not dare sleep a wink, for he knows dayterrors await for him should he even try, it wouldn't help anyway.

So he gathers the treasure and awaits nightfall. He is being illogical, emotional, even perhaps idiotically but this moment... This was a crucial moment of history, to him at least even if this all served to be fruitless in the Homestuck storyline. Here, he was to either kill Porrim-**NONEVER**- or change the story...

He only had one shot, and even then, he is tense for he once again waits, and waits, and *waits for **her*** to appear under the demon's orders and yet...

She does not come in the many opportunities that she could. No sign at all for what was about to happen, would he be able to change the story? Make a difference and finally have a chance at true happiness? These thoughts filter in his head but it's all second-hand to the instincts he feels of the urge to take Porrim back. *To take his diamond back.*

It makes him all too anxious with all the more he waits.

The orb is in front of him, on the table, mocking him just as the green moon mocked him.

The white magic cueball, a sign of the devil himself. Utterly indestructible until it blows up in Vriska's face from Scratch's anger. He wants to break it,



and at the same time he wants to *look into* it because it held so much answers but he can't.

Only the Light Players of Homestuck could truly look into this circular damnable object. And he was giving it back to the Post-Scratch incarnation of one such Light Player, he could ask her but no, he wouldn't, he possibly even couldn't because he's not allowed to.

Not allowed. Not allowed. Not *allowed not allowed*.

~~*We made a deal. It shall be seen through in all iterations my Hope Player, do not speak of it, ever.*~~

"Captain?"

His thoughts instantly smoothed and calmed, "Yes?"

"We've arrived Captain Dualscar."

"..."

He stands, he doesn't bother to grab his cape but he does grab the magic cue ball and holds it tightly.

It was time.

---

~ On the 12th perigee, 2nd Dim season equinox ~

.....

Things did not go as I planned, even now I am reeling in shock and regret for the events that have occurred.

Tonight was supposed to be the night I one-upped my kismesis and took back what was rightfully mine, the oracle and the riches he stole from me countless perigees ago. However it seems that I got more than I wanted and now I hesitate to even write down what had happened.

It had all started out seemingly so well, I aw8ted Dualscar on the ship of slaves with a few of my crew accompanying me on the vessel. I allevi8ted my control over their minds ever so slightly, enough for them to 8e aware of what was happening, the more strong willed trolls immedi8tely tried to 8reak free from my control, of course they couldn't 8ut they certainly tried.

There was one however that caught my attention, one particularly heady troll that tried so very hard to overcome and set herself free from my mental grasp. She was interesting once I found her, to my pleasant surprise she had 8een a pretty little jade8lood. A fascin8ting thing, for what was a jade doing a8ove the 8rooding caverns? Had she a8andoned her duty as a caretaker for the mothergru8? For whatever happened, she ended up as a slave on Dualscar's ship. How lucky for her.....

Once upon a time I so arrogantly thought that only I would hold a quadrant with my esteemed spadesm8, it was foolish to think that he would not fall for anyone else with the other quadrants, especially with the diamonds one. For the intriguing jade8lood was actually his intended palem8, a troll that had managed to capture his pale adoration and affections.

As the twin moons of Alternia were hidden 8y a 8lanket of clouds tonight, Dualscar's ship came into view. 8y the time he had arrived, I could already see the treasures on the ship that had once 8een mine and would 8e mine once more. To my growing surprise, Dualscar single-handedly threw the sacks filled to the 8rim with treasure unto his commandeered vessel and 8oarded it alone, ordering the rest of his crew to stay on his main ship much to their protests 8ut he simply ignored them.

He looked tired, as if he had not slept a wink since our deal, it was strange to see my ever-composed kismesis so unrefined and acting out of 8ehavior, I should really should have known 8etter 8ut arrogance had clouded all 8 of my eyes and I simply drank in the sight, not paying attention to the small instinct of dou8t that lingered in the 8ack of my mind alongside my control over the inha8itants of the ship we were on.

"I hawve your payment, novw release my ship and the trolls under your mental control Aranea." Cronus had said with a low growl, his eyes darting 8etween me and the trolls 8ehind me underneath my mental grasp. I simply

smirked and strode forward, counting the sacks idly before snapping my fingers, ordering my crew to gather the spoils and take them back towards the ship where they had rightfully belonged.

However, I knew he had something else of mine on his person. "Aranea." He repeated, glaring at me with those handsome violet eyes that tinged into dangerous orange, I really thought that I had him right there didn't I? That I, Mindfang finally managed to unravel her most-composed and usually calm kismesis, thinking that I was tenderly caring and giving more life into our black garden when in truth, I was dangerously close into ruining it.

"Ah-ah," I said with a titter, smiling at him without a care in the world, "You seem to be forgetting something Cronus. My oracle?" Holding my hand out, I had fully expected him to refuse to hand the orb over and we would duel but to my surprise, he took the orb from his pockets, throwing it at me without a care.

I caught it with ease and looked towards my kismesis with a questioning look, the small sliver of doubt that grew and grew with each passing moment in my head finally being heeded as I truly saw my spadesmith that night, on how emotional he was and how close he was to actually going to a violet rage, something unheard of from someone like him. Cronus looked at me with an impatient look of expectations, "Release. Them." He intoned through gritted fangs.

Naturally I had to obey, curious and as reluctant to say I was admittedly a bit flustered on how different Cronus was acting. I released my hold over the trolls, and the reaction was immediate behind me, it took no time for them to celebrate their newfound freedom, clamoring and making such a ruckus.

Cronus no longer paid attention to me, for he was searching almost desperately for a certain troll in the crowd, striding past his stunned kismesis and saying one word outloud, "Porrim!", a name, the name of the jadeblood.

It did not take him long to find the jade woman, who had let out a happy cry of, "Cronus!" from the other side of the crowd. It should have been a warm bloodpusher's reunion as I realized then and there that I had held my

kismesis' potential palem8 hostage, and I emphasize on potential 8ecause they had yet to make 8ecome official diamonds un8elieva8ly enough. My high8looded spade had the look of utter and complete relief that the jade mirrored with the addition of transparent jade tears trailing down her admittedly 8eautiful face.

It should have 8een a happily ever after.

As I sit here, writing down my thoughts and the events that happened, I digress to ponder of an another world where things did end up a happily ever after for them and possi8ly for me as well. Would Cronus have truly forgiven me and introduce me to his diamond officially? Would we have fallen for each other in a potential way that I had admittedly given thought to 8efore even with the or8 telling me my future? Or would it still ended in tragedy as it did tonight?

I fear that not only did I very nearly 8reak Cronus' spade, I may have unintentionally 8roken Cronus' diamond. For I did not realize that there was a tr8tor and a filthy *spy* in my command, I could not stop the teal8looded assassin from culling my violet8lood's intended palem8.

He came from the shadows, apparently aw8ing the moment Porrim would separate from her fellow peers and struck swiftly. Jade spilling forth from her wound and staining the once-pristine wooden floors of the transport vessel we were all on. The reaction from Cronus was instant, dis8elief quickly turning into un8ridled rage, the teal stood no chance against the angered violet gam8lignant and was dead 8efore he could try and strike my fury-consumed spade.

Cronus had no intention of letting the teal dirty his ship any more than he had after savagely tore the foolish assassin's thorax, with ease he threw the troll off his vessel and down into the murky waters of Alternia's seas. Releasing a roar of despair, anger and victory over the death of the assailant. His crew were quick to 8oard the vessel, as well as mine, as I write I make note to check every single one of my mem8ers now for possi8le treason or any suspicious activity. This should not have happened, and I will not let it happen again.

My once-stoic and emotionless kismesis was roaring for a mediculler, actual violet tears streaming down his face as he snapped out of rage at the pitiful sound of Porrim's weakening voice. She was dying, the teal had struck her true, so very near her bloodpusher that it should have grazed and left a wound on her 8lood 8eating organ, she was loosing too much 8lood and not even a skilled mediculler could save her now.

Porrim simply smiled at Cronus, trying to reassure him that everything was alright when clearly it was not. I commend her, trying to calm my... *her* distressed moirail in her final moments, simply requesting something that had me shocked once more. "...W-will you sing... with...me one... last t-time...?"

A song. She asked Cronus to sing her a song one final time, no not sing *for* her but *with* her, and of a song that 8oth seemed to know very intim8ly, and to my further shock..... "Of course... Anything for you, Porrim..." Cronus agreed softly, cradling her close to him, uncaring of the jade that stained his own clothing.

Something too rare to know about my 8eloved spade dear reader, is that he is quite the songfeather8east, I have only heard him sing a few times in the sweeps we were together. And all those times were when the infamous Dualscar was ine8riated, and even when he was he quite sang 8eautifully for a man drunk on soporific su8stances. I have never heard of Cronus sing otherwise, and the prospect of him singing for this jade woman so freely, I must admit, I was ever so infinitesimally covetous of Porrim.

Even more so when I heard the melody they shared tonight, the lyrics... are captiv8ing. I dare not ask what the name of it when everything was over, too soon I knew 8ut eventually my curiosity might take the 8est of me, nonetheless, their little duet moved every troll that witnessed the sad phenomenon. Even I was quite moved.

She had a lovely voice, even when str8ned and weak, wavering half-way through.

.....

Porrim never finished the song with Cronus, and neither did my heartbroken kismesis as both finally succumbed to death and grief.

His shattered despair-filled howl may haunt my dreams for sweeps to come. I have never seen someone so broken, so defeated and wracked with grief as he was, and he had been *Orphaner Dualscar*, the emotionless gamelignant, captain to the Wrathful Angels and former quadrantless bachelor.

Winning one of his quadrants had been thought of as a privilege and an honor among the trolls that knew him and his ruthless reputation.

Winning his *spade* had been a pleasure and quite possibly one my greatest achievements in this lifetime.

Winning his *diamond*, the jadeblood known as Porrim Maryam may have been a woman equal to no one else than I and Cronus himself despite being initially a slave.

But just as she won it, she unintentionally broke both it and him with her death.

I dedicate this page of my journal to you, Porrim Maryam, for the feats you have achieved. Had you survived, you no doubt would have healed the unspoken wounds on my oh so pitiable kismesis, but in your death I fear you've worsened them. I do not blame you for this, however now that you are gone, I worry for Cronus and his mentality, you are the only troll that has ensnared Cronus so tightly in the pale quadrant as far as I have knowledge on.

I must go now, Cronus plans on personally burying her body on a remote island. I will accompany him and give my respects.

I have many regrets for this night, but one that stands out along with the rest of my regrets is that Cronus killed the teal far too soon, for I wish to know just who would have accomplished the death of Cronus' beloved pale star. And who would go so far as to kill her in front of him this night, it was all too convenient that the teal appeared out of nowhere from among my crew,

he had all the chance of her death while she was under my control and the two days it took for Cronus to gather my treasure.....

This reeks of some manipulator in cahoots with the now dead tealblooded assassin.

---

Porrim, for the most part, truly thought she was dead.

Or at least she *thought* she was.

She clearly remembered dying in Cronus' arms on the night of the bargain, dying from a tealblooded assassin that came out of nowhere. She died singing their song with the last of her strength while giving Cronus one last loving pap to the face and wiping his violet tears. And yet, here she was, on the ship of her unofficial moirail-her last regret before dying was never having the chance to officially declare being pale with Cronus and actually causing him to cry for her- however there was no one in sight.

And even stranger, she was dressed in her old clothing, the ones that she wore when she was The Dolorosa and had... her grubs by her side. Porrim fell to her knees, shaking as she started to weep, feeling alone and emotionally despaired as she remembers Kankri, Meulin, Mituna, and now *Cronus* in her saddest memories.

*It wasn't fair*, she had lost *every troll* in her *life* and now she was *alone* on the ship she had *died* on.

"Miss Dolorosa?"

She looked up, grief turning into disbelief as she sees the person asking for her name, her *title*.

A rustblooded juvenile, one only a sweep or so from molting. Only, this juvenile was dressed in bright familiar bright red and had *red wings* fluttering gently from her back. A mutant rustblood?

The rustblooded girl smiled gently, and a bit sadly at her, "Hello Miss Dolorosa, I am Aradia Megido. I will be your temporary guide in the dream bubbles." She said as she touched down on the ship.

"Dream bubbles?" The broken mother asked, wiping away her tears to listen to the juvenile troll fairy.

'Aradia's' smile widened but at the same time softened as well, "It's the afterlife Miss Dolorosa." She told her. The afterlife? So she was truly dead then? "A lot of trolls have been waiting for you Dolorosa, these three in particular." She motioned to the side. What?

She looked to the side and her eyes widened, a fresh wave of tears and disbelief washing over her as she sees three certain trolls walking into existence. They seemed in the same state of disbelief but looked happy, different with their white eyes but happy. The Signless, The Disciple and The Psiioniic stood with teary white eyes and ran towards her.

"Mother!"

"Purrim!"

"Rotha!"

The Dolorosa stood, only to get tackled down by three ecstatic troll adults. "Kankri, Meulin, Mituna!" She cried out, crying jade tears as she held on to them tightly, laughing wetly along with them. "Oh stars above, you're here! You're all really here aren't you?!"

Aradia smiled happily at the reunited family, only to look around sharply as she sensed a familiar presence, someone she had been trying to find for *years* now. She glanced back to the still sobbing family before flying off towards the presence, "Wait!" She called out as *he* moved away, traversing the bubbles with expertise that she was still learning. "Please, wait!"

He didn't stop, if anything he moved faster, trying to knock her off his trail like so many times before. "Not this time." She said to herself as she tried hard to keep track of him, "Cronus Ampora, please, I only want to talk to



you! Please!" She shouted as she entered the bubble, thinking she finally cornered him.

Instead, she was greeted with a blue sword and a lance, she internally groaned as she faced the newly departed Marquise Spinneret Mindfang and The Summoner. "Oh for fuck's sake." She sighed as they leveled their weapons at her.

"Who are you and what do you want with Cronus?" The Summoner demanded with a protective growl. "In fact, where is he? Where even are we?" He continued to question her.

Mindfang looked at her with a calculative look, but glanced at herself and The Summoner, hadn't they died in the final battle?

Aradia mentally cursed as she no longer sensed him, damn, she lost him.

---

Cronus huffed, hiding in a remote bubble as he watched Damara's dancestor start to interact and explain things to the Post-Scratch iterations of Aranea and Rufioh. Damn was that red fairy stubborn, she was getting more and more skilled in traversing the damned bubbles with each encounter.

At this rate, he wouldn't be able to find the troll he was *still* looking for even after hundreds of sweeps! Granted in the timeline he had *just* died, but in the Void and Dream Bubbles time and space was meaningless.

"**Cronus.**" The dead violetblood groaned, oh of *course* **he** would cross paths with him. "**Where the motherfuck have you been, the others are starting to notice your motherfucking absence.**" Cronus would never get used to how Kurloz was acting, first the purpleblooded clown fuck hated him with all his guts for the first thousand sweeps then practically ignored him the next thousand and then tried to actually *talk* to him for the next hundred- he was just, *so tired now*. And he wasn't even done with the mission that blasted denizen gave him!

"None of your business Kurloz. I've told you that so many times."

Kurloz only gave him a concerned look, and here to think just a near millennia ago the clown was after his blood and beating his ghostly body black and blue for answers he could never give him. ***"I... I motherfucking know, but I'm all up and concerned for you now brother. You've been gone from the others for motherfucking sweeps now, is it the Ancestors thing? I'm... I'm motherfucking sorry for that man."*** The clown tried to apologize, even he *himself* was disgusted at his Post-scratch version's actions. But then again, he had been no different sweeps ago, torturing the other for information he no longer wanted. He just wanted the other's forgiveness now.

Cronus snorted, giving him a blank look, "That's nothing, besides, weren't you something like that once upon a time?" He didn't care as the other winced at his truthful accusation. He felt empty, and tired, he just wanted everything to stop and get things over with.

***"I--"*** He wanted to say he changed and that he was really, really and truly sorry but Cronus interrupted him with a huff, "I don't hawve time for this." The ex-Hope player exited the bubble, ***"Cronus wait!"*** The Makara tried to follow him, but ended up in the wrong bubble.

Kurloz sighed heavily through sewn lips, frustration and sadness in his chest once more. All he wanted, was the chance for forgiveness, to say sorry and try to make it up to the seadweller.

---

***"TELL ME!"*** He snarled, ripping through his mind, trying, trying to find out what happened, what he'd **done**.

Cronus gave a choked gasp as he clawed at the stronger troll's grip around his neck, ***"I-I... ca...n't.."*** He choked out, feeling pain as his mind was torn into by Kurloz's chucklevoodooos.

***"WHAT THE MOTHERFUCK DID YOU DO TO MY PALEMATE YOU MOTHERFUCKING DECIEVER."*** He ignored the twinge as Cronus sobbed violet tears, instead of answering, the familiar mantra of 'I'msorryI'msorrypleaseforgiveme'. The string of apologies weren't aimed at him, they never were, instead they were for-

*"I'm so sorry Mituna."*

*He was filled with **Rage** once more.*

---

The clown clenched his fists, not in anger, never anger anymore, but in guilt and shame.

He wanted. No. *Needed*, to make it up to Cronus.

"KURLOTH HAI." Kurloz blinked, before giving his diamond his usual closed mouth smile, waving at the incoming goldblood but rushing to his side when Mituna tripped. "Heheheh wicked wipeout!" The goldblood rambled, grinning widely at him. Kurloz just nodded, papping him but his mind was elsewhere.

From afar, a certain violetblood watched in silence, whispering a short apology before moving on.

He had a mission to do after all.

---

==> Be Eridan

## Chapter End Notes

Translation in order of the fic:

"[You can't change anything. He won't let you. You are an anomaly and both my masters are keeping a close eye on you.] 'Foolish boy. We are slaves to his plans...' [I'm sorry for this.]"

"...[Idiot, what did I tell you?] 'Foolish boy'."

Yep, I overused the song but I totally commit to it. 'Run to You' is officially the song for both MACAO Dualscar and Dolorosa, or DualRosa. It's just *their* song, the song that the both of them share together on a very personal level. Anyway, with the Dolorosa Arc finally over, it's back to SGRUB people! That and the occasional dive

into the dream bubbles with the dancestors~~ By the way, I think this is the longest chapter I wrote for this story yet since I wanted to end the arc in this chapter. Sorry about the towards end, it's a bit rushed since I really wanted this chapter out for a long time but writer's block and procrastination held me back. But I finally got it out so there!

The tealblood at the end also may seem random but just think of him as Tegiri Kalbur's ancestor that worked for the Handmaid okay?  
Sshhhh....

Also what I wouldn't do to have someone draw pale DualRosa singing Run to You, specifically the part where they hold each other's faces and hands AH. But hey a writer can dream huh?

Things are picking up in the dream bubbles, confused? Don't worry it'll all be explained in time. For now, we go back to Eridan!

# SGRUB - Before the Beta

## Chapter Notes

Whoo! Continuing the SGRUB Arc! Which actually will crossover to SBURB Beta Arc. Essentially we'll be moving on to the SBURB Beta Arc with some SGRUB chapters inbetween or flashbacks to the troll's session during a few times.

Anyway, hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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### ==> Be Eridan

Eridan sighed as he craned his neck, rolling his tense shoulders, trying to alleviate them and relax. Another close call for Eridan Ampora.

It's been a week and a half since they've all entered the game, almost a week since Equius confessed to Nepeta and just a day or so for Eridan to have escaped death once again.

His planet, was definitely, *very* dangerous.

The Land of Wraiths and Angels was not a place Eridan would recommend to anyone else without a weapon like Ahab's Crosshairs with them, the weapon itself was powerful. As much as the comic had called it as a 'Legendary Piece of Shit', it was actually one of the most powerful weapons you could start with in a game like SGRUB and Eridan was using it to his advantage. But that didn't mean he kept to the one weapon *all* the time, he knows when he's too reliant on a weapon and he should have done something about it sooner, well, better late than never.

Eridan like to think he was now a well-rounded fighter, he was a beast at long range combat- Ahab's Crosshairs or not, he's taught Equius how to shoot his bows and how to control his strength for them and in return Equius has taught him hand to hand combat so in terms of close combat he

was alright. And in terms of weaponry, well back on Alternia he had loved collecting ancient weaponry from his the more exciting and less-violent FLARPing sessions that allowed him to find such artifacts, he was fair with the sword but it just wasn't for him even after how Vriska insisted it was. Though that was because his ancestor was a master swordsman as well as a master marksman so it was a given.

What he excelled though and found thrilling, not only at firearms but at *polearms*. He found himself drawn to long staffs, halberds, partisans, spears, even tridents but even though Feferi insisted it was fine and that she was thrilled to have someone else using tridents, he didn't use them much, tridents were *her* thing and he liked using the other weapons he had available, *especially* the spears.

Not to mention after copying the code of Ahab's Crosshairs, he's alchemized some stronger weaponry for himself. His favorite being, '*Ahab's Harpoon*', which was a spear and matched well with his Ahab's Crosshairs.

Ahab's Harpoon has a cool, blue metallic handle, with violet engravings that went along the pole like waves on the sea. The spear's head was a sharp, elegant, diamond shape. The edge glowed the same way his Crosshair's tip glowed as well, and engraved on the spearhead was a small seahorse, which always made him smile.

Ahab's Harpoon could also fire lasers, though it couldn't grow to the size the Crosshair's usually did, which could grow to a ridiculously *enormous* size, but it made up with its sharpness. It could cut through obsidian like fine butter, not to mention send laser-like slice beams if he tried.

Yep, his Ahab's weaponry were his favorite weapons.

Anyway, LOWAA was a dangerous place and definitely not a safe planet, but there were the few and rare hidden safe spots along the land, areas where one could relax completely without the threat of a Wraith of any type coming after them- his hive was one of these spots but it was a relatively new compared to the other spots he'd found.

One such spot he was in at the moment, Eridan took in a deep breath before releasing it as he sat back against the carpeted stone step of the 'Safe Zone'. It was within one of the cathedrals of his planet, the whole church was closed off and officially 'wraith-proof', the medieval-theme of his planet was beautiful, in a somewhat creepy and morbid way. It could've been more beautiful if it weren't for the wraiths that ventured the lands, and also probably his angels -who were quite terrifying in their own right- but still, it was somewhat of a pretty sight.

"Here you go Eri-fishy," Eridan blinked before smiling and accepting the steaming cup of tea, besides him, sitting on a lower step was Nepeta, who grinned at him, "It's chameowmeow~!" She purred smugly through her feline tea pun. Her mirth grows when Eridan snorts at it.

"Thank you Nepeta, it's delicious." He replied sincerely after a tentative sip. A content sigh escaping his lips at the taste.

On his other side and on a lower step, just one above Nepeta, Equius let out a small curse of "Fiddlesticks!" as he accidentally cracked his porcelain cup. Despite having an impressive amount of control over his strength, if Equius wasn't careful, his control could slip and he could break things. Most of the time he had a good grip and control over it so it wasn't necessarily a problem.

Both Eridan and Nepeta were amused, though Eridan took a towel from his sylladex and offered it to his tea-soaked moirail who gratefully accepted. With how much Equius sweated, Eridan was always stocked up on clean towels, and lately Nepeta had taken to the habit of storing clean towels in her sylladex as well.

"My thanks Eridan, and my apologies Nepeta, I have cracked another of your beautiful cups."

Both of his quadrantmates waved it off, "It's alright Equihiss! I can always make more with my alchemiter remember?" She giggled and took out another cup from her sylladex with flourish, "Tea?"

Equius smiled and nodded, "Yes please, and I will be more careful this time. Again." They shared a small laugh at that, Eridan smiled into his cup. And just earlier they been absconding from a particularly strong horde of wraiths, there had simply been too many to deal with at once and they had been already quite exhausted from how much they'd ventured, they were ways away from his hive.

Eridan had been reluctant to let them come to his planet, very dangerous, too dangerous he tried to warn them but both of them had been adamant and hadn't been deterred by the slightest.

Though both of their reactions of the occupants of his planet had been... exciting, to say the least.

Angels and Trolls did not usually mix well, the very first instinct for a troll was to attack and it was only because both Eridan and Dadsprite had been there to stop them from making a horrible and huge mistake of attacking his consorts. But even now, he could see Equius and Nepeta tense slightly as a small angel made itself home around Eridan's shoulders.

Eridan himself had gotten used to them quickly since they were *his* consorts after all, they would not attack unless provoked.

"Wwe should probably head back, I think that's enough explorin' for noww." Eridan told them after some time, they had spent a good five hours, exploring his planet. They made considerable progress since this was probably one of the hardest planets to explore among the twelve within their session. Both wraiths and angels made it hard to explore it properly, though the angels at least tried to help but their presence to trolls was just unnerving and downright terrifying.

It was kind of why he was reluctant to let anyone else on his planet, Sollux, Feferi and Vriska were adamant to visit his planet at least once and spend time on his planet with him. Equius and Nepeta of course had leeway, with Equius being his moirail and Nepeta being Equius' matesprit.

Which, by the way, Eridan was over the moon about.



Equius becoming matesprits with Nepeta was possibly one of the best things that happened to them and to Eridan, of course, Nepeta had tried refuse, still fuming over Equius' idiotic actions with Aradia -who had been undoubtedly very busy at the moment and was still somewhat a problem-ish concerning a lot of things romantically-, the blueblood managed to win her over and now they were a happy flush couple.

He and Karkat were glad for them, Karkat being glad because, of course, he was the local go-to 'romance' guy and self-proclaimed 'quadrant expert' aside from Nepeta. So when Equius and Nepeta had officially opened as flushed, he was all over that and congratulating them after a calculating moment, figuring that yes, they *were* perfect for each other. He was also the same when Sollux and Feferi opened as black.

At any rate though, Eridan was really glad that Equius and Nepeta were happy with each other and together as matesprits.

Equius grunted, finishing his tea and carefully handing the, thankfully, not-broken cup to his dearest matesprit, "Agreed, I think we've stayed out long enough." He said, standing up, stretching slightly.

Nepeta followed after, smiling widely, "It was really fun! We should do it again sometimes, these wraiths are so diffurrent from the enemies we have on ofur planets." She cheered, being optimistic even though originally the wraiths kind of made her scared, but she got over it. She was a *predator*, she's hunted lots of lusii, the wraiths weren't anything different, besides! She had Equius and Eridan to back her up, she could always rely on them.

LOWAA was the only planet that didn't regularly spawn game enemies like imps, salamanders, ogres and such. He, Equius and Nepeta had found a few prototyped Acherons, but they had been deep inside some cathedrals that had some sort of underground catacombs and network that lead somewhere deeper into the planet- they didn't go that deep into the catacombs, too risky, they could go another time.

For now, they had been content to just explore the surface of LOWAA, and now that they had, they'd go back to his very safe hive and relax easier, maybe go to Nepeta's planet for more tea and such.

The violetblood stood, nodding at them before turning to the angel on his shoulder, "Can you please check on howw many wwraiths are there?" He asked his small consort. Smiling slightly as the angel perked, flying off his shoulder with a musical chirp.

*.:Check for young hope, our hope, yes will, check, check:.*

Both Equius and Nepeta shuddered slightly, to them, the musical chirp *was* somewhat beautiful, if only it didn't invoke something in them that just made them instinctively terrified at the sound. It was because of this that Eridan requested that most of his angels, the more bigger ones, leave him, his moirail and his moirail's matesprit alone during the trip, of course the angels made a fuss because they didn't want to leave *him* alone.

So he compromised and had his smaller angels with a few medium-sized ones tail them, plus, the smaller ones he could use as scouts which was useful for situations like now.

"I am still awed by how unaffected you are to these... angels my diamond." Equius murmured as he watched the small white terror -in his and every other troll's opinion- "But then again, it always awes me on how self-composed you are and the tight control you have over your instincts. Which by the way, still worries me sometimes." He told him with a frown. He didn't really think it was healthy to keep tight control over one's instinct, especially with Eridan's caste violent tendencies, something he rarely saw in his moirail, it was impressive and all but sometimes those violent tendencies were actually quite healthy for a troll their age.

Nepeta nodding in agreement with Equius, "Equihiss is right Erifishy, you're purrobably the meowst controlled highblood to efurr exhisst! Even Tavros has mewre blood rages than you, and it's Tavros!" She declared somewhat exaggeratedly, though it was nothing but the truth. Even the pacifistic brownblood had succumbed to more blood rages than Eridan, which was very surprising.

Eridan shrugged, awkwardly fiddling with the blue scarf Equius had gifted him sweeps ago as a gift, "I just don't like being angry much is all." He

muttered a bit lamely, which was kind of the truth. He didn't like being angry, anger just lead to said blood rages which still very terrified him.

Sweeps ago, falling into a blood rage, even for a good cause and he'd gladly do it again if it would save Equius again, it had been terrifying to lose control like that. It just... taking back control, covered in both your own blood along with the blood of others was... Eridan shook his head, snapping back to attention as his small angel came back with another angel.

*..Small horde, young hope, careful, small but deadly:.*

Both angels told him, curling around his shoulders and did their usual whispers into his earfins. He petted their heads, chuckling at their musical purring, like tinkling chimes in the wind. He was even more amused as he sees both Equius and Nepeta cringe away slightly. "There's a small horde nearby, medium-strength wraiths." He informed them.

They nodded, inwardly sighing in relief as the angels uncoiled from Eridan's shoulders to disappear to somewhere afar. Equipping their weapons, they got ready to get out of the Safe Zone Church to face the small horde of wraiths and to get back to Eridan's hive.

==> STRIFE

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==> A week later

"Eri-fiiiiish~~! I found the frog!" Feferi declared, grinning widely as she showed Eridan the squirming, speckled, violet amphibian in her grip. "It was hiding somewhere over there by the reef!" She motioned to the reef nearby- she and Eridan were currently helping Kanaya and Karkat with frog breeding at the moment, within the waters of Kanaya's planet, LORAF, Land of Rays and Frogs.

Apparently there were a few frogs that were underwater, both Karkat and Kanaya couldn't afford to really wait for them since they were needed in a specific sequence and it was a bit deep for two trolls that hardly ever went swimming, so they asked both Eridan and Feferi to help them, he and Feferi

were glad to help. Though, Eridan idly wondered if Feferi had to help with the breeding in the comic before shoving it aside and smiled at the fish princess. "That's great Feferi, I'll tell Kanaya wwe found the frog and wwhere the next one is." He told her before turning his attention to his glasses.

CA: Wwe found the frog Kan, wwhere's the next one?

GA: Oh Good

GA: Hold On

GA: Its Nearby Let Me Figure Out The Coordinates And Location

"Alright, hold on for a moment Fef, Kan's givvin' me the next place." Feferi only nodded with a giggle, letting go of the violet frog since Kanaya should have appearified its paradox slime by now.

The Fuchsia heiress swam circles around him, smiling happily at the chance to spend some time together with him regardless it was frog hunting- with them underwater, Sollux couldn't really interfere! Feferi grinned widely at the thought, twirling excitedly with a small squeal. Getting to be alone with Eridan was a treat, since lately things had been a bit busy for everyone, what with everyone's plans and all, Feferi hardly had time to spend time with Eridan alone with their busy schedules.

"Fef, come on, the next frog is actually really near. After this one, wwe can meet up with Kan an' Kar afterwards." Eridan said, snapping her out of her thoughts. "It should be a crimson frog with dark red stripes, around the same size the last frog." He informed her, motioning her to follow as he started to swim in a certain direction.

Feferi followed after him, "Hey Eri-fish," She started after a moment, swimming right besides him, this was her chance, she could ask him, "Want to hang trout-um, I mean-out after this? Just the two of us?"

She knew where Eridan stood on the concupiscent half of the quadrants, actually she knew where Eridan stood in quadrants in general; she heard that if it weren't for Equius, Eridan would've been fine being quadrantless for the rest of his life, which was very strange. Even when the subject of the

drones came in, he utterly refused the proposition for reasons unknown. It really confused her until she learned of the game, Eridan clearly knew that their world would end. He was probably more focused on becoming prepared for the game than relationships at the time, she wondered sometimes on how he knew about the game until she found out that he'd been awake on Derse all this time.

Eridan was an enigma most of the time, but that really just added into his charm, now if only he wasn't so oblivious and somewhat hard to approach...

Eridan blinked, Feferi's bloodpusher pumped at the smile he gave her once he glanced her way, "Sure, wwe havven't hung out in a wwhile since the game started huh? After helpin' Kar and Kan, wwe can head ovver to your planet." The fuchsiablooded seadweller grinned brightly, letting Eridan swim ahead a bit to hide the fact she was celebrating, pumping her fist in victory, yes! Take *that* Sollux!

"Fef? You comin'?"

Feferi beamed at him, "Shell yeah! Leave it to me Eri-fishy, I'll find that frog!" She declared, swimming ahead of him with fervor, looking for the last frog so they could head over to Feferi's planet, LODAG, the Land of Dew and Glass.

Meanwhile with Eridan, he chuckled at the enthusiasm and optimism Feferi was showing. She was certainly excited to hang out, but Eridan could understand, they had spent a lot of time together on Alternia; even though almost half the time it was to feed her horrorterror lusus but she was a joy to be around. He could see how Eridan of the canon comic could have fallen for her, especially thinking of how Eridan grew up, if only that Eridan had acted a bit less pompous then maybe he would've had a chance to be with Feferi. Oh well, at he and Feferi were good friends this time, she was so nice, a bit naive and sometimes snobbish without realizing it but she meant well.

Both seadwellers managed to find the last frog that had been deep underwater, with that done, they went over to meet up with the frog breeding team of Karkat and Kanaya back on land at Kanaya's island.

Swimming from the deep waters to the shallows and shore in record time as Feferi proposed a bit of a race, Eridan agreed in good fun but let Feferi win the race.

"I win!" Feferi cheers as she jumps out of the water and onto the beach of the island, smiling widely as she waited a bit impatiently for Eridan who merely laughed slightly, climbing out of the water and switching to his normal glasses as his vision isn't as good as it is in the water.

The violetblood took out two clean towels for them both, offering one to Feferi with flourish, "Congratulations your highness, your prize." He joked making Feferi giggle as she accepted the towel, "Nice job though Fef, wwe'll talk with Kar and Kan a bit before wwe head over to LODAG alright?"

"Ocray~!" Feferi chimed, walking by his side as they headed over to Kanaya's established frog breeding grounds which was right besides her towering hive.

It wasn't a long walk, it barely took five minutes before they arrived at the white foundation of the frog breeding grounds, "Kan! Kar! Wwe're back!" Eridan called out as they climbed the steps to it. Though, when they reached the floor, they were surprised to see a third person waiting for them as well.

Kanaya's frog breeding area was a big even and white platform where she set up the lab needed to breed the paradox-made frogs, there were a lot of paradox clones of frogs hopping about the platform, Karkat was actually herding a few frogs to one side of the platform, "Oh, welcome back!" Kanaya greets them with a smile besides the slime appearifier. "I really must thank you for assisting Karkat and I in this, also, as you can see, a certain someone has stopped by." She said, motioning to the troll standing besides her.

Feferi's good mood wilted and she let out an annoyed groan, Eridan on the other hand smiled in greeting, "Hello Sollux." He greeted the grinning goldblooded psionic.

"Thup ED." Sollux greeted back, sending Feferi a smug look that had her fuming. Of *course* he'd be here!

The fuchsiablood glared at him, "What the shell are you doing here *Shoallux*." She asked-or rather, demanded through gritted teeth, smirking at the briefly irritated look on the psionic's face- he never liked Feferi's aquatic pun nickname for him, hell he didn't like her aquatic puns period. "I thought you were busy on your planet doing cod knows what."

Sollux huffed, "What? Can't a guy vithit a hith friendth onthe in a while?" He retorted, before shrugging, "Eh, got bored and thtopped exploring and thought, 'Hey, what are KK an' KN doing?' tho I came over to maybe give them a hand at thith bizarre frog thing they got going on." He answered her semi-cheerfully, giving her an aggravating grin. "And would you look at that, you two were here too." In truth actually, Karkat involuntarily told him that she and Eridan had come to LORAF to help with the frog breeding, knowing that Feferi would try something, he'd decided to interfere with whatever she had in plan.

Top of the blood caste or not, heiress (well, ex-heiress now, Alternia and the Empire was entirely dead now) or not, his *kismesis* or not, he was not giving Eridan up over to her. Not without a fight or without even trying.

"Kan asked us for help since some of the frogs she needed wwere deep underwater, she an' Kar can't swwim that deep, rather they can't really swwim at all but Fef and I wwere happy to help." Eridan said to him with an easy smile that had Sollux mirroring it, the violetblood was so, *different* compared to all the other violetbloods. He was glad that out of *all* the violetbloods in the world, he was playing SGRUB with Eridan.

"Course, Fef and I are done noww. So wwe wwere plannin' to leavve for LODAG an' relax a wwile." That wiped Sollux's smile and revived Feferi's good mood, as well as had her smiling smugly at her dearest kismesis.

From the sidelines, Kanaya and Karkat watched, Kanaya palming her face while Karkat eagerly watched since this was essentially a real life romcom in his opinion. Of course he tried to not make it obvious that he was

enjoying every single dramatic moment while being somewhat frustrated at how oblivious Eridan actually was, also maybe the tiniest bit envious.

"What about EQ?" Sollux questioned him.

The Aquarius coughed, looking away with a small blush that had both Feferi and Sollux staring, "Equi is currently spendin' some 'genuine' time wwith Nep, I didn't wwant to intrude..." *'Again.'* Eridan thought with a growing blush as he remembered... *interrupting* said 'genuine' time by walking into Equius' hive without warning. *'For star's sake Nepeta, Equius, leavve a sign or somethin' next time...'* Well, he did this time, but it had taken a bit for Eridan to face both Equius and Nepeta without a look of extreme embarrassment. Equius was the same but surprisingly, or unsurprisingly if you really knew her, Nepeta was without shame and proceeded relentlessly teased both her matesprit and his moirail much to their mirroring mortification.

"Oh..." Sollux was a bit lost for words, because he had never really thought Equius, he meant this in a totally non-offensive way Eridan, would be able to find an actual matesprit with how he was. Though, not only that, he was a bit lost for words because of the way Eridan was blushing, *Eridan was blushing*, and by god was he adorable with that. Feferi would definitely but reluctantly agree with her kismesis in that train of thought.

Feferi was the one to snap out of it first, "Weell~" She drawled out with mock cheerfulness, "Like what Eri-fishy said, it was grate helping you Kanaya but since we're done, Eri-fishy and I can go right? Well, buh-bye!" She declared, linking her arm with Eridan's and beginning to walk away.

"Hold on!" Sollux was suddenly before them, using his psionics to fly, "Mind if I join in? Got nothing elthe to do, pluth KK and KN don't really need my help."

Kanaya started to speak, "But you just got h-mmph!" Karkat's hand cut her off, "Yeah sure, all of you get the fuck out of here. Kanaya and I are busy as fuck but we're okay on our own." The usually grumpy troll told them with a smirk, Eridan was just confused from the whole situation.



Feferi glared at him, "Yes, we'd *totally* mind. Eri-fishy agreed to spend some time with *me*." She emphasized by hugging Eridan's arm, sticking her tongue out at the ticked off goldblood, "So you can just make like a fish and swim."

Sollux rolled his eyes, scowling, "That wath fucking awful, 'make like a fithh and thwim'? Theriouthly FF?" He mocked, Feferi let go of Eridan's arm to put her hands at her hips, scowling back to her rival in almost all senses. "Your punth may jutht be wortht than your bite fithh printhetth." He taunted.

Eridan sighed as he stood besides Kanaya and Karkat, all three trolls watching as Feferi and Sollux threw black-barbed taunts at each other and essentially having it delve into a pitch argument, Eridan could see it make it's way to become a pitch fight which would be a bad idea over all since it might damage Kanaya's breeding lab.

"I apologize on behalf of Fef and Sol you guys, I'll havve them do their pitch business somewhere more appropriate and perhaps privvate." Eridan told them, going over to the arguing kismesis couple, "Alright you twwo, break it up for a moment, you are *not* going to fight in Kan's lab, let's take that somewhere else, like LODAG." He said, taking both of their arms and dragging them off into the sky -Vriska had given him the code for her rocket shoes, Eridan alchemized the code with his boots, creating rocket boots- Sollux and Feferi still bickering but gladly holding on to Eridan as he flew.

Both Kanaya and Karkat watched the three disappear into the gate, after a moment Karkat burst with laughter, falling on his ass as he rolled around in mirth, Kanaya let out a self-suffering sigh. "And he calls me ignorant to red solicitations." She said, just adding into Karkat's laughter.

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==>A week later

carcinoGeneticist [CG] has opened a memo on TEAM  
ADORABLOODTHIRTSY transmitimeline bulletin board [5:12 PM]  
labelled "OKAY FUCKWITS HERE WE FUCKING GO"

CCG: OKAY SHITHEADS, THE TIME IS NOW  
CCG: THIS IS IT, THE FINAL FUCKING BATTLE IS GOING TO  
HAPPEN IN JUST A COUPLE OF FUCKING HOURS.  
CCG: EVERYONE FUCKING READY??

arachnidsGrip [AG] responded to memo RIGHT NOW

CAG: Ready as I'll ever be >:::D

grimAuxiliatrix [GA] responded to memo RIGHT NOW

CGA: Yes  
CGA: Though I Would Still Like To Point Out How Reckless It Was To  
Speed Up The Frog Breeding

CCG: WE DIDN'T HAVE A FUCKING CHOICE KANAYA  
CCG: TIME WAS RUNNING OUT AND IS RUNNING OUT RIGHT  
THE FUCK NOW SO IT WAS EITHER SPEED UP THE GENESIS  
FROG BREEDING OR HAVE NO GENESIS FROG AT ALL

CGA: I Can See The Logic In That But It Was Still Quite Reckless But I Do  
See Your Point And Shall Concede  
CGA: For The Moment

gallowsCalibrator [GC] responded to memo RIGHT NOW

CGC: 1 B3L13V3 W3 4R3 4LL QU1T3 R34DY K4RK4T  
CGC: BOTH J4CK 4ND TH3 QU33N H4V3 B33N PROP3RLY 3X1L3D  
4ND 3V3RYTH1NG H4S GON3 4CCORD1NG TO PL4N >:]

CCG: AND THANK GOD FOR THAT

adiosToreador [AT] responded to memo RIGHT NOW

CAT: i THINK I'M READY,,,  
CAT: i MEAN,,, i KNOW I'M READY }:)

CAG: Good, don't want a wimp like you holding us all back

CAT: }:/

terminallyCapricious [TC] responded to the memo RIGHT NOW

CTC: NoW nOw sPiDeRsIs

CTC: TaVbRo'S BeEn TrAiNiNg WiCkEdLy

CTC: He'S MoThErFuCkInG rEaDy

CAT: aWW, tHANKS GAMZEE }:]

CTC: HoNk

CTC: :o)

CCG: YEAH YEAH, RED TEAM IS READY BUT WHERE THE FUCK IS THE BLUE TEAM?!

centaursTesticle [CT] has responded to the memo RIGHT NOW

arsenicCatnip [AC] has responded to the memo RIGHT NOW

apocalypseArisen [AA] has responded to the memo RIGHT NOW

CCT: D --> I must apologize for our lateness Vantas but were in the process of making a few last minute preparations

CCT: D --> I reassure though, we are all quite ready

CAC: :33 < \*ac agr33s with her STRONG equine matesprit\* yeah! don't worry karkitty, we are so fucking ready!

CCT: D --> Language love

CAC: :33 < whoops, sorry

CCT: D --> <3

CAC: X33 < <3

CAA: ribbit

CAA: were all ready f0r the battle

CAA: itll happen in exactly One h0ur fr0m n0w

CAA: we sh0uld meet up on skaia

CCG: WE SHOULD

CCG: HOLD ON, WHERE THE FUCK ARE SOLLUX, FEFERI AND ERIDAN

twinArmageddons [TA] responded to the memo RIGHT NOW

cuttlefishCuller [CC] responded to the memo RIGHT NOW

CCC: )(--ER--E~!

CCC: Saury, made a few last minute prep too! Bait t)(ere is no doubt t)(at we will all kick bass!

CTA: 2ame, ii wa2 makiing 2ure of a few thiing2

CTA: ii dunno where ED ii2 though

CAG: Oh gr8, its the final 8attle and the 8astard is nowhere to 8e seen

CCT: D --> I w001 advise you to watch your words Serket

CAC: 3:< < dont call eri-fish a bastard vriska

CCC: Don't call )(im a basstard Vriska >8/

CTA: don't call hiim that 2erket

CAG: Alright, alright, protective much? Geeze >::::P

CGC: WH3R3 COULD M1ST3R GR4P3 POP B3?? >:?

CCT: D --> Perhaps I sh001d go check

calmingAquarius [CA] has responded to the memo RIGHT NOW

CCA: It's fine Equi, I'm alright.

CCA: Just had to check on a feww things, that's all.

CCA: Wwe're all ready and it's time.

CCA: I'll meet you all on Skaia.

calmingAquarius [CA] ceased responding to the memo

CCG: OKAY BUT WHATEVER

CCG: YOU FUCKING HEARD HIM. EVERYONE TO SKAIA! WE HAVE A BLACK KING TO BEAT!

Eridan grimaced as he switched his glasses, the violetblood stared at the stone doors before turning on his heel and making his way- he had a battle to fight.

Behind him, he ignored the menacing laughter of his denizen.

He wondered if he should have just killed the damned creature instead of striking a deal, had he known it was *that* denizen...

Eridan's fists clenched as he put it all past him, he didn't have time to contemplate shoulds and woulds right now, he needed to get to skaia.

~~(==> 3NT3R P4SSWORD)~~

==>[S] **Rex Duodecim Angelus**

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==> Eridan: Answer

timeausTestified [TT] began pestering calmingAquarius [CA]

TT: Sup boo

CA: Wwhat

TT: Babe

CA: \*Wwhat\*

TT: Little sweetheart of mine

CA: \*\*Wwhat the fuck\*\*

TT: Hahahaha

TT: This is going to be fucking hilarious I can already tell

==>A few minutes ago

## Chapter End Notes

YEAAAAAAAAAH, I managed to update it! Sorry it took two months but I managed!

# Pre-SBURB - Before and During the Beta

## Chapter Notes

I'm taking my writings more seriously; as in I'm trying to get over my procrastination and actually do some work.

Also here, we enter some serious Canon Divergence.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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==> A few minutes ago

Eridan breathed, panting lightly as he could feel the exhaustion settle in as the adrenaline in his veins finally settled. The battle with the Black King had been harrowing, especially with final attack he and Vriska used to end it.

He cringed a bit as he felt the consequence of said actions in the back of his mind, syrupy and dark whispers and promises crept through his thoughts, tendrils of *something so **wrong** yet so **right** seductively beckoning his consciousness*- He pushed it down, suppressed it, was this what Rose felt? How had she coped? How- He'd have to speak with her later on, which he was definitely planning to do.

"Eridan are you alright?" He turned and saw Equius looking at him in concern, "Perhaps you should sit down." He suggested, muscled arms wrapping itself around the tired seadweller who smiled at him.

"I'm alright Equi, just tired." Eridan reassured him but did sit down. Just for a moment, it wasn't over yet after all; they were on the final lilypad- the Victory Platform. The grey platform was suspended in space, the grayed out Sgrub-house-logo stood at the end of the platform, right before the remains of Skaia's Battefield, the 'hatching ground' for their prize. Their Ultimate Reward.

Mere minutes away from the 'end' of their session's game, they 'won'. They defeated the Black King, they were tired, battered, but they had did it, they had 'beaten' the game.

Eridan knew better, he should say something, say *anything* because *they wouldn't be able to claim it and there was so much more instore for them-* but he doesn't.

He can't.

And it frustrates him to no end.

"This is it! Alright you fucks- get ready!"

The violetblood stands as Karkat rallies them up, it was time;

A universe was about to be born.

*And it was absolutely beautiful.*

Act 7 of Homestuck was amazing to watch, but to witness the creation of a genesis frog *in person*?

It was an indescribable experience- and yet, the awe that filled him turned to frustration, pity, and dread.

Karkat had been right, when he spoke with Jade in the comic about their genesis frog, the kid's *universe*. It looked... ill, to say the least.

The gray Sgrub-house turned blue, and the door appeared.

The Ultimate Reward was in reach, so close-

*A flash of green.*

And so far.

Eridan knew he was coming but he was still surprised when the empowered and dog-god-like dersite appeared.



Jack Noir had entered the Troll Session.

The next thing he knew, he was being lifted in the air. Courtesy of Aradia and her psionics, he, along with the others were thrown towards a transportalizer and transported to *The Meteor*. Their future state of residence for the time being as they hid from the Sovereign Slayer himself.

---

The sudden transport was dizzying, Eridan shook his head and listened to the groans of the others as they all recuperated from the surprise attack.

"What. The fuck. *Was that?!*" Ah, there was Karkat. Already up and yelling in his typical and admirable fiery nature -no Equius, he was not crushing on Karkat, he was simply admiring sense of his determination and hardy personality, that was it and that's final- so that was good to know and hear.

"Is evveryone alright?" Eridan called out as he finally sat up and looked around, they were all strewn about in the computer lab of the meteor, Equius was quick to sit up, gather Nepeta in his arms and come to Eridan's side, fussing over the both of them. "Equius, I'm fine, are you and Nepeta okay?" He asked in return, reassuring and calming his moirail in a few paps.

Both of them nodded, "We're okay Eri-fishy." Nepeta answers for them both, giving him a winning smile that has him smiling back. Eridan looks back to the others.

"Evveryone else?"

"I'm motherfucking miraculous motherfucker."

"I-I'm uh, alright, Eridan."

"No need to worry Sir Sweet Grape! It is safe to say, we are all unharmed whatsoever."

"We're A-O-Cray Eri-fish!"

"None of uth are hurt ED."

"I believe we are all alright, what about you Eridan?"

"We're fiiiiiiiine."

"All systems are functional and everyone is accounted for."

Good, looks like everyone was alright.

Karkat immediately goes into an angry rant but Eridan is distracted. His glasses *pinged*- Eridan frowned, what.

Who was trolling him?

==> Eridan: Answer

---

timeausTestified [TT] began pestering calmingAquarius [CA]

TT: Sup boo

CA: Wwhat

TT: Babe

CA: \*Wwhat\*

TT: Little sweetheart of mine

CA: \*\*Wwhat the fuck\*\*

TT: Hahahaha

TT: This is going to be fucking hilarious I can already tell

For once in a while, Eridan had no idea what the fuck was happening. This was something he hadn't expected *at all*, and Karkat was still ranting and Equius finally let go of him and Nepeta. He focused back on the conversation. Why was *Dirk Strider* of all people pestering him? How and why?

TT: So, little fish

TT: Let's talk

CA: Howw and wwhy are you pestering me

TT: No 'wwho'?

TT: I'm going to suspect you already know who I am then

CA: ...

CA: Dirk Strider.

TT: Damn

TT: So even this far back, you still know my name even this far back

TT: I still want to know how the fuck you know the shit you know

TT: But anyway, I'm suppose to say, "Close but not really"

CA: Wwhat does that mean

TT: How the the hell am I suppose to know, I'm just the messenger here between you and you

CA: 'Me and me'

CA: My futureself, you talk to my futureself?

CA: Erm, I mean I talk to you a lot in the future?

TT: A lot is an understatement fishboy

TT: You talk to me and Rox too much honestly

TT: Speaking all about cryptic bullshit that both have made and have not made sense, yet

CA: Rox? As in Roxy Lalonde?

TT: See?

TT: Just like that, this is suppose to be the first time you ever talk to me and Rox but you still know our names

TT: But yes, Rox as in Roxy Lalonde.

TT: And here I thought I could play with you because you'd be the helpless little shit that didn't know anything that was going on at the moment

CA: Technically speaking I still havve no idea wwwhat's going on at the moment.

TT: Yeah but you obviously know something because you know both Roxy's and my name dipshit

CA: Howw long have I talked to you Dirk.

CA: And to Roxy as wwell?

TT: For as long as I had pesterchum

TT: So specifically ever since I was 15, so pretty much half of the time I've been alive

TT: You don't talk to Roxy until she gets Rose though

CA: ...

CA: Oh.

CA: \*\*Oh\*\*

CA: Oh fuck

TT: Yes 'oh fuck'

CA: Jegus fucking christ

TT: And there goes the jegus thing that infects absolutely everyone

TT: At any rate, I'm going to guess that soon you'll be doing that

TT: The whole, 'bother me from fucking 1995 to now'

CA: And wwhen is exactly 'noww' for you?

TT: The start of this weirdass game you told and warned both me and Rox about

TT: Dave and I just entered the game

TT: I'm on his awesomely hot planet

CA: The Land of Heat and Clockwork

TT: Understatement to 'Heat' but yeah

CA: This is complicated

TT: You think that's complicated? Just wait until I get Dave and his 3rd birthday

TT: Now THAT's fucking complicated you fucking asshole

CA: Is that resentment I'm sensing from you

TT: Old thing, don't worry

TT: You'll know what I mean

CA: Right...

CA: HOPY SHIT

Eridan is shocked out of his conversation as the sound of a chainsaw rings out, he temporarily looks away from Trollian to see Kanaya revving her chainsaw and-

There went Tavros' legs.

Shit.

Eridan quickly looked away, the sight of blood, of *any* color, made him kind of uncomfortable. But hey, at least Tavros was about to get robotic legs now.

TT: What

TT: Eridan what happened

TT: Eridan

CA: I'm fin

CA: Fine

CA: Just some unexpected stuff happening and shocked the hell out of me.

TT: 'Unexpected stuff'

CA: Yes

TT: Well I gtg

TT: It was kinda nice springing shit on you instead of you springing shit on me Eridan

TT: Just wait for Rox to spring up on you and then you can go spring shit on me in typical 'Ampora Bullshit' as I like to call it.

TT: Because as far as I know it, the computer you have there somewhere on that rock can't normally go as far as 1995 and shit

TT: Also word of advice from yourself

TT: Keep talking to me and Rox on the down low for as long as you can

CA: This is all so complicated

TT: I know right but that's your fault

CA: Howw in the hell is this my fault

TT: Because you're different and the universe apparently doesn't like that

CA: ...

TT: I know dude

TT: Not all of it, obviously but I know enough

CA: I

CA: How

CA: I've never even told Equius about

CA: Why you

CA: You have

TT: Lil Cal?

TT: He's locked up

TT: Well he was but now he's gone

TT: I've got you to thank for that

TT: And as for why...

TT: Well, you'll see for yourself Eridan

CA: Dirk

CA: You called me sweetheart

TT: Wishful thinking

TT: Even now

TT: ...

TT: I need to go

timeausTestified [TT] ceased pestering calmingAquarius [CA]

Eridan could feel his heart pumping.

What.

The.

Entire.

Fuck.

"ED? You okay?"

He glanced to see the concerned look of Sollux, he inhaled and smiled.

"Evverything's fine."

==> Be Dirk?

---

Dirk.

Nah.

Call him Bro.

Only two people could really call him Dirk.

And he probably just fucked up one of them a bit by hinting things that should not be hinted at.

Anyway. He was Dirk "Bro" Strider, and right now, he marveled at Dave's planet. The heat was surprisingly bearable, he was wary about the amount of lava though. Dave would be fine, he's taught the kid so much shit, he's almost worried that his little bro forgot a few things. Almost.

Dave would be fine.

But checking up on his dorky little brother wouldn't really hurt.

He directed his rocketboard back to the apartment.

As he did, a slightly bitter snort left him as he thought to the conversation he ended.

God he was pathetic, even after all these years...

Bro shook his head and smoothed his features as he saw the apartment, it was slightly different since he left but that was fine. He lands and decides to talk to Roxy, inform her about the situation.

timeausTestified [TT] began pestering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]

TT: Yo mamacita

TG: broooo

TG: dirk my rosy's planet is amazeballs

TG: its p bright tho

TG: 2 fukkin brijt

TT: I can imagine

TT: Anyway, got a chance to talk to our favorite fishboy now

TG: nup

TT: You should

TT: Got that file on hand?

TG: yep

TT: Good

TG: oh w8

TG: is this when

TG: hoooooopy shiiiiit

TG: dirky



TT: Mhmm, first talk coming up

TT: He's still pretty cryptic though

TT: Somehow he still knows our names and things he probably shouldn't

TG: fuckin cruptic fishbabes amirite

TT: Yes

TG: anywsy

TG: ill go do that now

TG: give im the file so u n he can talk from like waaaaaay be4

TG: still so unfair u got to talk to him longer

TG: butt srsly this is gonna be gr8

TT: Hah

TG: bye bby

TG: got a fishbby to talk 2

tipsyGnostalgic [TG] ceased pestering timeausTestified [TT]

Good, things should be going on track by now.

"Bro?"

He tilted his head and turned around coolly, there was Dave, his awesome little brother who was going to be a god.

Damn does time fly.

"Uh, Bro? How well do you know about CA on pesterchum?" Dave asks, trying to be as cool and collected as he was, it was cute but he had a long way to go to reach his level of cool, collected and awesome. Not that he wasn't those already, but he had yet to totally master them like Bro had.

"I like to think I know him pretty well." He replied, "Known him since I was fifteen." That surprises him obviously, just a few years before he got Dave, since Eridan first warned him about Dave just months after his 16'th birthday. Which he was glad for, since it gave him some time to prepare for

the new addition to his life aside from Eridan, but then again he had been used to Eridan after a few months of almost non-stop trolling to get his attention.

He mentally wished his past self good luck and turned his attention back to Dave.

"So you know CA's apparently an alien troll guy?" Dave blurts out and Bro smirks at him.

There was so much more to Eridan than just a 'alien troll guy'.

So much more.

---

Things settle down a bit, Karkat fainted after Kanaya cut off Tavros' legs, Equius was working on Tavros' new robotic legs with Nepeta assisting him, the others took to exploring the meteor. Supposedly putting away their things in chests on the meteor for whatever reason, Eridan would keep his things in his sylladex thanks.

Eridan was trying to figure out some things. Mainly the computers, he and Sollux were trying to figure out the computers, that and Eridan was awaiting for Roxy Lalonde to show up-

tipsyGnostalgic [TG] is pestering calmingAquarius [CA]

There we go.

TG: hey there eridan bby boi

CA: Roxy

TG: yeeeeee[

TG: \*p

CA: I am still quite confused on wwwhat to actually do

TG: gud luck w that babs

TG: but ya told me tha tthe compupeter there can't rly view us n shit ritw?

CA: Yes

CA: The computer terminals here can't vvieww anyone else besides Rose, John, Jade and Davve...

TG: so future u n past me worked on that

TG: im a lttle jelly u dont talk to me until i get my sweet darling rosy but i kno why u do it

CA: You do?

TG: yeeepppp[ppp

TG: anyway, heres the file

TG: **TIME TRAVEL TROLL STUFF FOR ERIDANYAY.rxl**<

TG: the tittle

TG: snrk

TG: tittle

TG: \*title

TG: was made when i finished it drunk after rosy turned 11

TG: ya gotta have me make it after rosy turns 1 or b4 that

TG: took like 10 years to properly make that shit

CA: Noted

CA: Thank you Roxy

TG: no prob bob

TG: now i gtg

TG: gotta meet up with jakey

TG: miss the old man

TG: later eridan

CA: I suppose so Roxy

CA: Bye

tipsyGnostalgic [TG] ceased pestering calmingAquarius [CA]

Eridan leaned back, rubbing his forehead as he tried to make sense of everything.

While it was true that he wanted to change a some things for the kids session, he didn't really expect to go *that* far.

"Everything alright Eridan?" He glanced towards Equius, cringing slightly at the brown bloodstains on him, the blueblood noticed and smiled sheepishly, "Ah, I apologize for my state of dress Eridan. I have just finished giving Tavros his much-needed robotic augmentations." Eridan glanced over to the currently unconscious Tavros, Nepeta was cleaning up the leftover blood, waving over to him cheerfully, just as blood-stained as Equius was.

Eridan felt his stomach roll uncomfortably, he never got used to the blood, though he could ignore it very well. He had years of practice to do it after all.

Nonetheless he stood and smiled approvingly at Equius, "Good job Equi, an' yes, I'm fine. Certainly shocked but relativvely fine." He reassured him, giving Equius a pale-intentional kiss to the cheek, making the other smile. "Noww, wwwhy don't you an' Nep clean yourselvves up? And later, wwe can find a place for a pile." At that, Equius beamed at him.

"Indeed! I will try to be hasty in cleaning up my diamond."

Eridan shook his head, "No, take your time, I can wwait." Plus, he wanted to try and speak with certain individuals first.

Equius nodded before heading off, taking Nepeta with him. At Nepeta's smile and smirk, Eridan was sure they'd take a while, granted if they could find the right facilities to wash off of course, he could only guess there bathrooms or something of the like on the meteor- how else would they along with Dave and Rose survive on the meteor?

Or at least he hoped.

"Hey Eri-fish!"

The violetblood blinked and smiled at Feferi who gravitated towards him the moment she entered the computer lab, "Hey Fef, howw wwas the explorin'?" He asked, the ex-fuchsia princess shrugged.

"It was ocray, I think this was that 'ecto-lab' thing that Karcab found, and supposedly made us all in." She informed him, dragging a seat over to him and sitting down. "I haven't explored everyfin yet but I just decided to come back, water you doin Eri-fish?"

He was about to answer when Sollux did that for him, "He wath helping me figure out what the hell ith going on with thethe computerth." He said, having moved from his spot at the computer he had been working on to be closer to them, looking nonchalant but smiled 'innocently' when Feferi sent him a withering look, "Which ith intereththing becauthe they theem to have an upgraded verthion of Trollian on them. A new feature."

That new feature was the whole 'timeline viewing' application that involved the Beta Kids.

Eridan nodded, going along with Sollux's not-lie, it was actually the truth but he had already known about it.

"It is interestin', though I'm a bit curious on wwhat's on this meteor as wwell, I'll havve to see for myself later on." Eridan hummed thoughtfully before he frowned and aimed a look towards both of them, "Wwith howw things wwent, don't think I forgot about those near-hits at the battle wwith the Black King you twwo." Both winced back a bit as they earned his ire. "I thought I told you twwo not to do that, do you knoww wwhat wwould've happened if you had *actually* hit each other? Wwe probably wwouldn't havve wwon! Plus, I wwas really wworried!"

The guilty looks on the goldblooded psionic and the fuchsiablooded ex-heiress was enough to calm him a bit, he sighed, "Look, just- leave the pitch fights *out* of the actual fights? Please? I swwear, bein' your auspice is hardwwork." He sighed, not noticing the mirroring wincing at the mention of auspice.

That's right, he'd become their auspistice after an... incident a week back in the game.

When they both nearly killed each other on Feferi's planet of LODAG, with Feferi using Poseidon's Trident, a trident that was alchemized with his Crosshair's code that could fire a powerful laser, and Sollux using his powerful psionics.

At that, the rest of them agreed they needed an auspistice and Eridan accepted the role since no one else really wanted to deal with both Sollux and Feferi's black machinations, he didn't mind, it was interesting to be gray with them and somewhat satisfying as he stopped them from going too far with each other.

It had been a surprise for both kismesis but they couldn't help but accept Eridan as their auspice, he was actually a *great* auspice, keeping them both in line but it lead to a dilemma for both of them; they wanted him red, flushed, as a *matesprit*, not an auspistice.

They had no idea what to do, well, nothing else but still try and get his attention and try to convince him on a flushed date.

Which so far, was failing since they were mostly interrupted, their attempts sabotaged and one final and big obstacle;

Equius Zahhak.

Equius was an overprotective moirail, *especially* when it came to Eridan's love life it seemed.

He had been vehemently against the auspisticism between the three of them at the start, not even the fact his greymate was Feferi, a *fuchsiablood*, really deterred him. Which kind of made Eridan proud since he was getting over his bloodcaste views. Sollux and Feferi on the other hand weren't as proud since Equius Zahhak made it known he'd be a *big* problem when it concerned Eridan.

"We're saury Eri-fish..." Feferi said, rubbing her arm in some guilt, Sollux reluctantly agreed with her, unless it was about or involved Eridan, he tended to go against Feferi in the typical black fashion.

Eridan sighed, "It's alright, just, don't do it again okay? At any rate, at least we're all safe." 'For now' Eridan thought to himself with a hidden grimace.

This was only the start after all.

---

==> Eridan: Pester Beta Kids

calmingAquarius [CA] began trolling gardenGnostic [GG]

GG: eridan!

GG: hiii!

CA:

GG: hehehehe :B

CA: This is more complicated than I thought

GG: yep! it totally is :)))

---

==> Be Past Dirk

## Chapter End Notes

I know it kind of seems like Eridan is being all goody two shoes and all but here's what going to happen;

It's going to be nice, then bad, then good, then worse then it'll finally become better. Eventually.

But before that, we have a lot of things in store for everybody *especially* Eridan. Both good, bad and worse things.

In here, Bro is more like Dirk but is his own person respectively. What he had between Eridan and himself is complicated and will be explored as the story goes.

Also I actually have no clue on who will end up with Eridan in the end of things, so, look forward to that! Remember the relationship warning I put up there;

SHIP WILL SAIL, SINK AND CHANGE, BE WARNED

So, here we goo!



# Pre/SBURB - Talking through the Times

## Chapter Notes

So you know how Dirk/Bro's like 30 ish in the comic when he died?

Let's do the math, Dave is 13, Bro is, let's say freshly 30 and the year of the comic is 2009.

That means that Bro was essentially 17 when he got Dave.

Boy howdy, that must've been a shock. Despite how he looked in the comic, Dirk was *17* when he got Dave. That is, a lot of responsibility for him at that age.

Also little theory headcanon of mine;

Lil Cal's influence wasn't that much during his childhood to his teen years, it was subtle, not that much. He'd tell Bro to get stronger, be stand offish, trust no one but him, it was all subtle and from time to time Lil Cal would let off and let Bro be Dirk.

But after Dave appeared, Lil Cal gradually increased his influence. Like, in Dave's early years, Bro was not emotionless, he'd show genuine care and affection to Dave but as he grew, Lil Cal slowly took that away and by the time Dave was ready and was 13 years old, Bro was emotionless, not totally so but he didn't seem to really care about Dave anymore.

That's my headcanon anyway, and that's something I'm going to change in this fic. ;]

Buckle up kids, we're in for a bumpy ride.

P.S.

The amount of research I put into this chapter and this story is kind of surprising. Lately I've been thinking a lot of this story so expect some more updates on it. That doesn't mean I won't work on my other stories

though.

P.P.S

This is going to take a while, the whole, Eridan and Dirk communicating bit. But then again, the story itself is going to take a LONG while till its finished.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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### ==> Be Past Dirk

Dirk Strider was a strange teen, mysterious and aloof.

Or that was what he liked to think of himself, and most of it was true. He was stand-offish, cool, people were curious of him and he gave them nothing of use but a cool facade that refused to break in the face of anything. Sure he might get ticked off from time to time, but that was teenage hormones messing with him, it'd pass and he'd be a goddamn awesome motherfucker.

He was strong, trained himself as soon as he could on the advice of a close regarded friend. Lil Cal was the shit, whatever what other people said didn't really matter, he was the only anchor Dirk allowed himself to have. Lately though, Lil Cal's been quiet, letting Dirk to his own devices and Dirk was cool with that. He was down with that.

It wasn't like his entire existence was on directed by his cool childhood friend, Dirk was busy himself, trying to work for his GED so he could test out early of his highschool. He didn't need other people, they were all losers who couldn't really compare. Plus, he was getting tired of the school, he already knew all he needed to know. He was a prodigy, a genius- he was already in the progress of designing a *rocket board* for godsakes, what use was *school* to an absolute cool guy like him?

His foster parents didn't really understand, but they let him do what he wanted -they tried to control him but he wouldn't let him and it was easier for everyone if they just let him be-, he raked in good grades -despite the fact he usually skipped class since it was dumb and he could learn just fine

on his own-, *usually* stayed out of trouble -hey, it wasn't his fault if the fucker ended up with a fractured wrist, the guy swung first, started the fight, Dirk just finished it as cleanly as he did without *too much* injuries- and probably couldn't wait until Dirk got his GED so they could kick him out of their home.

Fuck them, he didn't need anyone else.

All he needed was his robotics projects, the rising and ever-evolving source of the newly made Internet that was becoming a hot topic, Lil Cal, and he was fucking set for life.

Anyway, today was just another day, i.e. he was skipping class and focusing on more important matters.

With how popular the internet was now-a-days, Dirk figured he could get in with that. He'd learn some coding, make some stuff with computers, see where that went. He already had a few ideas in mind but they were essentially useless if he didn't know how to do them so that was why he was self-studying coding.

Like he said, he was better off learning on his own. It was much easier that way and he couldn't wait until he was of age and could test for his GED, he'd have so much more time. And with his projects and plans in mind, he'd be able to live on his own. Just him and Cal, chilling in their own place with no one else.

No stupid foster parents, no stupid foster siblings, no more public schooling and shit.

It'd be awesome.

Dirk smirked idly as he tested out a few codes he'd learned after buying a book on it, it was new, and costed a pretty penny just like the computer he had but it was worth skipping a month straight of school to save enough money and sell a few of his works to get the computer.

It wasn't the top of the line but it'd be enough for him to test out codes, use the internet and more. He'd either replace it for a better version or upgrade it at another time... Actually that was a thought, upgrading a computer to suit his needs better, yeah, that'd be pretty rad.

### *Ping*

The blonde teen blinked as he heard the sound and saw the notification.

What the hell?

He moved his mouse and clicked, feeling surprised as he stared at the cause of the 'Ping'.

It came from Pesterchum. Which was weird as hell.

Pesterchum 1.0 was a new and popular chat client, Dirk had created an account on a whim, he'd probably mostly use the account for future business operations.

Someone was pestering him. Which was, again, weird as hell.

Why? Well, it was because *he hadn't given his chumhandle to **anyone** yet.*

He eyed it warily, wondering what the hell was going on and *who* the hell was pestering him.

... Only one way to find out.

### *Click*

---

calmingAquarius [CA] began trolling timeausTestified [TT]

CA: Salutations

TT: Who the hell is this

TT: How did you get my chumhandle

TT: I JUST made this

CA: That'll be my little secret  
CA: At any rate, hello there  
CA: I look forward to our future convversations

TT: ...  
TT: What?  
TT: What even is this nonsense  
TT: You do realize you doubled your w's and v's right

CA: Indeed

TT: This is too fucking wierd

CA: You're not the only one to think that

TT: So is there any point in this?  
TT: Also just noticed that thing  
TT: 'Trolling'?  
TT: Is that what this is?

CA: Depends

TT: It literally says you're trolling me  
TT: Actually how the fuck is that possible  
TT: I thought Pesterchum's client said 'pestering', it shouldn't be able to say 'trolling'  
TT: And what do you mean by 'depends'

CA: It just depends really  
CA: A lot of indefinite reasons can say wwhy it says 'trollin'  
CA: And yes, Pesterchum normally cannot do that

TT: That is not an actual answer

CA: Wwhy it certainly is

TT: Why do you keep doubling your w's  
TT: It's stupid

CA: It's a quirk of mine

CA: I could certainly stop doin it but I'd rather not

CA: It just feels better this wway for me

TT: You are weird as fuck you know that?

CA: So you say

TT: You never answered me

TT: Well you never answered most of my questions but one question comes to thought and I want that answer

TT: How the hell did you get my chumhandle

TT: I never gave it out to anyone and I literally just made it a few hours ago

CA: You'd nevver believve me if I said so

TT: Try me

CA: Mm, not at this time

TT: Fuck you

CA: You knoww, for a 'cool guy', you're surpsinly easy to rile up

TT: What

CA: Nevvermind, just typed out wwithout a second thought

CA: My apologies

TT: Oh no

TT: Apology not expected

TT: You called me a cool guy

TT: That means you know me

TT: Stan is this you

TT: It better not be

CA: I'm not Stan

CA: I don't evven knoww wwwho Stan is

CA: As for the 'cool guy' tidbit

CA: No comment

TT: Har har, Stan if this is payback for breaking your nose you can suck it

TT: You deserved it more than I did

CA: Not Stan

CA: I do back up my statement though

CA: Surprisingly easy to rile up

TT: Misspelled 'surprisingly' twice jackass

CA: I deliberately left out the 'g'

CA: It's kind of part of my quirk

CA: You should hear howw I talk then you'd understand better

timeausTestified [TT] ceased pestering calmingAquarius [CA]

timeausTestified [TT] blocked calmingAquarius [CA]!

CA: Not goin to wwork

TT: What the fuck

TT: How did you do that

CA: A magician nevver revveals his tricks~

TT: Fuck

TT: You hacked me

CA: No I didn't

TT: How else could you have unblocked yourself and continue to talk to me then?

TT: Oh wait let me guess, 'magic'

CA: Not really but believve me, hackin is not really a skill that's part of my repertoire

TT: Uh huh, sure it's not

CA: You don't believe me

CA: Though I suppose from your point of view it's like that

TT: So 'magic genius', why talk to me?

TT: Why are you talking to me anyway

TT: Aside from the obvious fact everyone wants to talk to me

CA: Truth be told I didn't really plan this far aside from talkin to you for the first time

TT: Bull

TT: 'First time'

TT: Don't tell me...

CA: Mhmm

CA: From now on, you may as well consider me as a friend

CA: This won't be the last time I'll be speakin wwith you

TT: Your 'quirk' is really fucking stupid

TT: Also you can fuck off you aren't my friend

CA: False to both statements

CA: At any rate, like I said, I'll be talkin wwith you for a very long time

CA: I look forward to our future conversations

CA: We both might just get what we want along wwith some answers

CA: Till next time Dirk

TT: You fucker

calmingAquarius [CA] ceased trolling timeausTestified [TT]

---

Dirk, for the first time in a long, *long* time, absolutely *fumes*, in his seat.

He leans back and scowls at the text before him on his computer screen.



It's a weird feeling, fuming over 'CA' -he still thinks its Stan, that guy was *just* as irritable- for what had happened.

What happened to his cool facade? It's like most of it went right out the window *and* out of the get go.

After a few minutes of stewing in self-indignation, he glanced at Lil Cal, wondering if he should bother his old friend about this nuisance then waved it off, nah, it wasn't really significance and it looked like his pal was mentally busy at the moment. He calmed himself and looked back at Pesterchum. The only person that was in his contacts list was calmingAquarius, he scowled at the name, mouse hovering over it. He should block him again, but he already tried that and the fucker somehow *unblocked* himself.

Soon, he felt curious of CA. Despite what he said on how 'hackin wwas not a skill of his repertoire' -those fucking w's, and such eloquent language- he clearly managed to unblock himself effortlessly, he was clearly messing with him, the other was probably a good-ass hacker, which admittedly Stan did not qualify as.

Dirk rhythmically tapped his fingers against his desk, contemplating on his newest 'friend' -as if, the guy was a pest like the rest of the shmucks that surrounded him- and wondered on what to do.

*Knock knock knock*

*"Dirk! Dinner!"*

He glanced at his door, that was his foster sister, informing him about dinner like always. He considered skipping dinner before pushing it aside and standing from his chair, shutting off his computer after saving his work and headed out of his room. Eating was important for his growth, Cal would agree with him and would actually insist it most of the time. He was such a rad puppet.

He bumped fists with him on his way out, strangely Cal was staring up at the ceiling as if looking at someone that clearly wasn't there, oh well, it was

probably nothing. His foster family never really liked Cal and found him unsettling, so for their sakes and for Cal's sake -because he knew he'd be annoyed throughout the whole meal time at their rude glances and all- he left the awesome puppet in his room most of the time.

As he headed down to dinner, his mind couldn't really be cleared from CA and his weirdness.

Like seriously, who was the douchebag?

---

==> Be the Douchebag

Eridan sighed as he took his glasses off and massaged his temple. When he thought of getting involved with the beta kid's session, he really hadn't meant to go *that* far- just *what* had he been thinking?

He paused but slid his glasses and stared at the timeline laid out before him, he knew exactly what he had been thinking.

He had wanted to make things better, to make sure everyone was alright in the end, to give everyone a better chance at winning and living.

So if it meant going along with whatever this was he'd started, or *will* start, than gogdammit he was going to go through with it!

His mind went back to his and Jade's conversation.

He had gone back to when Jade was about to enter her session. The ensuing conversation had been... enlightening to say the least.

---

calmingAquarius [CA] began trolling gardenGnostic [GG]

GG: eridan!

GG: hiii!

CA:

GG: hehehehe :B

CA: This is more complicated than I thought

GG: yep! it totally is :)))

CA: And howw long havve I been talking to you Jade?

GG: mmm, you have not been talking to me for far too long

GG: in fact, you've only started talking to me for um

GG: i think half a year ago

CA: I see

CA: Wwhat havve I talked to you about?

GG: lots of things!

GG: mostly about derse since i was curious about it

GG: and for the other things, well you will just have to find out ! :D

CA: Noted

CA: Havve I talked wwith the others yet?

GG: yes you have

GG: though you've been talking to dave the most of course

GG: since you and dave's bro are like total besties and all hahaha

CA: Really noww?

GG: it's what dave told me before and i totally believe him

CA: Of course

CA: Noww I'm gettin curious myself on the matter

GG: you have been talking to me and dave the most

GG: then rose and then john

GG: rose is quite curious about you you know

GG: since her mom talks about you too

GG: sometimes at least :T

CA: Wwhat havve I dragged myself into

GG: i honestly dont know but ill be here to help!

GG: or well, i will be after you have caught up in your perspective

GG: by then, things will be much more clearer and we can play the game!

GG: but for now, until you have the password during this time you will have to be blocked in this time alright?

GG: sorry eridan but its what we agreed or will agree on :PP

CA: No bad feelings here Jade, good luck I suppose

GG: thanks! :DD

GG: see this is why everyone likes you so much

GG: mostly

GG: youre just sooo nice eridan!

GG: unlike your other friends >:P

GG: theyre so rude!

CA: Givve them time Jade, they and you wwill come around evventually

GG: so you keep saying >:PPPP

GG: anyway later eridan!

GG: remember, until you have the appropriate password for this time period you will have to stay blocked!!!

CA: I understand, till later I guess Jade

gardenGnostic [GG] ceased pestering calmingAquarius [CA]

gardenGnostic [GG] has blocked calmingAquarius [CA]!

---

Eridan leaned back against his chair and tried to gather his thoughts, just what the hell had he unintentionally started?

Back then, he was sure he had liked theorizing and reading all about the comic, the ongoing conversations, the timeline shenanigans that were somewhat confusing, very interesting and over all awing as well as amusing- but this?

This was going to give him a headache.

Looks like his plan to help everyone in the comic just escalated- but what did that mean for *him*?

He *really* hadn't planned to go this far, and now that things were different... he was *scared* to think of it, he feared on what was going to happen now that things were different. What would happen? *Would he fail? Maybe he should do something more, he needed to--* He- He- flinching, he glanced down to his hands, noticing the way they were starting to glow- *no*, he pushed back the whispers, pushed back his thoughts and looked on determinedly.

He could do this.

He *would* do this.

He ignored the seductive whispers and dark promises at the back of his mind, only held back by both his own will and a little help of his angels. He smiled sadly at the thought of his old consorts, his smile becoming a touch happier as he heard a musical chirp at the back of his mind.

They weren't truly gone, they *all* merged with him and would assist him whenever he needed them. For now, they would help him keep himself in control, he needed to watch his temper- needed to keep hold of his emotions more than ever now. That, and the thought of a feelings jam with Equius would be nice, lighten the load and spend time with his moirail.

That would be later though, right now, he had some work to do.

The program Roxy- Rox, it would be easier to differentiate her from Alpha Roxy by calling her Rox, the program she sent him had needed some time to download and be put into affect, by the time he was done conversing with Jade, it was a pleasant surprise to find the program to finish its download and implemented itself into Eridan's Trollian account.

His and his alone, only he would be able to view both Rox and Dir-Bro's timeline.

Just like the kid's timeline, theirs was represented by two colored lines, one bright pink and the other bright orange.

Curiously, he clicked Rox's timeline, opening up a viewport at the very start of her timeline, supposedly the moment she touched down to Earth around - after a few mental calculations- 1979, December 4, if he had it correct. Surprisingly though, the viewport showed nothing, he frowned then went a few more years.

The port still showed nothing but darkness, what? He scrolled through her years, and then suddenly the port showed color-

Roxy Lalonde, age 17 stood before a large crater that was quickly filling with water, the blonde teen worked quickly, snatching one baby Rose Lalonde into her arms along with her tattered bunny before escaping the impact sight with the toddler in tow.

Eridan watched stunned before going back a few years, nothing, he went forward and watched as a more mature and adult Rox was dressed in black, she was holding Jasper's funeral with small child Rose.

His lips pursed, he suspected on what was going on; Rox was supposedly a Void Player, or at least Roxy Lalonde of Earth B -aka Post-Scratch Earth- was suppose to be the Rogue of Void. It made sense, Rox showing signs of a Void player's... blankness as well, and with Rose being a Light Player, she'd negate Rox's natural Void-ness and let Eridan see the rest of her timeline.

Perhaps that was why D-Bro, told him that he wouldn't talk to her until she had Rose. He literally *could not* talk to her while she was on her own, not until her strange Void effect was rendered void by Rose's light effect (pun unexpected but now intended).

Bro on the other hand?

He clicked to the start of Pre-Scratch Dirk's timeline, watching with interest as he fast-forwarded through his timeline, stopping when he was about 15.

This was about the time he was suppose to talk to him right? After a moment of hesitation, he clicked on timeausTestified.

### ==> Eridan: Troll Past Dirk

---

And thus ensued a conversation we *just* read about.

Eridan grinned, that had been... kind of fun being honest.

It was different to when he had trolled others, riling Dirk, it had certainly been entertaining. All the more as Eridan watched the 15-year old blonde fume in the viewport, was this how the others felt when they were trolling the kids in the comic? Or, rather was this how they would feel when they were about to troll the kids *now*?

Thinking about it was a bit confusing but Eridan couldn't help but snicker as Dirk tapped his fingers on the desk in clear irritation as he stared at his computer. Watching with interest and some mirth, though his mirth disappeared as the blonde bumped fists with a very familiar looking puppet.

Said puppet was eerily staring at him through the screen, quickly he shut off the viewport, heart racing in his ribcage. That *unnerving* stare, Lil Cal was so much more disturbing in real life, even through a screen. It was as if it *knew* Eridan had been watching him and Dirk-- no, it *clearly did*-

Eridan winced, the fear that shot threw him only fueled and fed the literal monsters in his mind, he closed his eyes and focused. Re-organizing his composure and keeping a tight hold over his emotions- they receded, his angels being little darlings as they helped him corral the unruly wraiths into the darkest corners of his very existence. Hopefully not to be seen for a *long, long* while.

Not only had he merged with the angels, he had merged with the wraiths as well, a *very* dangerous and probably *almost* the *most* irresponsible thing he'd ever done. But he was confident he could keep them quelled, contained, controlled.

He would *not* loose.

---

*Staring into the brightness, Eridan stood strong. He would not back down. He couldn't.*

*"I wwill not loose, and as much as I don't wwant to deal wwith you I knoww I havve to." Eridan said, a scowl on his face, he didn't have much time. The battle was about to start - if only he had found this lair sooner... "So I accept."*

*"V E R Y W E L L . . ."*

*Eridan held back the urge to snarl and shriek at the cruel grin the denizen before him- and lost that control as he screamed as his world turned black and white, the sound of malicious laughter was drowned among the **shrieks** and **screams** he heard that shook him to his very soul--*

---

He could *not* loose.

He couldn't afford to.

At any rate, his mind went back to that damned *puppet* that Dirk had. The very existence of that thing sent him recoiling in horror; he *needed* to get rid of that thing, but he *couldn't*. However...

*TT: Lil Cal?*

*TT: He's locked up*

With a strengthening new resolve, Eridan opened another viewport.

He could do this.

At least, he *hoped* he could.

---

==>[S] **Rex Duodecim Angelus**



## Chapter End Notes

WHOOOP

Another chapter done and it hasn't been a month or two!

I would like to think my procrastination has been cured but who knows, I'm just glad I managed to get this out before the month ended. At any rate though, next chapter is going to start with the Final Battle with the Black King.

We get to see how things went!

Warning, I have no idea how I am at fight scenes so it might be crappy, but if you want a frame of reference, just search for [S] Rex Duodecim Angelus on YouTube for most of a reference, I'll actually be using it as a reference but changing a few key points of it. Go watch it, it's awesome.

Like for one thing; it was *both* Vriska and Eridan who finished off the Black King through means you'll see in the next chapter and it'll give you more of an insight on to what's going on internally with Eridan. The whole, Angels and Wraiths thing.

# SGRUB/Pre-SBURB - Rex Duodecim Angelus

## Chapter Notes

Whoop! Sorry for the long wait everyone, this chapter was a bit hard to write, like I said, I am not that good with fight scenes but I gave it everything I got so I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

### ==>[S] **Rex Duodecim Angelus**

This was it.

The 'final' battle.

Skaia had morphed to its final state and the Black King stood before them a behemoth, a bastardized version of 12 times combined prototyped lusii that once served as their parent figure, guardian, guide and more.

He was utterly disgusting to look at in real life. And the mere fact that *somewhere*, in that plethora of prototyping, *his* SeaDad's form was there- Eridan took in a deep breath and held it in for a moment.

"Alright you fucks!" Karkat screamed, "This is it! Everyone ready?!"

There was a chorus of agreement, Eridan joining with them in their chorus as he could *practically hear* the song of *Rex DuoDecim Angelus* playing in the background, the memory of that one video from YouTube blurrily playing in his mind- but the music, the music seemed so *clear*.

They all stood on one of the lilypads that were floating all around Skaia. Blue team, Red team- it didn't really matter anymore, they were all in this together and it was just one team against the 'final' boss.

Around them in the sky, various versions of Aradias from different timelines appeared and chaos reigned as meteors fell- The Reckoning was starting, and with it, *the battle begun*.

Ships from Derse containing various black carapacian soldiers, taking to arms at the order of their leader and jumping out of the ships to face them- Prospit had lost, the White King was dead but the Queen was relying on the players to slay the Black King, avenger her kingdom and patiently awaited for the end to come.

Many of the carapacians were just 'pawns', the standard soldier, but there were the towering brutes and large bishops that came as well, around them, the structured and created figures of 'Knights' and other large creatures that served the Black King rampaged against the fields of Skaia, destroying it further along with the meteors.

They needed to kill the King to stop the destruction of Skaia before it was too late.

The King loomed over them, Gl'bgolyb's large city-size did not make things easier-

"Attack!"

And just like that, everyone snapped into movement.

Karkat cleaving a dersite in two, Terezi jumping on a group by herself, Kanaya going against a Bishop that snuck on their lilypad with her demonic-looking chainsaw, Sollux blasting several off with his optic-psionic blasts, Gamzee just- casually throwing sopor slime pies at his opponents, Feferi leaping and skewering a dersite with Poseidon's Trident (her favorite trident besides her standard golden 2x3dent), Equius favoring his fistkind for the moment and beating dersites with other dersites by throwing them at their fellow soldiers, Nepeta pouncing on her prey like the predator she was and viscerally dismembering them with her claws, Tavros zooming around in his rocketchair and lance in hand, Vriska stealing luck and causing misfortune on her enemy, Aradia using her own psionics to

beat the dersite soldiers and finally Eridan, shooting the dersite ships out of the air so they could perhaps focus on the Black King.

This was it, the end of their session and right now Eridan had to focus at the present because they needed to win *now*- it didn't matter that there would be more battles ahead of them, this was a crucial battle that needed to be done and won by the twelve of them.

Once the dersite soldiers were taken care of Karkat was grinning victoriously, "Look out!" Tavros shouted as an incoming black tentacle from the king slammed into the lily pad- they all jumped out of the way to avoid being crushed by the large limb.

The King roared, unleashing a psychic wave- luckily the various Aradias worked together with their own psychic powers to keep the wave at bay, for now.

Karkat was quick to recover, latching on to the black tentacle with his Clawsickles, hanging on even as the tentacle lifted upwards. "Karkat!" Terezi shouted, jumping after him and doing the same, stabbing her cane-sword into the tentacle to hold on as well. "What are you idiots doing, get up and fight!" She yelled at the disoriented trolls, snapping them out of their daze to quickly join the battle once more.

"Don't need to tell uth twithe TZ!" Sollux shouted back, blasting off into the air. Tavros followed afterwards, leaving the lilypad with Gamzee onboard his rocketchair.

Vriska wasn't that far behind, saluting at Eridan as she left with her rocket shoes, "Later losers!"

Eridan rolled his eyes but was about to follow when Feferi stopped him, "This way Erifish!" She motioned to the lilypads that were spiraling upwards. Equius and Nepeta were taking that route, "Come on!" She urged, grabbing his wrist and jumping upwards, Eridan followed her along with Kanaya, the five trolls jumping from floating pad to pad.

Terezi and Karkat came face to face with the King as he brought up the tentacle, growling menacingly and tried to shake them off, Karkat yelled as he got flung off, thankfully he landed on a nearby lilypad. He grunted, standing back up but hurriedly dodged as another tentacle tried to smash him into the pad, the Cancer-signed troll snarled and made quick work with the tentacle, cutting it in half and cutting another.

He quickly had to abandon the lilypad as an incoming crab-claw from the Black King smashed it to pieces, he uses the King's black tentacle to launch himself on to the side of a tilting lilypad to try and make his way back to the King only to be knocked back down by the claw. He lands safely on the lilypad and swiftly cuts down the offending tentacle that tried to sneak up on him while he's down.

He stood up, a group of tentacles coming his way, "Please do fucking fuck off!" Karkat snarled with narrowed eyes, slicing through the tentacles with ease before he's up on one of the Black King's large tentacles, sprinting his way up as the tentacle moved, jumping off to slice it down and luckily it brought him up to head level of the King.

The mutant blooded troll jumps towards the King's chest, using his sickles as leverage as he slide down to make a slanting line on the King's torso, leaving a red trail in his wake. He dodges the incoming hand that tries to swat him but ends up hitting a tentacle and once again gets knocked unto a lilypad. He growls, "I'm getting real tired of that shit-DOOF!" He grunts as Terezi literally walks over him with a sharp grin. "Dammit Pyrope!"

She snorts and continues her little act as a 'helpless' little blind troll because what's a battle without a little personal fun? Terezi gasps in mocking surprise when her cane jabs harmlessly against a stray tentacle, "What in the *world* is *this*?" She says sarcastically, jabbing the tentacle again and again much to the Black King's annoyance. He sends in tentacles after her. She acts surprise but ultimately smirks as she brings out one of her grand prized possessions, her scratched coin.

It's already in her minds eye, she knows what to do. She tosses the coin in the air and quickly slices through the horde of tentacles with her cane sword, jumping unto a bigger tentacle and making her way up, using a stray

tentacle as a boost, she practically flies through the air, cane swords at the ready and *stabs* both of them into the Black King's single giant eye, her weight and gravity pulling her down which makes her slide down with her swords still in his eyes much to his pain. Faintly she notes that her coin landed on the scratch side, as expected.

Jumping out of the way of the gigantic black hand, she lands on a nearby lilypad, feeling smug as she pretty much ruined the Black King's giant eye, it was steadily turning delicious cherry smelling red from her actions. She is pleased. "Justice has been served."

They gathered back on a single lily, which gave the Black King the opportunity to somehow shoot a web on them, covering them in sticky web strings that stuck them to them stubbornly. "Oh grooooooooooss!" Vriska complained, though this had come from her *lusus*.

"This is unsanitary!" Equius exclaimed, but was easily able to rip the web apart just as Nepeta was easily able to claw herself free of it, "Eridan are you alright?!" He asked, panicking slightly as he looked over to his moirail who was covered in spiderweb, "Hold on, Nepeta and I shall assist you soon!"

"Equi I'm fine! Focus on the battle!"

"Look out!" Kanaya cried out as the Black King swung his crab claw hand, splitting the lily apart. Sollux was able to quickly free himself from the webs with his psionics and was able to fly away, Vriska used her rocketshoes to escape as well. Equius quickly grabbed Nepeta and jumped off on instinct, cursing himself immediately as he looked back with worry as his moirail was still on the pad covered with webs.

"*Eridan!*" He wasn't the only one crying out in concern, Feferi, who had been equally trapped was more concerned about Eridan than herself, and Sollux had cried out as well. Before they could do something though, Vriska was surprisingly on it and grabbed Eridan and freed him from his sticky confinement. Having no choice, Sollux rescued Feferi but quickly dumped her on the nearest lily pad so he could check on Eridan, though she was annoyed by that, Feferi too looked for Eridan along with him and

Equius. Only they curse Vriska's name as they found out how Vriska saved him.

"V-Vvriska!" Eridan choked, holding on to his scarf as Vriska was unintentionally -or maybe it was on purpose?- chocking him with his scarf as she held the other end.

"Whaa-Oh shit!" Vriska yelped as her pathway was blocked by tentacles, she and Eridan crashed into the wall, becoming entangled among the black tentacles. "Fuck!!!!!!!!!" She struggled before throwing her dice on the lily pad below her and Eridan only to curse more as she rolled 'A Weasel of Unusual Size'.

Eridan struggled before shouting to Equius when he saw that his moirail was about to help him, "Stop wworryin' about me an' fight the Black King Equi!" He hesitated before determinedly facing the King, equipping his strongest bow, Ahab's Bow. He had made it with a bow and the code of his moirail's precious gun code. It was a sleek dark blue bow with a light purple string, he took hold of the string and pulled it back, an arrow of blue and violet appeared in his hold and he let go- ultimately *nailing* the Black King's shoulder, a large gash appeared on it. "Yes!" Unfortunately in his excitement he accidentally broke his bow, "*Fiddlesticks*-DOOF!" The blueblooded troll wheezed as he was knocked aside by the Black King's tentacle.

Tavros flew up in his rocket chair, determinedly taking out his lance, he flew by Eridan and Vriska, slicing through the tentacles and freeing them both. "Thanks Tavv!" Eridan shouts at him, the brownblood grins back at him before looking up to the Black King. He's briefly intimidated before he took a deep breath and narrowed his eyes in determination, Eridan had helped him become stronger, he and Rufioh -*who was definitely real*, *Eridan said so shut up Vriska*- had gave him confidence!

The brownblood zoomed through the air, dodging incoming tentacles and the crab hand but unfortunately he couldn't dodge the King's fist. The hit damaged his rocket chair, he screamed as he fell but thankfully a certain jadeblooded troll had been nearby and rescued him. "T-Thank you, Kanaya." He said, looking up to his savior, she looked pretty in her jade and

white flowery dress. She didn't pay him mind and just got out her lipstick, applying them to her lips before changing both the lipstick and her dress into a lovely pink dress and the chainsaw Demonbane Ragripper.

Tavros quickly captchalogued his chair and got out a fresh new one, thank god he alchemized more than one rocket chair better to be prepared after all! He climbed into it and joined back in the air as Kanaya revved her chainsaw, roaring with it as she *chainsawed* the incoming tentacle in half. Doing so again as she left from the lilypad, and finally one more time- though this time, she's chainsawed one of the Black King's crab hands off. Which was a great accomplishment for the usually mild-mannered-like jadeblood.

On a separate lily pad that Kanaya passed, a certain matesprit pair were fighting side by side. "How could I been so foalish?! I have destroyed Ahab's Bow!" Equius growled as he punched a tentacle in anger, feeling satisfied as it exploded into red though he was disgusted by the color, it was a habit really at this point. "I did not even alchemized an extra one!"

Nepeta grinned as she sliced a few tentacles on her own, "Don't be mad Equihiss, you're doing great like this right now! So STRONG!" She purred, keeping up with her beloved matesprit as they battled against a mass of tentacles with each other.

"I appreciate the compliment my heart but still!" Equius grunted, snarling as he punched a few more tentacles into bloody oblivion. "Eridan gifted me the code of his crosshairs to make it!"

The blueblooded troll ducked as Nepeta leaped over him, taking care of a few tentacles herself. "I know Equihiss but can we continue this later?!" Now wasn't exactly the time to chat, not with the fight going on.

He grunted, turning around, catching the slimy frog tongue the King sent out in an effort to injure him, "Fine!" He roared, ripping the tongue in half and causing pain to the Black King.

Nepeta giggled before pouncing on Equius' back, "So strong~" She purred, nuzzling his head, tail flicking leisurely behind her.



"Thank you Nepeta."

"Good, now throw me." Equius blinked in surprise, raising his hand as Nepeta climbed on it, readying her rocket claws. "C'mon Equihiss, throw me!" He complied, if only because he caught on to her plan, he grunted and sent his matesprit into the air, she barreled into the air before activating her rocket claws, scraping them against the Black King's chest in an opposite slanting line to the one that Karkat had made earlier in battle, creating a large 'X' on the Black King's torso.

Nepeta grunted as she did a landing roll on a lilypad, beaming at the two trolls on it, "Hi Erifishy, hi Fefurri!"

Eridan smiled at her, "Hello Nep, please step aside, it's our turn noww, right Fef?" He asked, the seadwelling fish princess beamed back at him.

"Shell yeah!"

Nepeta nodded before hopping off the lily pad with a, "Good luck~!"

Feferi smiled sharply at the tentacles, which were contributed by her lusus prototyping, the fuchsiablood took out Poseidon's Trident while Eridan used Ahab's Harpoon. They were surrounded by tentacles. Together, they sliced and beamed through the incoming tentacles, Eridan using his spear and Feferi using her trident.

Suddenly the Black King flapped his large wings, blowing everything back and causing a huge draft.

Poseidon's Trident slipped through Feferi's hands, "My trident!"

Eridan gritted his teeth, keeping a firm grip on his spear before switching to his crosshairs. "Fef, wwe havve to deal wwith those bothersome wwings of his. I deal wwith the left you deal wwith the right?"

"You don't have to ask me twice Erifish! I'm on it!" Feferi growled, annoyed by the Black King's actions, that trident was glubbing special to her! She ran, leaping from lily pad to lily pad to got to the right wing while

Eridan jumped to another lily pad to get a clear shot on the King's left wing.

"*Graaah!!*" The fuchsia ex-heiress let out a battle cry as she used Ψdon's Entente, her regular golden 2x3dent, putting all her strength in her swing, she *ripped* the right wing apart just as Eridan let out a giant destructive beam to tear left one. Coincidentally Sollux had to dodge Feferi's attack as he had been close to the right wing.

Sollux growled at her, "Dammit Peitheth watch where you're thwinging that!" He spat, annoyed by the middle finger that she sent him in return.

At least the Black Kings wings were taken care of.

The battle continued as the King moved forward, the trolls continuing to fight against him and moving from lily pad surface. Finally, the Black King called for its servants, black creatures coming from below them, monsters of various kinds that came up to attack the trolls and aid the King.

Eridan huffed then turned a sharp eye, starting to shoot at each creature with a master marksman's handiwork, careful not to aim at his friends as he did so. "Go ED!" Sollux cheered, grinning as he watched his flush crush snipe those sorry motherfuckers right out of the sky. He looked goddamn amazing like that.

"Sollux please focus on the fight." Aradia's robotic voice told him coldly, he flushed mustard and mumbled an apology before doing just that, though he did keep an eye on Eridan as he did his part of the battle.

It continued as the twelve trolls focused on the creatures first, getting them out of the way so they could focus back on the Black King.

Karkat had a brief breakdown as he lost his crab-clawsickle, "Shit fuck fuck shit shit!" He cursed, looking around for his sickle and not noticing the humongous hand that was reaching out for him- thankfully Equius intercepted and gave a STRONG punch, batting it away but unlike the softer limbs of the Black King's tentacles, Equius' STRONG punch could not make it explode.

"Good wwork Equi!" Eridan praised as he saw his moirail save their primary leader. Equius sent him a smile before focusing back on the battle.

Karkat managed to find his sickle, just in time as Tavros began to use his communion powers to gather a bunch of the black amalgamated black chess piece creatures to gather to a certain place, sharing a knowing look with Terezi and Karkat. Both mutant and teal trolls got ready and together they sliced through the group of the mentally controlled creatures.

Up in the sky, Aradia and Sollux combined their powers as a *gigantic meteor* came from the sky, they directed it to the Black King, he roared in pain but ultimately swatted the gigantic flaming mountain-sized boulder away from him. Undeterred, Sollux concentrated, concentrating on his psionics with Aradia doing the same, together, they controlled the flow of meteors, having them hit the Black King.

Terezi scowled slightly as she saw Gamzee just casually sitting on a lily pad, "Mr. Grape Soda please actually contribute to the battle!" She shouted at him, frowning when he only shrugged in return. She looked around before noticing a certain something, she wondered then picked up the empty and used pie tin and aimed, throwing the tin at Gamzee's head.

The purpleblood's head bobbed from the impact and in less than a second, the relaxed smile that Gamzee wore changed into a blood thirsty grin, his yellow eyes turning a dangerous orange, nearby Eridan is frozen with shock and slight fear as Gamzee let out an insane giggle and honk. "Oh dear swweet Skaia." The seadweller murmured as Gamzee fidgeted and began to jump from lily pad to lily pad.

"Terezi wwhat havve you done?!"

"I gave him a little boost is all!"

Gamzee bounded for the Black King, laughing and grinning insanely before leaping at the gigantic transformed monarch who had been shocked and a little afraid by the utterly psychotic look the Bard of Rage was giving him-

It happened too fast to truly comprehend, one moment, the King had two heads -courtesy of Sollux's biclopsdad prototyping- and the next he had one, blood erupted from the missing head, raining blood for some seconds. Karkat gaped as Gamzee landed on the lily pad, covered in red blood but looking like his regular high self. For a moment, Karkat's bloodpusher twinged in fear because of him but then he looked back up as the Black King roared with rage.

The monarch lifted his Skaian Scepter, quickly striking it down to the ground and causing a wave of destruction.

"Everybody get the fuck out of the way!" Karkat screamed, pushing Gamzee into running while they flee from the enraged and powerful Black King.

"Terezi come on!" Nepeta urged, grabbing the arm of the Seer of Mind and getting her to run.

Eridan grunted, then tensed as two of the Black King's eyes turned red and blue. "Blast incomin'!!" He warned.

Sollux snarled, flying up to face the King head on, "*Oh no you fucking don't.*" He growled, taking off his red and blue glasses. Blasting a mirroring but unfortunately smaller blast of raw psionics against the King's bigger and stronger blast. Sollux gritted his teeth, his mind crying out for reprieve as the big beam came closer and fought his- suddenly he's pushed away by an Aradiabot- "AA!" Sollux screams as he fell, his psionics catching him from falling completely.

Tavros was knocked out of his rocket chair as he dodged the beam that destroyed a version of Aradia.

The Black King *glubbed*, releasing a harmful wave of energy, there wasn't enough Aradias from doomed timelines to fully contain the psychic wave of energy, some even exploding from the force of the energy.

On a lilypad, the trolls stood together, Vriska and Eridan standing side by side- they were the only two trolls that hadn't been blasted away from the

wave as they stood their ground before the Black King. Eridan wanted to worry about Equius but he knew that he and Nepeta would be fine, for now, he had to focus on the big game ending boss.

"Ready *Dualscar*?" Vriska grinned, brandishing her dice, in each hand. A multitude of tentacles began to surround them both.

Eridan grunted, gripping Ahab's Harpoon tightly in his hands, "As I'll evver be *Mindfang*." He didn't know why he indulged her for the moment but he was too focused on the tentacles and the power building up in his chest. He had been saving his 'trump card' until a critical moment, if he unleashed it he knows he could never go back on it so now was a good of a time as ever. "Are you feelin' lucky, Vvriska?" He asked, aiming his spear at the tentacles.

The cerulean blood cackled, "Very lucky, what about *you* Eridan?" The tentacles converged on them, only to be blasted away as Vriska *finally* let herself become God Tier and Eridan using his spear and rocket boots. They both tried to fly towards the Black King, only to be caught by the tentacles. "Fuck!" She accidentally dropped her dice. It was at this time that they both decided to use their trump cards.

In an almost slow motion fashion, the ten other trolls watched in trepidation and awe as Vriska used all her stolen luck to make an almost *impossible* roll while Eridan began to *glow*, a white light began to spill from his chest and wrap around him.

In a flash of blue and white light, both Vriska and Eridan *changed*.

No longer was the cerulean spider troll wearing a bright orange godhood befitting of the Thief of Light. Now she wore a black pirate coat with blue trimming and design, her skirt was black and blue as well in the design of a web, her orange boots turned bright red and in her hands was a glowing blue sword. A bright blue aura erupted around her like flames.

Eridan was still wearing his original clothes, the only differences were physical, his skin had turned from light grey to near black, his hair moved and swayed like a black flame and even his violet bangs seemed to move as

so in an unnatural wind. His eyes were completely white and from his back came two angel wings from his planet, but surrounding him was a visible aura akin to the wraiths of his planet.

Out of the two, Eridan was *definitely* the more terrifying one, his very appearance sent a chill down their spines, but they both seemed to be of equal power.

"E-Eridan?" Equius stutters from his place with Nepeta on a lily pad, a chill of dread, horror and terror lovingly brushing down his spine.

Sollux drops from the sky and lands on a pad that had Feferi, "Holy fuck." He utters, staring at the transformed troll, he and the others recognizing the limbs on his back and the aura-thing that shrouded his and Feferi's flush crush. Both of them are terrified, but the fact that Eridan was looking quite attractive like that did not escape their notice.

Outwardly Vriska pays no mind to Eridan's change, though inwardly she's ranting on how unfair it was that her pitchcrush was so goddamn awesome and terrifying. "Ready to go Ampora?" She asks outwardly, casually swinging her cerulean sword, she couldn't hold back the shudder that rocks her body when Eridan just gave her a wordless and unnatural growl as an answer.

The combined terror that was Angels and Wraiths were very effective and power, easily on par with Vriska's Ancestral Awakening roll.

"Well let's do this!!!!!!!!!"

Eridan let out a wraith's shriek of agreement, mind muddled slightly with only one thing in mind;

Defeat the King.

Rose had Grimdarkness. Jade, Grimbarkness. As for Eridan?

Equius named it for him later on, 'Wraithful Mode'.

The King didn't stand a chance

---

==> Be Dave

"Bo?"

Dave frowns as he sees his big brother sprawled on the futon, exuding a miserable aura. "Bo bo?" He mumbled, toddling over to his big brother from where he had been playing with some toys. The small toddler grunted, managing to climb up on the futon before crawling over to him, patting his brother's head as he laid face down on the stretched out futon. "Wha's w'ong?" He asked, at three years old the small blond child was quite smart and advanced for his age.

He got a groan as an answer as his brother lifted his face, looking sad, "Bo, what w'ong bo?" If his brother was sad than he would be sad.

The orange-eyed teen sat up, taking the toddler in his arms. "It's nothin' little man. Bo's alright." He murmured, ruffling the small tuft of blond hair on Dave's head. "Just, thinking of stuff."

"What stuff?"

Dirk sighed, "Grown up stuff little man, when you're older you'll understand." Dave frowned and pouted at him, pleased when Dirk cracks a smile at his actions. "Now, who wants apple juice?" The red-eyed toddler beamed, letting out an excited squeal as Dirk lifts him and gets off the futon, heading towards the kitchen.

In the mind of Dirk Strider, he was glad the brief distraction his brother provided, his thoughts kept coming back to that one certain conversation that happened just happened a week ago, a day before Dave's third birthday.

---

CA: I'm sorry.

CA: I really am.

CA: I can't.

CA: It's

CA: It would be impossible for me to

CA: It's better this way Dirk, just trust me.

CA: Sides, you'll find someone else who's better than me. I'm sure of it, you're Dirk Strider for stars sake.

CA: I'm really sorry Dirk.

---

Dirk shakes his head and smiles slightly as Dave cheered for his favorite drink. The nineteen year old pushed his thoughts and broken heart back, focusing on the new main reason of living, he was going to raise Dave to be awesome he just knew it. But still, he couldn't help but feel bitter at the old conversation. In his honest opinion, no one would be better than him, he was the only person who understood him and so much more.

"Bo! Juice, apple juice!!"

"I got it lil' man, I got it, hold your horses."

Somewhere within the apartment, a heavily locked box gives a soft thump from inside, it's not heard by anyone but the inhabitant of the box makes no other noise.

Everything is ~~not~~ going according to plan.

---

### ==> Be Terezi

"Eridan Ampora!" Terezi called out, a bit grumpy as she sought out the troll whom she had dubbed as 'Mr. Violet Raspberry', Eridan's scent was always interesting to smell, and he also tasted of pleasant berries though that was before whatever had happened during the final battle with the Black King. Now, he smelled somewhat sharp now and his taste had dark undertone to it, it wasn't that noticeable but sometimes when Eridan was annoyed or something, the scent seemed to spike and she'd be smelling different from everyone's favorite seadweller.

At any rate, new information just presented itself to the teal, apparently Eridan has -or will?- be in contact with Dave for far longer than she had



been! Even more, the violetblood somehow managed to keep in contact with the adult human that served as Dave's custodian slash *lusus*! Which was weird, whoever heard of an adult taking care of a kid? But apparently that's normal for humans? And even expected? Alien culture she supposed but it was still weird for her.

Back to the point; somehow Eridan was in contact with the cool kid Dave's 'older brother' and that they've known each other for years! Which was the human equivalent of sweeps, only shorter-ish? She's still trying to make sense of a few human things.

Eridan came at her command, smelling confused to the blind troll. "Yes Ter?" He asked, Terezi could sense the curious look he gave her, that and smell it!

"Mr. Violet Raspberry, is it true that you've been contact with the adult human Bro?" She asked, keeping a keen snout on Eridan's scent.

Eridan hummed, "I'm guessin' Davve finally told you about it then?" Aha!

"I should have known! But Eridan, how in the world are you contacting him? And when did you start? Actually Dave said something about 'reverse mom' thing but I don't know what it means, do you know what it means Eridan?"

There's a strange scent on Eridan, it smells overly sweet. As if... Wait, didn't Dave say that his big human 'Bro' was and had... Terezi gasps, "Eridan! Could it be you--MPHHH" Eridan panicked, shoving down a thankfully clean towel to muffle and cover Terezi's mouth. The tealblood flailed, drubbing Eridan with her cane to get her to stop.

It took a few minutes but Eridan stopped, smelling very flustered. "I-I'm sorry Ter, I don't knoww wwhat came ovver me." He apologized. Really though, Eridan was so nice sometimes. Too nice, how could a violetblood *be that* genuinely nice?!

"It is okay Eridan, that very much surprised me but considering the circumstances I will let it slide just this once." She replied, resisting the

urge to cackle because this was *delicious*, the whole situation!

Poor Sollux and Feferi though, they never had the chance to throw in their hats in the metaphorical ring.

Eridan sighs, "You're too smart sometimes Ter, but, can you please keep the wwhole, 'talkin' to human adult Bro thin' a secret for noww? I'm wworkin' on a lot of irons in the fire and a lot of them invvolve him." Ah, so even the nice Eridan was scheming something. Lately *everyone* was scheming something, with the exception of Gamzee, he was just lazing around as always, though he kind of disappeared a few hours ago, probably to get more pie or something the goof.

Terezi pretend to consider it, "Hmm, alright. But only because I owe you one, the next time you need something from me, there will be a toll to be paid Raspberry!" She declared, smiling widely with her teeth shown.

Eridan laughs but nods, "As you say Ter, an' thanks I guess. Good luck wwith Davve. I need to go, got so much wwork to do." He leaves, the Libra troll grins to herself, ah, ever since those humans made themselves known to them, things have been so *very interesting!*

Terezi hums before going off to do her own business, she had her own scheme to after all!

==>Enter P8ssword

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==>Be Bro

## Chapter End Notes

Dear god that battle scene kicked my butt! This might not be my best chapter so I'm sorry about that. At any rate, more Bro and Eridan in the next chapter! As well as Pesterlogs because those are fun.

Happy Holidays everyone! I hope you enjoyed and apologize if you don't, hopefully the next chapter will be better! See you later!

# Pre-SBURB - Merry Christmas Perigee

## Chapter Notes

MERRY LATE CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

Sorry I haven't been up and a while for a few days, but hey! Kind of Christmas special chapter? Plus New Years thing?

HAPPY 2019! Hopefully.

Let's see what shit's going to go down this year. >.>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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==> Be Bro

Bro sighed, lounging back on his futon.

Damn was Dave's planet hot as fuck, he turned up the AC, not questioning how their single apartment was able to get power on a different goddamn planet in another goddamn dimension. Logic wasn't really going to help at the moment so the blond wasn't going to try using it.

Dave was out and about on the roof playing the game and supposedly being coerced into a plan from another troll that was a friend of Eridan, Bro had cleared enough of the big monsters around the area that the little dude would be safe until he got strong enough to handle his own against the higher tiered monsters. Which would both take a while and not seeing as just a while ago on his travels he'd seen Dave, or at least a version of Dave, in this sweet red suit earlier on while he was dealing with monsters.

Knight of Time huh? Not bad Dave, not bad. Bro thought to himself with a small smirk, feeling some pride bubble in him as he thought of the 'classpect' Dave had.

Eridan had explained to him on what he knew about the title, the aspect, the whole entire game. That fish boy troll was still so knowledgeable on things

he shouldn't know it was kind of scary, but not really, impressive more likely but Bro didn't care. Eridan was Eridan as far as he knew it.

### ***Ping***

Speaking of which.

calmingAquarius [CA] began trolling timeausTestified [TT]

CA: It's nice to see you relaxin wwhile the rest of us are gunnin for the future Dirk

Bro swallowed down the warm feeling in his chest and smirked, knowing Eridan could see him. He gave a short wave to the air as he exaggeratedly made himself comfortable on the couch before responding.

TT: What can I say? Everybody deserves a little break, I've been working my damn fine ass off for this

CA: I knoww, I'vevve wwatched.

TT: Mm, nice, I'm always one for voyeurism

TT: One of my definite kinks

CA: As you'veve said and demonstrated multiple times

TT: Mhmm, and you enjoyed those demonstrations

TT: Admit it

CA: Dirk

TT: Just pulling your leg fish boy, as usual, getting back to the topic at.... starting now;

He sat up from the futon to sit on the edge of it, slouching as he put his arms on his knees as he let out a deep chuckle.

CA: Howw wwas convversin wwith past me?

CA: Did you enjoy it as you thought you wwould?

TT: It's been two weeks, what do you think?

CA: Wwhat I think is that it wwas as confusin' as the rest of the convversations I've had wwith you.

TT: Two weeks for you and 15 years for me... mini-you is talking to mini-me right now

CA: Indeed 'mini-me' is

TT: So fucking bizarre

TT: All this shit, all of it

TT: Too fucking bizarre

CA: ...

CA: Dirk

CA: Is this going to be one of those moments?

TT: Don't worry your pretty little head

TT: No

TT: It's not going to be one of those moments

CA: Oh...

TT: Don't you have anything better to do?

TT: Aside from obsessively stalking and talking to me as I grow?

CA: You told me it wwasn't going to be one of those moments

TT: I lied

CA: You ass

TT: Yes my ass, it's very fine isn't it?

CA: I swwear to gog

TT: Jokes aside and seriousness kicking in to eleven

TT: What now?

TT: I saved my lil bro from the meteor in one of the most badass moments of my life

TT: I cleared out the area for my bro to grow in

TT: I contacted mini-you and put everything in and started this whole mess

TT: I got Rox to contact mini-you and put everything in and continued to start this whole mess

TT: The box is empty and Cal is gone but apparently we're not suppose to freak the fuck out about that

TT: My bro's in the game about to become a kick ass god of time and knighthood

CA: Knight of Time

TT: Whatever

TT: What's left for me to do

CA: I don't knoww

TT: What

CA: I

CA: Don't

CA: Knoww

TT: Read it the first time, what the fuck does that mean

CA: It goes black after a certain point, I can't see you or Roxy after Rose goes Grimdark

CA: I am vvery wworried

CA: I don't knoww wwhat's going to happen

CA: I don't knoww wwhat's going on on this meteor

CA: The wwispers are getting stronger Dirk

CA: It's so quiet

CA: And so loud

TT: I got this

timeausTestified [TT] has sent file [listenandcalmdownfishboy.pmv](#)

TT: Made you a new one

CA:

CA: Thanks

CA: The wwhisperin stopped for noww

CA: But you can't keep doing this

TT: I can and I will

TT: I'll continue for however long as I can

TT: I know you Eridan

TT: I know you as much as you know me, it might have been weeks for you in reality but it's been years for us

TT: I'll get you to say it

TT: Just once

TT: And I'll be satisfied for the rest of the time I'll be alive

CA: Don't talk like that

CA: Just don't

Bro smiled sadly, from the various conversations and talks he and Eridan shared, he had pieced together many things. The news of his incoming death was one of those things. At first he had been apprehensive, fearful almost, but now, he had accepted it. Though his one goal was to have Eridan say one thing before he died, just one small thing- the fish alien was so stubborn really, what harm could it be to say that one small thing? Even lie to him about it, and yet, he knew if that one thing was said, it wouldn't be a lie. Which was, really fucked up because of their circumstances.

And it made him both hopeful and bitter.

So, very, bitter.

So, very, hopeful.

TT: I'll talk as I damn please, it's my mouth

CA: Wwhatevver but don't say that

CA: I'm serious I'll think of somethin

CA: I've already changed so much  
CA: I can do this

TT: And if you can't?

CA: I \*\*\*can\*\*\* do this

TT: So you say

TT: So, how long until the black out on my end?

CA: It'll be on day three in the game

CA: I don't knoww howw but instead of one long day, the game spans ovver four noww

CA: Really wwish I kneww howw that happened

CA: But it givves us a good time span

TT: Wait, the kid's game was suppose to be one whole fucking day?

TT: How the hell did they manage to get everything done in a day?

CA: You'd be surprised

CA: At any rate, wwe havve more time

CA: Wwe can do this, wwe can wwin and get a good ending

Bro smirked, getting to his feet and craning his neck.

TT: That's it

TT: Now, let me rephrase Eridan

TT: What's next?

CA: Head to LOLAR, meet with Rox

CA: I'll try to think more of a plan until then

TT: Roger that

TT: Later Eridan

timeausTestified [TT] ceased pestering calmingAquarius [CA]

CA: Later Dirk, remember

CA: Please be careful



CA: For Dave's sake if not for mine

calmingAquarius [CA] ceased trolling timeausTestified [TT]

The thirty year old blond man looked up to his ceiling and smirked before grabbing his rocketboard from where it was laying besides the futon and headed for the roof. Whistling at the newest additional floors that were made from what Bro guessed was the game. Not bad, architecture seemed nice.

Just as he was about to blast off to Rose's planet, he paused as he saw something very... *orange* at the corner of his eye.

"Sup."

Bro blinked incredulously from behind his shades, which would have ruined the awesome stoic facade he usually had up. The very orange thing he had seen at the corner of his eye was... Dave. Only he was orange. And a ghost. And a bird with a sword.

"... What the fuck happened to you little dude." Was all Bro could muster when he quickly regained his composure from the surprising display of, Davesprite? What?

The orange sprite version of Dave glanced down to his new body with a grimace, "It's a long story."

LOLAR and Roxy could wait a while, Dave was his first concern.

---

==> Be Dirk

*Ping*

Dirk paused from his sketching, making a face as he instinctively set aside his notebook to get up. It's that asshole again, CA. He scowled as he clicked on Pesterchum, rolling his eyes from behind his shades as he took his seat in front of the computer.

It's been half a year since CA started 'trolling' him.

And as begrudging and reluctant Dirk would think, the guy was growing on him; didn't stop him from being the most cryptic asshole he's ever slash never met.

It seemed that CA knew almost everything about him, about Cal, and it had really disturbed him at first- who the hell was this asshole of a stalker? He had searched throughout the school, the neighborhood, flipped every single goddamn place he hanged out in trying to find CA's true identity and... nothing. This random ass fucker comes out of nowhere with his whole life's story, Dirk had definitely been disturbed.

Of course, he got over it once he realized that... CA wasn't that bad, at least he wasn't doing anything incriminating with the shit he knew. In the end he had to accept it since he couldn't exactly escape CA, blocking him did nothing and Dirk didn't want to go through the pains of making another account; no matter how easy it was.

Attempting to find CA did nothing, not even trying to track CA's messages did anything, the guy was good no matter how much he insisted that programming was still 'not his forte'. Asshole needed to just give up and fess up.

calmingAquarius [CA] started trolling timeausTestified [TT]

CA: Hello again Dirk

TT: Hello again asshole

CA: I'm not an asshole

CA: Not usually anyway

CA: A lot of people actually see me as a pleasant acquaintance

TT: Yeah well they've never really met you have they

TT: You probably just talk to them through the fucking screen of their computers

TT: How many others are you in contact with

TT: Am I one of the hundred other suckers that you talk and mess to from the screen?

CA: No, you are vvery unique

CA: Though soon I havve givven thought in contacting someone else like you

TT: What

CA: Not yet but soon

CA: I still havve to talk to you

TT: Cryptic fucking asshole

TT: You know, it's been what

TT: Six months since you started bothering me and with everything you know about me

TT: You don't have the decency to even give me your name even though you know mine

TT: From like the very fucking start

CA: That is correct

CA: Though I suppose it's time to change that

TT: What

CA: Am I hearing broken record?

TT: Shut the fuck up

TT: What's your name

CA: Testy as alwways hahaha

CA: It's Eridan

CA: You wwon't find me using that name ovver there though

TT: That's a stupid fucking name

TT: Who the hell names their kid Eridan?

TT: Like what Eridanus the constellation and river

CA: I didn't think you'd even get that  
CA: Robotics are more your thing than astrology

TT: Shut up  
TT: God you're infuriating

CA: Only because you're being incredibly stubborn and difficult

TT: I have eidetic memory remember  
TT: Cracked an astrology book once in boredom and now I got useless knowledge of stars in my head

CA: Ah yes, the infamous Strider memory  
CA: I have to say that's impressive

TT: Well  
TT: What's the rest of your name?

CA: Ampora

TT: The fuck  
TT: Are you serious

CA: Hello Dirk Strider I am Eridan Ampora  
CA: A pleasure to formally meet you :]

TT: You have got to be shitting me  
TT: That cannot be your name

CA: It is in fact my name  
CA: But like I said before you won't be able to find anything about me over there  
CA: And I swear to the stars about and the 'useless stars' in your head that I am telling the truth

TT: Oh and let me guess your actual zodiac sign is fucking Aquarius

CA: It's in the name

TT: Fuck

TT: You

CA: Eloquent response as ever

CA: Think of it as one of my birthday gifts to you Dirk

TT: What

CA: Broken record~

TT: How the fuck

TT: Oh right super stalker of course you knew it was my birthday today

TT: 'One' of my birthday gifts?

TT: What're the others?

CA: Hold on

CA: Honestly I don't knowww why I did this but on the account of a close acquaintance of mine wwwho wwould not leavve me alone until I do it

CA: Here's your second birthday gift

calmingAquarius [CA] has sent file [wwhydidIdothisIblameyouDirk.mp3](#)

CA: Happy birthday Dirk

CA: Howw you managed to get me to do this

CA: I am shocked to the core

TT: What

CA: That is a favvorite wwword of yours isn't it

TT: This song

TT: That voice

TT: That's yours isnt it?

CA:

CA: Yes

CA: And the song is called 'Whatever it takes'

CA: I hope you enjoy and have a nice birthday Dirk

CA: And an early Merry Christmas

TT: ...

TT: Thanks

timeausTestified [TT] ceased pestering calmingAquarius [CA]

Dirk leaned back against his chair, a complicated look on his face that not even his shades could hide. He stared at the file that was playing on his computer, it sounded... awesome if he had to admit it.

CA-er, *Eridan*, wasn't *that* bad of a singer. Plus, the lyrics were, really good. It kind of struck into him for some reason.

Hesitantly, he focused back on the computer, opening a new tab he typed in the song's title. Wanting to know if Eridan hadn't done what he thought and just took the song from somewhere. Only, he didn't find any song that was titled 'Whatever it takes', nothing like it...

Eridan had written a song for him.

Holy hell was he good at that.

He had never had a present like that. Most of his presents were self-bought, the others were just half-hearted presents that were given to him and he hadn't like them at all. But this? This awesome piece of auditory sounds put together in a way he hadn't heard before...

It was awesome.

Behind him, Cal laid against the wall on his bed, staring at him with those strange violet blue eyes, but for once, he wasn't giving him any attention at all as he listened more to the song, having it play on repeat on the computer and attempting to sing the lyrics. He couldn't exactly get it since he didn't know the lyrics that much...

timeausTestified [TT] began pestering calmingAquarius [CA]

TT: Hey asshat

CA: Wwhat's this?

CA: Back so soon?

CA: Wwhatevver wwould you wwant from me?

CA: Also you knoww my name now, please do use it

TT: Later, send me the lyrics to that song you sent me

CA: Hmmm

CA: No

TT: It's my birthday, do it

CA: And here I thought you didn't care about your birthday

TT: Shut up and send me the lyrics

CA: Wwhat a demanding prince you are

CA: Here

calmingAquarius [CA] has sent file **wwhatevverlyrics.doc**

TT: Fuck yes

CA: Wwhat no thank you?

TT: Thanks

CA: Wwhat

TT: That's my 'wword' asshole

TT: Hey you got any other songs?

CA: Hold on, is Dirk Strider being **\*\*sociable\*\***

CA: :o

timeausTestified [TT] ceased pestering calmingAquarius [CA]

timeausTestified [TT] blocked calmingAquarius [CA]!

CA: You knoww that doesn't wwork right?

CA: Nevvermind, enjoy your birthday Dirk I wwill talk to you again later

Dirk ignored the pinging tab and read through the lyrics with a small sense of giddy, there wasn't a smile on his face but his lips twitched ever so slightly.

He had been planning to just spend his birthday regularly, like it was any other day except maybe buy something extra for himself just like he's been doing it for the past few years. Birthday parties weren't his style and he didn't really like them, plus, who would he party with? Himself and Cal? While awesome because of the C-man it was honestly just a bit pathetic. Not even his foster family did his birthday party anymore. Just how he liked it. However...

He plays the song again, listening closely to the song while reading the lyrics.

The blond is unaware of the battle happening behind him, a certain puppet's eyes flashing ever so briefly but staying quiet.

Dirk Strider turns sixteen without any problems.

---

TT: Sing

CA: Wwhat

TT: Lil-me feels all lonely on his own back then, sing for him

TT: Music was a reprieve I rarely went to but I enjoyed it immensely

TT: You're asking me what to give myself as a present?

TT: Sing a song for me

CA: ...

CA: I wwant to say no but already did, didn't I?

TT: Mhmm

TT: Trust me mini-fish boy, that one song will be the first key into opening



the locked Strider vault of trust

CA: And pray tell wwhat song am I going to sing for you?

TT: That'd be telling

TT: Just sing the first song that comes to mind when you think about me in a whole

CA: Alright fine

CA: But I doubt that my singing alone wwill be enough

CA: I'd need music

TT: Just leave that to me

---

==> Be Eridan

Eridan sighed, setting side his grubtop glasses to rub his eyes.

That was one thing down.

Honestly this was getting a bit confusing, all this meddling and fussing and plans that he's involved himself into. Just what was he thinking? Obviously nothing if the extent went this far.

Oh well, it's not like he can really stop now. An entire day has passed since he and the others got stranded on the meteor, but to him, it felt a bit longer since most of the time he's been spending it talking to Dirk, or, younger Bro? He doesn't know, he's been going between young Dirk and older Bro.

He wonders where he can get a mic, he didn't know the code for it but maybe he could get Equius to build him a mic? Hmm...

"O-Oh, hey Eridan."

The violet seadwealler blinked, looking over his shoulder and up the stairs he had been sitting on to see Tavros smiling awkwardly at him. "Ah, Tavy, hello." Eridan greeted back with a small smile. "Howw's your neww legs?" He asked, looking at the new metal limbs of the brownblood.

Tavros chuckled a bit uncertainly, attempting to walk down the stairs, "They're uh, they're pretty nice." He said, just as he looked like he was going to fall over from an uncertain step. "W-woah!" Luckily, he managed to regain his balance and *not* fall over, much to Eridan's relief. And even if he was, Eridan would try to catch him.

"Careful there Tavv! Don't want you fallin' down the stairs." Eridan warned, getting to his feet just in case Tavros did fall over, the violetblood helped him down a bit, wincing slightly at the '*clunk*' sound Tavros made when his metal behind abruptly sat down. Tavros looked at Eridan with a relieved and thankful smile, "There, you need to be more careful Tavv, honestly." Eridan said with a small chuckle, sitting down besides him on a different step.

"Y-Yeah, I know, I just uh. Need to get used to the new legs is all." Tavros mumbled, looking at his new legs with some happiness, apprehension, and a somewhat bitter look. It had been so long since he'd been able to walk, and even then, he couldn't feel a thing with his metal limbs. He was so used to sitting down now, walking with robotic prosthetic legs was going to be a bit difficult to get used to.

Eridan's smile turned a bit somber, "I see." He said softly, sighing as he looked away from the brownblood. "...M sorry." He suddenly said after a moment of silence.

Tavros blinked in surprise, turning to Eridan with a confused look, "U-Uh, what? S-Sorry for, what Eridan?" He asked.

The seadweller shrugged, rubbing his arm in thought, "... I don't knoww," He lied, "I just am, I guess. Nevver mind me Tavv, I'm just," He sighed then gave him a small smile, "A bit stressed. Wwhat do you think of the humans?" He asked instead. Changing the subject.

Tavros frowned but shrugged, "They're, cool. Some of them but Jade seems nice at least, but uh, please don't change the subject Eridan. What are you stressed about?" Eridan opened his mouth to protest before sighing again and just shaking his head.

In truth, he felt sorry that he couldn't save Tavros' leg from Vriska and Scratch's manipulations, mostly because of Scratch's manipulations. He had tried to help him the best but on Alternia the cueball headed puppet was always there, watching his movement when he could and interfering whenever he tried to do something of significance- like try and help Tavros or Aradia.

But he couldn't really say that, instead he just smiled at Tavros, "Just ovver evverthin' I guess. Wwe wwinned the game and yet here wwe are, hidin' in the Medium from a psychopathic dersite wwwho got his hands on the Queen's ring." He fibbed as convincingly as he could, hoping Tavros would buy it, and thankfully for him he did.

The bull-horned troll nodded in understanding, "Yeah I guess that could stress people out... Though I uh, kind of wasn't expecting *you* to be stressed over it." He admitted much to Eridan's surprise.

"Wwhat? Wwhy?"

He got another shrug in response, "I don't know... You uh, always seemed so *composed*?" He phrased it as a question, looking a bit uncertain before nodding in certainty, "Yeah, composed that's um, that's it. You're always so, sure of most of the things you do. Confident, a different kind of confident the good kind of confident, and kind, and cool." Tavros said with a small smile that had Eridan smiling as well.

"Thanks Tavv, that means a lot to me." Eridan said, leaning back against the stairs.

Tavros nodded, happy that Eridan seemed less stressed and more happy.

"You're uh, welcome Eridan."

The two spent a few minutes just talking, chatting idly before Tavros suddenly stood up and excused himself, "I uh, need to go." He mumbled, looking down to the alchemized husk-cell he had made during the game, "It was nice talking to you again Eridan."

Eridan smiled, nodding, "Of course, it wwas nice talkin' to ya too Tavv, wwe havven't really talked much since..." He trailed off, grimacing at the memory of Vriska's bloodied body, "Yeah, I'll see you later. Be careful of those stairs Tavv, one at a time, don't go rushin' it." He reminded him, helping Tavros up. "I need to find Equi anyway."

Tavros nodded, smiling a bit weakly at him, "A-Alright, bye Eridan. See you later." He bade as the seadweller decided to go up the stairs. He looked down to his husk-cell with a small frown after he left.

AT: hE UH,,,,, jUST LEFT AND HE'S HEADING UPSTAIRS

He typed in before taking a careful step down, feeling a bit more confident after talking with Eridan.

*Ping*

TA: good

TA: thank2 TV i owe you one

AT: nO PROBLEM

AT: jUST BE UH,,, a BIT CAREFUL HE SAYS HE'S LOOKING FOR EQUIUS

TA: 2hiit

TA: ii need to iintercept hiim fa2t

TA: thank2 again TV ii'll 2ee you later

twinArmaggedons [TA] ceased trolling adiosToreador [AT]

Tavros sighed as he captchalogued his phone, well his work there was done, now if only he could get more used to these robo-legs. He recalled Eridan's warning and smiled, okay, he could do this.

---

==> In the Future but not far into it

He could not do this.

Tavros thought to himself with a sense of panic as he stared at the mess in front of him.

He and Vriska stood before a blood-stained Gamzee, the purpleblood grinning wickedly while brandishing his clubs *and* an angry Feferi.

Everything on the meteor had gone wrong; Aradia exploded, Feferi flipped, Sollux was dead? Kanaya was definitely dead, judging by the olive, blue and red stains on Gamzee, Karkat, Nepeta and Equius were probably dead while Terezi and Eridan were missing.

It was up to him and Vriska to either calm Gamzee and Feferi down, or *put them down*. In a permanent kind of sense of down, Tavros gulped but narrowed his eyes as he prepared himself for a RARE x4 COMBO SHOWDOWN.

***Hissssssss***

... What was that hissing noise?

---

==> Be Mindfang

## Chapter End Notes

WHOO!

Lot's of things to do this year! Hopefully update more and actually be productive!

Hope you guys enjoyed your Christmas and New Years and have a hopefully awesome 2019! Hopefully.

Lot's of things are happening my friends, also can you tell that I'm really rooting for EriBro? But worry not! A LOT is going to happen before that can happen, mostly full of angst. One hint.

So you know how Jake has a Brain Ghost Dirk?

;]

See you next time!

Oh yeah, the song is ['Whatever it Takes' by Imagine Dragons](#)

# History - The Prisoner (1)

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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==> Be Mindfang

==> Mindfang: Take a breath

Taking in a deep breath, which was really unnecessary it seems given the fact she was *dead* but it was a reflexive instinct that she had yet to abandon. It was only of recent discovery that she was dead, she along with her close companion and moirail Rufioh who was looking just as confused as she was. Which was a rare thing, though to be fair she had been more confused whenever it came to her kismesis.

Speaking of him... Marquise Spinneret Mindfang looked around the familiar landscape, a desert yet untouched by the throes of battle, it was the place of their last battle with the dreaded Grand Highblood.

"Where is Cronus? If what you say is true, then Cronus should be in this bubble with us, did he not perish in the last battle with us?" She asks the red juvenile fairy, with wings almost like her moirail's but only in rusty bright red instead of brown.

Rufioh himself jolted at the reminder and looked up to, Aradia was her name correct? To Aradia with a pensive look, "He should be, I... I killed him after all..." He said softly, looking back down to his own hands with a sorrowful look. Aradia frowns, unable to answer as Aranea looked over to her moirail with a look of shock. He doesn't look at her but he does continue, "I couldn't, I couldn't let that *highblood*," He spat with such vile, a poisonous word in his vocabulary, "Take him, *again*. He wouldn't be able to handle it, I *had to*, I *had to*..." And with that, the shock and small tinge of rage morphs into understanding. "He should be in here with us, or at least with you Aranea. He died before me."

Aranea puts a comforting hand on Rufioh's shoulder, "If he is not here then we will find him." She reassured him, briefly papping his face to calm him down and give him comfort. Aradia's first thought was that it was kind of weird to see both Vriska's and Tavros' ancestors being pale for each other since their descendants weren't that fond for each other. Her second thought was that she doubted that they'd be able to find Dualscar for some time.

"And what exactly do you mean by that little fairy?" Mindfang questioned coldly, both she and The Summoner glanced at her with narrowed determined and cold eyed. Shit, she had said the last part aloud didn't she.

The Maid of Time's wings fluttered nervously before she answered, "The Dream Bubbles is a vast and somewhat infinite plane, should the Dark Gods and Horrorterrors wish it, they can conceal certain people and memories. If Dualscar has died and has not appeared in this memory with you, then he is somewhere else." She told them, "Where that is, I do not know and if the gods will it then you will not be able to find him unless the Gods want you to."

Aradia herself had come both at terms and yet still somewhat bitter at that admittance. "But for whatever reason, the gods seem to be amused in cloaking the presences of certain, people. I.e. Mostly the Amporas." Rarely could she find ghosts of *any* Ampora, and when she did, they slipped away from her like literal and actual ghosts- which were what they were but still. They either were in hiding or were being hidden by the Gods themselves, which was very frustrating.

Aranea frowned angrily, scoffing, "The Gods can try to stop us by we *will* find him. Fate and gods be damned." It was what she learned from him himself after all, she had been *fated* to be with Rufioh in the red quadrant and yet, they fell pale instead. Fate deemed Cronus to die as he revealed to them on the nights where he was his weakest and had no one else to confide in but the two moirails, only for him to defy it and end up imprisoned instead. A worse fate true but he had defied his original ending and managed to go so far.

Fate could kiss their asses. And the gods could happily follow.



"We'll find him, wander around these bubbles for as long as we can but we'll find him." Rufioh-no, *The Summoner* gruffed, loyal to the end.

Aradia blinked and smiled slightly, nodding in understanding. "Then I wish you luck on your journey. But there is another Cronus I am trying to find and he is just as difficult to track. Please, make yourselves familiar with the Bubbles, I'm sure I will see you another time." She said to them, taking to the skies, she had her own Ampora to catch.

Mindfang and the Summoner watched the Maid of Time leave. She had been helpful at the start, informing where they were and what had happened. But she would be unhelpful in their search for their Cronus as she had her own to catch, Aranea snorted as she thought of a younger Cronus, she hoped they would meet him, see what this 'Pre-Scratch' business was all about.

But for now, she and her moirail were on a journey to find their Cronus.

The one who essentially changed their lives by his strange actions and anomalous personality. The Orphaner Dualscar was his main and preferred title, and The Prisoner, his other and almost universally loathed title.

They would find him.

They swore it.

---

==>Be Cronus

==>Cronus: Sigh

He already has.

So many of these trolls have made him secretly sigh, if it weren't for the fact he was dead, he'd probably left sighless. How stubborn Damara's dancestor was, she kept giving him a hard time, trying to find him- he's already having the time of his *death* avoiding all the other trolls,

especially *purple clowns*. Cronus is getting really annoyed by the premise of sneaking around dream bubbles, you'd think after the fact he was an absolute *nuisance* around the others, they wouldn't care at the fact he'd disappeared but *noo*.

Now *everyone* was concerned and trying to look for him. Though at least he had gotten a few sweeps of almost peace after taking the 'mission' from the powerful worm that was his denizen. Unfortunately, ever since Alternia came up and the whole situation of his *Post-Scratch* self coming to light, they've been wanting to talk to him about it and found out that he hasn't been around at all for the last few hundred sweeps. Not that it mattered since time was meaningless within the bubbles.

The outer gods weren't really helping, sure there were times that they did provide him assistance but most of the time they were too amused to keep him away from the others, content to let him get out of the situation by himself. They were probably too busy in keeping Meenah in stasis and away from the others, yeah he knew that the Thief of Life was in their grasp, she wouldn't be let out to join the dead until later on.

He didn't really care. The fuschia heiress and pre-scratch tyrant empress wasn't really someone he liked to think about, since they died and otherwise. Also it was fitting that Meenah ended up as a fucking tyrant empress in the Post-Scratch universe they had. He preferred it when Feferi was the Empress, even with how shitty things had been before. Meenah, both versions really, could just go swim in the fucking loadgaper as far as he was concerned.

At any rate though, this was getting ridiculous.

"Dammit..." The violet blooded seadweller muttered, rubbing his oh so tired eyes. He can barely catch a break any more, not with everyone suddenly deciding he was the hottest shit since sliced grubloaf. He wanted to sleep, but he couldn't, not out here.

Cronus huffed, running a hand through his messy hair. With the fact he had been avoiding the others, he didn't have to put up with that stupid greaser act any more, which meant no longer slicking his hair back like a goddamn

douche-canoë. He kept his usual clothes however since his old clothing didn't exactly fit him anymore, that was alright, he didn't really want his old clothes.

Too many bad memories associated with those.

Even more so than the greaser-themed clothing he wore now. Oh trust him, he *definitely* wanted out of the clothes but he didn't have any other clothes. Not really. None that he liked anyway.

So it was the, thankfully somewhat fitting jeans, and the ridiculous ripped shirt he had on. He sighed once more, looking around the bubble he was in. Seemed private enough, this must be a random memory that the horrorterrors glubbed up. He wonders who it belongs to before shrugging and deciding not to care at all like usual. At least he had been granted to get into the bubble, it was suspicious but he was too tired from evading every fucking ghost in the bubbles to care.

The memory was of a green room, with a simple set of furniture, a girly bed and some sort of giant window-wall propped and stuck against the floor and wall. He couldn't help but take a curious look around, the room was awfully bare of anything else aside from anything else. Cronus walks over to the weird window-wall, it looked familiar for some reason, the violet blooded seadweller frowns at it but looks away, walking over to the bed to take a seat.

It was a weird and creepy memory, with only a bed, a table and some chairs and a weird white-rimmed and almost mechanical window room in it. Still, it was better than being chased by the other ghosts, he takes out his cigarettes and lights one up, needing a relaxing smoke from the nonsense he's been dealing with, not only from the start of his death but also from the recent sweeps, it's been the most active dead sweeps that he's ever been. Curse his terrifying but asshole denizen and his stupid fucking deal.

Cronus takes a puff, smiling at the relieving and familiar smell of smoke and the feeling of smoke in his non-existent lungs. It was his version of a breath of fresh air, tainted and life-draining, he wished he had died from smoking rather than being blown up but unfortunately he hadn't been

smoking long enough to do that by the time Meenah had that stupid fucking bomb. He lays back, staring at the memory's ceiling, closing his eyes briefly so he could just relax for a few minutes to maybe an hour if he was lucky.

Unfortunately he was not that lucky.

The moment he opened his eyes he immediately gazed into a set of amused set of dead white eyes and a quirked set of rust-red lips, a familiar language that he only half-understood coming from those red lips.

"ご挨拶少しです、ああ、あなたは私にはどれほど親しみがあるか。" [Greetings little one, oh how familiar you look to me.]

"... I'm not little."

---

==>Dirk: Befriend Eridan

TT: No

CA: Yes

TT: NO

CA: YES

TT: Goddammit Eridan I am not gay for Superman

CA: Evveryone is gay for Superman Dirk, face it, embrace it evven

TT: You are the weirdest motherfucker I have never met

CA: Alright, you might just be gay for Batman then

TT: Eridan

CA: Wwhat? Havve you seen that Dark Knight? I knoww you like his bat shaped shurikens.

TT: ...

TT: You have a point

CA: Yes, yes I do havve a point

CA: I alwways havve a point

TT: Fuck you

CA: You wwish

TT: No I don't

CA: ...

CA: Uh right anywway

It is the weirdest friendship Dirk has ever had. Ever since Eridan revealed his name to him on his birthday and gave him that song, something changed between them, Dirk was opening up more and more and in turn, so was Eridan. It was really weird at the start but it got less weird as Eridan sent a few songs from time to time, and Dirk always listens, he has all of Eridan's songs in a file on his computer. He could now say that they were friends and it was a friendship he had never expected to blossom.

And he wouldn't do anything to change it at all.

Still, he feels like there's something behind all this. Something behind the words and songs- he didn't mind it though.

Dirk smirks as he leans back on his chair, snorting as he manages to trick Eridan to go off on a tangent about something frivolous. It was a nice change from the weird trolling from months before when Eridan was the one who kept triggering him to do something unlikely. He was slowly learning on what made Eridan tick and tock and so much more.

He's too busy snickering over Eridan's rant to notice the strange behavior of his old friend who is painfully silent and still, and yet, if one to look closely into the puppet's strange eyes, they'd see something... utterly confusing and terrifying.

...!

---

==> Mindfang: Meet yourself

Mindfang had, admittedly, a few doubts over a few certain things that the red fairy juvenile had said to them, mostly on the part of meeting their 'Pre-Scratch' selves of another timeline slash universe.

But now that they were truly, really dead, and with the way their surroundings changed the further they walked from one bubble to the next, changing from the sandy desert to Mindfang's own old ship was... making her rethink of a few things, especially the subject of meeting her own 'Pre-Scratch' self.

Why especially?

Well, the reason for that was because of the fact, in front of her and the Summoner as of the moment of now...

Was Aranea Serket.

The Sylph of Light and the Pre-Scratch version of herself. She wore a cerulean dress with a white version of their shared sign on her chest and a black belt around her stomach. She also wore knee-high white socks and red shoes, perched on her face were a sharp pair of white-rimmed glasses. Like Mindfang and Summoner, she was dead telling by the white of her eyes, she was grinning widely and it was clear that she was very excited at the sight of them.

"It's you!" The younger looking troll exclaimed with delight, hands clasped together in awe. "I-I've been, uh, I've been following your story vigilantly ever since it started. I have so many questions and-!"

Mindfang definitely has no doubts about Aradia's words, Aranea is... someone she had been once when she was a juvenile, before she had found her talent and skill as a gambliant and was faced with the truth of the world.

Summoner glanced at her with a look, noting the hidden look of discomfort on his moirail's face. "Well, isn't that interesting huh doll?" He couldn't help but ask and tease, looking at the secretly embarrassed Mindfang who was more and more reminded of her younger wiggler days of when she was before she became the troll she was today. Though her ego was appropriately stroked from the exited gushing from her alternate juvenile self, which made up for the original embarrassment. Summoner snorted at the look he received from her.

Mindfang hid her huff and instead looked back to Aranea, "As lovely as it is to meet my alternate, my moirail and I have someone important to find." She interrupted coolly, smiling at her. She wasn't lying, they had to find Dualscar, their Cronus.

Aranea faltered, her smile slipping off into a thoughtful frown, "Ah yes, the Post-Scratch iteration of Cronus Ampora? The Pri-er, Orphaner Dualscar?" She asked, correcting her original title for the seadweller when she caught sight of the warning looks from both adult trolls. "Is he not here? Did he not die in the last battle?" She questioned, shuffling nervously as she glanced at the Summoner who stiffly nodded. She knew. Of course she knew.

Their lives had been viewed by their 'Pre-scratch' selves frequently. And it seemed that Aranea was an avid follower of it, she was wearing a grey necklace, a very familiar necklace, Mindfang was briefly stunned to see the heretical symbols of the Signless hanging from around her neck.

Well, it shouldn't come as a surprise since they did use his symbol with the resistance. Summoner had been a follower after all, and Dualscar was someone who felt the same with the martyr, ending up in a similar position... only worse.

"Yes, and as I've heard. Your own Cronus has disappeared as well?" Mindfang couldn't help but ask, feeling curious about the younger version of her old kismesis. Aranea was standing right before her and the Summoner's alternate was likely somewhere within the bubbles as well, Rufioh. Something that Summoner was realizing as well and he didn't really know how to think about that.

Aranea's frown deepened as her brows furrowed, "Yes, he is. No one has seen the Bard of Hope for sweeps, he... disappeared the moment his counterpart was hatched I think." She said aloud, "Which was, at the time, totally inconspicuous and entirely unalarming. Truth be told, we hadn't exactly noticed or even deemed is suspicious until it was too late. He is seen sometimes in random bubbles, but only for a moment and then after that he absconds elsewhere."

Both adult trolls' eyebrows rose at the admittance, "And why is that?" Mindfang questioned curiously. No doubt that this Cronus was hiding something just as their Cronus had. But what? Just what was it with Ampora's and secrets that no one should ever know? You'd think she'd be exaggerating but then Cronus' descendant was just as secretive.

"We do not know why, we are trying to find him now but it seems that he does not want to be found at all." Aranea grumbled, having realized that Cronus had been hiding something from them all, something important-important enough that it bled right into his Post-Scratch life and affected his Alternian self. And to her knowledge, important enough to actually *change* history, change the alpha timeline. How did she know? A certain *host* lamented and revealed a lot when Dualscar failed to kill the Dolorosa.

Speaking of her, she now wandered the bubbles with her family. They too, were trying to find Dualscar.

There was a search for Cronus Ampora. Either of them.

---

### ==> Cronus: Be Found

"Here again? I should have known."

Cronus didn't reply, eyes closed as he listened to the sea water gently sloshing against the sand of the beach. "Aranea." He acknowledged quietly, not bothering to turn to see his kismesis even as he opened his eyes to take in the stone that was before him, a familiar sign etched and carved into it. The sign of Virgo, Porrim's sign.



"Cronus." Aranea replied, just as quiet as she went to stand beside him. Looking at the headstone of where Porrim Maryam rested.

It had been a few sweeps since the jadeblood's death, doing so had taken and broken Cronus' pale diamond quadrant. Aranea doubted that he would take in another moirail ever again, none would be able to match up to her. Not in the seadweller's eyes.

The Marquise and The Orphaner stood in silence as they paid their respects, though Cronus was paying more than respect, as always -since he had personally buried her on this beautiful and remote island- he left beautiful and colorful flowers by her grave. Didn't her descendant Kanaya like them? It was hard to remember now, Cronus didn't really care, not anymore.

However, the silence couldn't hold, not with important and impending information that involved the two of them. So, with some regret, Mindfang broke the silence and spoke to Dualscar. "Someone has called for our heads, they've appealed to the subjugglators." She finally informed him. "I hear they're sending a Legislacerator after us both."

Cronus's earfin twitched, that was familiar, wasn't he suppose to be the one to report her to them? He wasn't suppose to... fuck... he's really messed things up didn't he? And look where that took him.

...

Fuck it, he's not laying down anymore. Scratch can suck it, and so can the timeline, he's not playing by the rules.

Mindfang is surprised when Dualscar lets out a hollow laugh, "Let her come. She'll regret her actions when she hangs in front of the crowd." He mumbles, finally turning away from the stone to look at the sea where their ships awaited their return. "Beware the orb Aranea, addiction is a powerful thing and keep a look out for the skies."

---

==> Redglare: Apprehend the criminals

## Chapter End Notes

And here we have another Ancestors Arc! Kind of.

See how history was changed while we go through the dream bubbles!

# History - The Prisoner (2)

## Chapter Notes

### WARNING

Major Out of Characterness! Especially when it comes to Alpha Cronus!

I think there's one more chapter left before we get to the real fun within the story! But HEY more Ancestor things!

Really, this isn't really the type of Cronus I've ever seen out there. But if there is, then I've forgotten :T

Hope this paints a better picture on what's going on in the background and a hint on how things became the way they were :3

Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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### ==> Redglare: Apprehend the criminals

Being a Legislacerator was hard work.

Especially if that Legislacerator was ordered to apprehend two infamous criminals.

The Scourges of the High Seas, gambliant pirates that left a rainbow of blood in their wake. Both, spoken in admiration and fear from all bloods.

Latula Pyrope, aka Neophyte Legislacerator Redglare, looked down to the two files in her hand. Each bearing, a profile of information for the two criminals that she was to apprehend and bring to justice on the orders of the Grand Highblood himself. Curious.

She knew of them, naturally, who didn't?

One, a female cerulean titled Marquise Spinneret Mindfang. She had psychic abilities that let her control those with lower blood than her, and was a master swordswoman with many tricks up her sleeves. Her mutated eye was no joke either, it gave her enhanced vision. She would have to be careful with this one, but there was nothing that she and Pyralspite couldn't handle.

The other...

She read with interest.

The other one, a male violet seadweller titled Orphaner Dualscar, the head and most famous Orphaner out there. He was a master marksman and swordsman, a former bachelor in all quadrants, now a bachelor of three. Mindfang was-*is* his kismesis now, no moirail, matesprit and the pitch relationship between he and the cerulean was stable and fulfilling enough to not need an auspice.

Strange, having a kismesis despite not having a moirail but not exactly rare.

Though, that wasn't the reason of her interest. No, the reason of her interest was the fact that her orders slightly differed when it came to the violetblooded seadweller.

Her orders specifically after her trial with the Marquise were to bring Dualscar to the Highblood himself.

As much as she wanted to put Dualscar on trial for his crimes as well, orders were orders, she wanted justice yes but to do justice, she must be alive first and foremost.

With that in mind, she reluctantly puts down both files on her desk and headed out of her work block, walking with purpose and a sharp mischievous grin. In her hands, her trusty dragon cane, the head of her lusus and partner carved unto the end with glowing ruby eyes that were a pale but impressive imitation to her own lusus' glaring red eyes.

Speaking of her partner...

“Pyralspite!” She bellowed as soon as she was out of the building, awaiting the arrival of her beloved partner-lusus to appear in the skies. Her teal-painted lips smirked as she heard the roar of her dragon mother, and soon enough, a beautifully white dragon appeared from above the clouds, parting them with the powerful flaps of her wings as she landed on the ground, crooning softly to her charge.

The giant dragon knelt down, lowering her head and closing her eyes as Redglare reached out to pet her scaly snout with a fond smile before it sharpened and turned into a wicked grin. “Time to get to work dragon mother, we have criminals to apprehend.” She cackled, tensing her legs before jumping up.

She landed on the back of her custodian, sitting comfortably on the luscious white scales.

“Let’s apprehend us some criminals~” Neophyte Redglare cackled, grinning toothily as Pyralspite roared her agreement, taking to the skies with the tealblood riding on her back. The tealblood headed for her destiny, unknowing of the fate that was laid out for her, one hand securely crooking her cane against her collar while the other hand went to the secret little pendant that she wore.

The old beliefs that she held when **he** was still alive and she had been younger, naive to the truth of the world and what was expected of her. Those beliefs shattered during her maturation, when the pariah of her old beliefs was burnt and executed for spouting heretical ideals that still lied within her mind. She dare not act on them however, she was smarter than that.

And yet, she kept the little trinket that was created after **his** death, distributed to those who had heard his words and was touched ever so slightly. She had been young when she received the symbolic necklace, a small connection to the troll she used to be.

But now, she was a Neophyte, she was Redglare, she had a job to do and orders to fulfill.

No more reminiscing on the past.

It was time to catch some criminals.

==>Be Cronus

---

==> Cronus: Think

This was fucking bizarre.

In all the thousands and billions of sweeps within the dream bubbles, he never thought he'd be this relaxed with another troll. *Much less an adult version of Damara Megido.*

The Handmaid-Mara, -Mara, she insisted, she hated her title and would rather have a nickname rather than her title or her full wiggler name- was currently carding her dainty but experienced adult fingers through his thankfully un-greased hair.

Turns out, the weird green room with the human bed and other things was *her* room, specifically the room she grew up in for most of her wrigglinghood. And it was an awful goddamn wrigglinghood.

After their first meeting, Cronus found himself drawn to the adult troll despite the slight language barrier between them. Cronus understood some Eastern Alternian, not to the extent of Rufioh and he couldn't speak it while Mara couldn't really speak proper English like her juvenile self but Cronus was now in the process of teaching her and she, him.

It was a work in progress.

Though, it was a slow work in progress since Cronus still had a mission to do.

Find *him*.

Find him and then he could finally rest and spend time hiding, teaching, and learning from, with and to Mara in the dream bubbles.

It was strange, to hang out with a troll that he didn't feel like avoiding. Then again, he felt like he could relate to her, actually, he *could* relate to her.

They were both servants to two powerful beings and had no choice but to follow orders. Only difference was that Mara was now free of her service in her death, yet Cronus was still shackled by his service even in death. He couldn't do anything about it until *Abraxas* freed him of his own volition. Unfortunately he couldn't see that happening any time soon.

Mara was the only troll he felt like he could trust, he could hide in her bubbles, find time to rest and spend time with her before being hurled off back to the endless bubbles in trying to find the right one that contained the right troll.

Himself.

More specifically, his Post-Scratch self.

He knows what he had done to deserve the suffering he was going through, but he didn't know that he had done so bad that his alternate self was suffering as well.

To be called 'traitor' by the rest of his caste, take on the title of 'The Prisoner', and taken as a prisoner and slave to the Post-Scratch Kurloz?

...

---

*Cronus whimpered, cradling the frail body in his arms. Ignoring the red and blue sparks that came from it, it wasn't much of a danger after what happened- he doubted... he doubted that...*

*"Oh Mituna, I'm so sorry..." Cronus whispered, transparent violet tears dripping from his face, his glasses had long gone been crushed in the attack and had been left back in **his** lair. The cuts on his forehead were still bleeding but it was nothing compared to the murky yellow blood dripping from Mituna's face. "I shouldn't have- I-I didn't- I was so stupid."*

Mituna gave him a strained smile, “I-It’th... okay, CN... Y-you, you didn’t know, better... At leatht... you’re.. o...ka..y.....” He mumbled, eyes slipping close as the last of his psionics sputtered out.

Cronus’ eyes widened, and he shook Mituna slightly, “Mituna? Mituna, no! Mituna please! Please don’t die! I-” He closed his eyes tightly, the last of his powers, though minuscule now- would it be enough to at least save his friend’s life?

**“w h a t a r e y o u d o i n g m y b a r d”**

Cronus ignored the prominent voice at the back of his head, hissing as he took grasp at the last dreads of his Hope Powers. He was a Bard. He could not heal. But he didn’t care as long as Mituna survived. Mituna was dying and no doubt it was going to be a hero’s death. That couldn’t happen.

**“...a f o o l i s h c h o i c e b u t v e r y w e l l”**

“Shut up!” Cronus hissed, using the sleeve of his shirt to wipe away both the blood and tears off of his face as he concentrated. Eyes lit with the leftovers of his powers, he concentrated, white light enveloping his pupils as he directed it towards Mituna.

From the distance, he could hear something, someone but he had to focus.

The frighteningly still chest, Mituna died and it was **all. His. F a u l t.** Began to move, a steady rise and fall.

Cronus is relieved, but something’s wrong. Cronus could feel it, his mind, it was... It...

Later he would learn that even Aranea couldn’t fully heal Mituna, despite being a Sylph, of the Aspect of Light yes but a Sylph nonetheless. Apparently, something was preventing her to do so, something lingering in the broken mind of the goldblood and silently, Cronus beat himself up over it. Again and again, he probably didn’t have to though, since someone else would gladly beat him up and make him repent for his sins.



Suddenly he's wrenched away from Mituna forcefully, his wool vest, practically ripping apart from the unnaturally strong hands that took hold of it and Cronus cried out as he was faced with Kurloz Makara. The towering purpleblood lifted him off of the ground, Cronus had yet to go through his second pupation since he was 6 sweeps old now like the rest of his... like the rest of the trolls. He was a late bloomer.

**"WHAT DID YOU DO?!"** The juggalo snarled, eyes teary but also glowing with chucklevoodoo use and highblood rage. Cronus gasped and flinched as Kurloz roared, **"WHAT DID YOU DO?! WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY MOIRAIL?!"** He demanded, voice echoing in the use of his chucklevoodoos.

"I-I-!"

"Kur...lot..h..." They both looked over to see Mituna weakly moving, eyes clenched as the red and blue veins that came from his eyes pulsed instinctively to use the psionics he no longer had. "Don..t... Cro...nu.th..." He muttered weakly, trying to stand.

Kurloz quickly dropped Cronus, going over to his moirail's side. "Mituna, Mituna motherfucking palemate Mituna." The juggalo looked back to Cronus, a snarl on his face, "What. Did. You. Do."

Cronus whimpered, shakily getting to his feet, "I-I'm sorry, I vwas just-"

*"youcannottell,itwaspartofourdeal.tryingtote llw illresultingreatconsequences."*

The young violetblooded troll shut his mouth and sobbed at that.

"Was **what?**" Kurloz impatiently demanded but stood up in surprise when Cronus suddenly ran away, but before he could even try and follow after the crying seadweller, Mituna grabbed his skeleton-patterned clothing. Whispering something nonsensical and reminding him that his moirail needed medical attention.

*Going after Cronus would have to wait. There were more important matters to attend to first, like his injured palemate.*

---

Cronus smiled bitterly. Kurloz never did pursue him about what happened to Mituna until after their death. Cronus had gone into his second pupation molt shortly after what happened, finally becoming an older juvenile. Being in a molt managed to protect him from Kurloz, who didn't dare interfere with his pupation, not if he wanted answers from him. But right after his molt, Kurloz had that nightmare that caused both his and Meulin's disabilities.

Turning Kurloz mute and Meulin deaf, ultimately ending their matespritship as well but fortunately not their friendship.

The sweeps afterward before their end, were... Somewhat peaceful, Cronus carefully constructed his weird greaser act as he abandoned his faith in magic.

It was only after their deaths did Kurloz begin to pursue him on the truth of the matter.

Though, 'pursue' was... not the word that he would actually use.

'Hunt' suited it more likely.

---

*Cronus gasped in pain as he was slammed into the wall of the dream bubble. Not even a sweep dead and he was dealing with Kurloz.*

*The mute juggalo looked at him with cold eyes, dead white eyes that soon turned purple as he used his chucklevoodooos to **forcefully** make his way into the other's mind. Cronus cried out, as Kurloz's mental voice made itself known inside his head. He could have done it gentler or even subtler, but Kurloz wanted to make sure Cronus felt the pain full force.*

***"Motherfucker, you've been keeping secrets... Tell them to me fucker, 'specially what you did to my palemate brother."*** Kurloz hissed in his

*mind. Cronus choked, both from Kurloz's hand firmly wrapped around his neck and the pain that came from his head. Soon enough, violet tears came from his own eyes.*

*"I've... got-nothing.. to ... say..." He gasped out, he really didn't. He couldn't reveal anything that happened, it was part of the fucking deal. If he tried, he'd experience pain worse than what Kurloz was giving him.*

*Kurloz's eyes gleamed with anger and madness, vindictive glee clear in his dead eyes.*

***"I'll make you motherfucking talk you shitstain motherfucker."***

---

It was then that Kurloz made it his mission to try and extract every single bit of information from Cronus, which ultimately failed since he really *couldn't* tell him anything of significance.

It was a painful millenia of sweeps. Whenever Kurloz caught Cronus alone, he practically tortured Cronus, frustrated when Cronus refused to break underneath his rage. He eventually realized though, that you couldn't break what was already broken. There was nothing left of Cronus to break. He was clinging to his greaser persona to drive everyone away and keep to his lonesome.

Thankfully though, Kurloz avoided hurting Cronus around others and mostly left after a few hours. And he never exactly left him very injured, or at least any injury he couldn't hide. When he was left with bruises on his arms, he covered it with a leather jacket. Any rare bruise or cut on his face could be excused and explained another way.

It was just his luck that they were already dead and they hadn't found another significant way to die as a fucking ghost.

Either way though, the painful treatment from Kurloz Makara lasted for a very long time. Until...

---

*Cronus looked up at the sky. Or at least the memory of a sky.*

*It was his sky. The rare dream bubble from his land. Despite it having been terrifying as fuck, the sky had always been rather lovely. Colors of grey, white and a few other colors swirling along the sky.*

*Destruction had been part of his planet's name. And it showed with the ruins that littered the surface of his planet. His consorts had been terrifying angels that had terrified him. And yet, also comforted him once he got used to them. They were, his only friends within the game after Mituna... died, revived and changed.*

*The others...*

*He sighed, smiling at as a nearby angel came close enough for him to pet. Even though it was a memory. He enjoyed the angel's presence. Though he was smiling, it was mostly empty, and tiring. A ghost of a genuine smile. He hasn't done a genuine smile for a very long time.*

*Cronus certainly missed his angels. They had managed to forgive him in his first blunder, accidentally wounding some of them in their first meeting, he had panicked and acted without restraint and on instinct. But over the sweeps within the game, he managed to earn their forgiveness, though, they pitied him since they had obviously known his deal with his planet's denizen.*

*The violetblooded seadweller smiled softly, humming as the angel curled around him. "Hello little one." Cronus said quietly, lightly scratching the angel's chin. "I miss you all, you know that?" He told the silent angel, the usual whispers of the angels didn't compare to the actual ones.*

*Cronus sighed as he looked back up to the sky, staying silent for a moment as he then closed his eyes.*

*"... Don't you have anythin' better to do?" He asked to thin air, having felt someone enter his dream bubble since it was his dream bubble.*

*And that someone, was unfortunately Kurloz Makara.*

*The clown had been... oddly passive. Again.*

*His attacks and hate seemed to have subsided slightly. Or was he pretending to be passive again? Like that one time that he pretended that he didn't totally hate Cronus before torturing him to the brink. It had taken some time away from the others to fully recover and act like nothing happened.*

*Kurloz didn't say anything, or do anything other than watch him from where he was standing from.*

*It slightly annoyed Cronus that the other could enter his dream bubble like this after he oh so carefully made sure that his dreambubbles were few and in between. Not to mention locked and inaccessible from the other dead ghosts and such.*

*"Hovw long are you goin' to stand there?" Cronus finally asked in his usually resigned voice, "Just get it owver vwith Kurloz." He told him, dismissing the memory angel and just patiently waiting for Kurloz to attack him. Would it be mental this time? Or physical? Maybe both?*

*He didn't care anymore.*

*It's been so long, since he's had to care about anything about himself.*

*Strangely enough though, Kurloz didn't do anything. He just stood there, looking at Cronus with a strange look on his face. His eyes... they weren't even violet or flashing with his usual chucklevoodooos that he constantly used on him, whether to inflict pain or to communicate with him. But now, they were just white. White like the rest of them, white and dead as the ghosts that they were now.*

*"..."*

*"..."*

*"..."*

*"... If y'er not gonna do anythin'... then leawve Kurloz."*

*Cronus said quietly, fully expecting the clown to snap out of whatever thing he was experiencing and wail on him like usual. However...*

*He didn't.*

*Kurloz just curtly nodded and stepped out of the bubble. Not saying a word or doing anything else. He just, left the bubble doing nothing.*

*That was, strange, verily so. But he wasn't going to question it, not right now when he had a precious moment to himself in sweet silence.*

*It continued on for a while. Kurloz finding him all alone, but he didn't do anything else but stare at him. Sometimes he wouldn't even leave Cronus alone, but continued to either stand or sit by Cronus side at a distance. Slowly coming closer, and always with that unreadable look on his face.*

*Cronus didn't know what the fuck was going on, but he didn't care. He was past the point of caring.*

---

Cronus blinked when large fingers rubbed down his cheeks in a pitifully intimate manner.

“Think too much. Stop.” Mara said softly, looking down at Cronus with a soft but neutral look. Cronus huffed, shifting slightly as he adjusted his head from Mara's lap. “Stop. Stay. No think no more. Stupid clown not here, no think 'bout him.”

“Easy for you to say.” Cronus sighed, lips quirking a tiny bit as Mara carded her fingers through his hair. “Actually I'm a bit surprised he hasn't found me after all this time... Then again, I surely know I have you to thank for.” He said somewhat dryly, despite the amount of time he had spent with her, no one had found him and Mara together. Not even once so far.

Mara smirked, nodding smugly, “Stupid clown not allowed in here, using powers to hide us.” She told him proudly. Despite her loathing on how she

got her powers and the training that came with it, she had to admit, the powers she had were useful for situations like these ones.

Cronus hummed, feeling slightly impressed, “Good goin’ Mara.”

“Mn. Not lasting. Different because dead. I, ah word... charge? When you go find.”

That made sense, somewhat. Her powers were different after death, he didn’t know how that worked but then again, even after everything... he still hadn’t regained a lick of his own old power. He was the Bard of Hope, a useless title for him, but fitting he supposes.

He didn’t want to be the Bard of Hope. But he was.

Maybe it was a good thing that his powers didn’t return, or that they would never return, the last time he tried using his powers...

Cronus closed his eyes, phantom pain flashing in his chest as he remembers Mituna. Mind, broken probably for forever and it was still *all. His. Fault.*

He yelped as he felt Mara pinch his earfin, it wasn’t painful, but it was certainly a surprise!

“Vwhat vwas that for?” He asked with some annoyance, rubbing his fin as he looked at the adult troll.

Mara frowned at him, “Stop. You thinking bad again. Stop.” She pouted at Cronus grimaces, “Little fish, must stop thinking bad, smile.”

Cronus snorted but his lips quirked. “Smile huh? Genuine one?”

He snorted again at Mara’s determined nod, “You’ll hawve to vwait a long time for that... maybe ewven newver.” He pointed out in a deadpan, looking past her face and towards the room’s ceiling.

Mara smiled, nodding mostly to herself, “Yes. I know, will wait for how long. Want to see little fish true smile, want it to be by me and no one else.” She declared, acting unlike the supposed demoness that she had been raised

and groomed into. She had no true wrigglinghood, might as well act childish now that she could. She dropped it though, for a moment. Voice soft and hauntingly serious.

“... ある日、私はあなたが輝くを見るでしょう。私はあなたの笑顔を見るでしょう。あなたはいつか本当に幸せになるでしょう、そして私はその日の一部になりたいです。あなたのスクラッチ自己は面白かった、あなた、もっとそう。 Cronus Ampora、申し訳ありません。” [One day, I will see you shine. I will see you smile. You will truly be happy one day, and I want to be part of that day. Your scratch self was interesting, you, more so. I pity you, Cronus Ampora, I pity you and I will wait until you pity me too.]

Cronus closed his eyes, sighing quietly.

“... ばかな女。”

Foolish woman.

==> Be Mindfang

---

==> Mindfang: Abscond

Abscond?

Abscond to *where* exactly?

Absconding was practically impossible in this situation!

Mindfang gritted her teeth, hand clutching the bloody stump where her left arm once was. Cerulean swill coming out in large amounts, luckily, highbloods of her stature just seemed to have an excessive amount of it and she wouldn't be dying of blood loss any time soon. Not with her blood status and her own goddamn will power.

She ignored the pulse of pain her left eye gave her as well, damn that dragon and her sun-like eyes. Just her luck. She had forsaken the warning



her dearest kismesis had given her, admittedly too prideful and arrogant to even consider this damnable teal lawcerator as an actual threat to her and her armada. Which was now set aflame, ships were sinking and her subordinates, minions and trolls were either falling into the water, or burnt to an unfortunate crisp by that damned *dragon*.

This was the second time she felt ever so pitch against someone, she had no clear view if it was genuine or maybe even platonic, but she couldn't help but glare spades at the sharply grinning tealblood that stood on the back of a giant white dragon lusus.

Mindfang had underestimated her, how could she not? She had been a lone Neophyte assigned from the Highbloods to take not only her, but Dualscar into shackles as well. Did Dualscar know about this? Was this the reason why he had given her that strange warning?

*'Keep a look out for the skies.'*

Well she was looking now!

The only warning she had heeded, unintentionally as it might be, was the fact of the oracle that she still possessed, hidden away in the Darkleer's hive on an island very far from where she was. No one would find it, no one but herself and perhaps Dualscar who seemed to have another method of foresight.

But that didn't matter right at the moment.

What mattered was the fact her entire fleet was destroyed, her arm and seven pupiled eye was taken from her. And some midblooded *bitch* was about to arrest her.

What an unlucky day.

"Marquise Spinneret Mindfang, you are hear by arrested in the name of his Honorable Tyranny for your crimes against the Empire and the Church!" The smug teal called out, shouting over the sound of fire and painful screams, not to mention her dragon's wings and low but loud growl.

*‘How was one allowed to be raised by a dragon in this era?’* Mindfang asked spitefully to herself as she glared at the troll. *‘Let alone one of such middling blood, the sickly hue of a gutless civil servant!’* She didn’t like teals, that much was true. Especially after that one teal that managed to kill his kismesis’ pretty moirail. Most teals were Neophytes or were involved with the law, and as a gambliant herself, she and the law did not mix very well.

Not to mention most of her civil servants of a caste were on lower lusii animals, on cholerbears or some brainless squawking spleenfowl and do petty expeditions to plaster their ridiculous and pointless notices on gambliant property! Yet this woman somehow got a fluke and obtained an actually affective weapon that permitted her to indulge in her delusional bouts and actions of ‘righteousness’?

She called, *hoofbeast shit*.

Redglare smirked from her perch on the dragon, ignoring the burning ships around her within the harbor as she went to board Mindfang’s deck. “You have no choice, either die now at the claws of the magnificent *Pyralspite* or actually get the tiniest chances of living by coming with me to your trial.” She stated more than asked with a ridiculous grin that had Mindfang seething with black feelings.

Had she not been a faithful troll, she would have probably aimed for Redglare in her spades square. Such a daring first impression, and her personality made her just as annoyed and irritated as Dualscar’s had and still did. It didn’t matter that things were perhaps the tiniest bit softer between them after *her* death, Dualscar was Mindfang’s kismesis and that was that. But oh, if they weren’t... Redglare could have been a lovely rival, they could have been scourge sisters- and yet, Mindfang was more than content to be with Dualscar at the moment.

Why?

Before Mindfang could even utter a sound. A familiar loud noise sounded off, gaining both trolls attentions as well as the dragons.

From the side, familiar ships came at an impressive speed, a violet flag raised in the air along with the sound of a horn.

Dualscar had arrived.

“Oh~ Look who’s here?” Redglare giggled, looking at the incoming and leading ship that was headed right towards them, “Your partner has come to your rescue! Good, that saves me the time I would have wasted looking for him after I caught you!”

Mindfang snarled to herself, “That bumbling idiot! I can handle myself just fine!” Still, she would later appreciate the thought as she found out that Dualscar’s crew assisted whatever survivors there were from her fleet. They would stay together until further actions but at the moment, Dualscar drew near and all Mindfang could think was.

*‘Go away you sentimental buffoon, go before she catches you as well.’*

She already had a plan in her head, and that plan did *not* involve Dualscar at all.

But soon enough, both ships were near enough and were side by side. Starboard to starboard and Dualscar took a giant leap from his ship and unto Mindfang’s ship. “Mindfan’, Neophyte.” Dualscar greeted with a deadpan, brushing off his shoulders like he hadn’t done anything of interest.

“What. Are you *doing* here Dualscar.” Mindfang gritted through clenched teeth as the violetblood casually strolled up to her with no problem at all. “Leave.”

Dualscar snorted, raising a brow at her like *she* was the one being unreasonable at the moment. “I don’t think so Mindfan’, I’m not goin’ anyvwhere.” He stated, like it was a fact of life. Which it was for him.

Redglare peered at him with curiosity, noting his looks and personality, she could see how he earned his bachelor status- he was certainly physically attractive and there was this *air* around him that drew people in. “Orphaner Dualscar,” She greeted in a gleefully and faux amicable manner before

continuing on in a more serious tone, “ You are hear by arrested in the name of his Honorable Tyranny for your crimes against the Empire and the Church. Please, accompany me and the Marquise to your trials.”

Dualscar hummed noncommittally, “Alright.” He said simply, much to both females unexpectance.

What?

==> Be Cronus

---

==> Cronus: Patch up Kismesis

“What in the seas and skies’ existence... do you think you’re doing?” Mindfang demanded as they were both sat in a cage. It was a cage that Pyralspite was currently carrying with them inside. Dualscar was currently treating to Mindfang’s arm stump, disinfecting it and wrapping it with various cloths and gauzes.

The violetblood hummed, “Vwhat I *think* I’m doin’... is patchin’ y’er arm up an’ makin’ sure you don’t bleed anymore.” He stated casually as he finishing off patching up her arm stump, “There. Tha’s better.” He doesn’t even react to the slap Mindfang gives him when he does finishes it.

“You just got us *caught*! And you’re coming *willingly*! You’ve lost your thinkpan didn’t you?!”

Dualscar chuckled, ignoring Mindfang’s rage and shock, “No. Vwell, maybe, vwho knowws anymore. But, you didn’t think I’d let you go to your trial on y’er ovwn novw did you? You’re *my* kismesis, an’ I’m not lettin’ you go through this on y’er ovwn.”

The cerulean was lost from words, staring at her pitchmate with an incredulous look. What? What the fuck was going on with her kismesis?

“Sides, vwe’ll be fine. You already hawve a plan don’t you?”

She snapped out of it, looking at him cautiously but nodded.

“Good, I’m vwith you ewvery step of the vway.”

It goes as expected.

Mindfang writes in her journal for a while when they were taken to a location, stuck in a cell briefly before they were taken to the courtroom. Or rather, Redglare’s courtroom. As expected, the audience were rustbloods and other lowbloods that were easily influenced with Mindfang’s psychic control.

Dualscar has to wonder on how Redglare could have forgot on how Mindfang could control lowbloods, and to an extent, highbloods as well but not very well.

Redglare dies, hung from a noose and her cane, stolen by his kismesis.

Dualscar doesn’t feel anything from her death, not really connected to her in any other way and jaded from the other troll deaths that he had experienced and even caused- he was a fucking *Orphaner* for god’s sakes. Maybe he should have prevented her death, but that didn’t really occur to him anymore. All he wanted to do, was accompany Mindfang until she reached Darkleer’s hive.

Despite what she thought, Dualscar had no idea where Darkleer was and had no idea where the orb was. He wanted to know where it was and assist his kismesis in preparing for the Summoner’s arrival. Witness how things really happened between the brownblood and the ceruleanblood, help them both with their rebellion and make a significant change in the timeline- what would happen if the Summoner’s rebellion actually won?

He was eager to see that.

Unfortunately... it was not to be.

Everything seemed to be fine, up until the Honorable Tyranny was slain effortlessly from Mindfang’s actions. Dualscar didn’t even have to do

anything.

Until the subjugglators arrived.

“Vwhat?! This vwasn’t-” Dualscar said with shock, cut off as more subjugglators appeared, surrounding him and Mindfang. “Shit.”

Mindfang looked around warily, “I was not expecting this, did I not amuse them with the death of their own Neophyte?” She asked rhetorically, by all means, they should have. However...

**“Motherfucking damn right was we amused sister.”** A menacing voice said with glee, it sent a chill down both their spines. Shit. *Shit. Shit shit shit shit*--

From above, a gigantic figure stood on a veranda of the courtroom that they were in. The rustbloods and lowbloods of the audience cowered, they had started when the subjugglators first appeared, but with the appearance of the ***Grand Highblood*** himself?

Many fainted on the spot.

Post-Scratch Kurloz Makara chuckled lowly, a low, dark and feral sound coming from his thorax, **“But that ain’t all we motherfucking want...”** He rose a large hand, a mischievous and evil look on his face, **“Charge motherfucking subjuggalos, charge him.”** He ordered, and just like that, the surrounding subjugglators charged at them.

What occurred was a series of events, a small opening had been revealed when the various purplebloods charged both trolls, an opening that Dualscar instantly spotted and *pushed* Mindfang through, the purplebloods paid her no mind as the cerulean pirate was sent flying from the amount of strength in the one push.

“Dualscar!”

Dualscar snarled at the purplebloods, trying to fight them off but shouted his words at Mindfang. “Go Aranea! ***GO! Vwait for him! For the Sum--***”

He was interrupted as the insane clown trolls piled on top of him.

Aranea stared at the pile in shock, despite Cronus' interruption, she knew exactly what he was about to say. The grip on the black-stained sword-cane tightened, but before she could even *think* of trying to help her kismesis-- his words echoed in her head and she turned on her heel, escaping just as the subjuglators on the body pile looked her way.

She was leaving him behind.

Cronus had saved her and told her what she needed to hear.

*'I'll come back for you Cronus, I swear.'* Aranea swore with a vengeance. She would deny every transparent cerulean tear that appeared on her face for the rest of her life and death.

As for Cronus...

---

Dualscar stayed silent and resigned as he was forced on his knees in front of The Grand Highblood. He had fought tooth and nail before they had finally shackled his arms behind his back and dragged him to their damned church.

Bruises and violet stained injuries were clear on his person but he held his head high, a few regrets inside him but he knew what was coming for him.

Or at least he thought he knew.

"You, motherfucker." Highblood said in a mocking smile, though it was less of a smile and more of a show of teeth. "You, are motherfucking interesting brother... Betrayin' your caste and empire Orphaner fuck?"

Dualscar smiled a genuine smile, for the first time in sweeps, but it was genuine.

"I newver belonged here anyway." In a fit of bravery, or maybe it was because he was still high of adrenaline and just didn't care anymore. "Kill me, I don't care. I'wve done my job, and I vwas horrible at it." He laughed,

even as pain gathered in his chest, it wasn't physical. He imagined Porrim smiling at him, he would be joining her soon. He didn't know if he'd end up in the dream bubbles but at least he'd be following after her after all this time.

Highblood rose a brow, mocking bared teeth still wide and unfaltering as the purpleblood stood up from his throne and took a few steps towards him, a myriad of colors painted and splashed on the walls, Dualscar ignored them and stared up to Post-Scratch Kurloz with a smile on his face. Though, a nervous feeling settled in his stomach as the gigantic troll stood before him.

Kurloz knelt down, cupping Cronus' face in his giant palm. His eyes flashed violet. **"Kill you? Nah motherfucker... I'mma keep you."** Confusion painted on Cronus' face before his eyes widened in horror as Kurloz began to laugh, deep and malicious, **"You got secrets fish fucking brother... I am going to motherfucking take every fucking single one from your pretty little head~"** The palm slid down his face and then tightly gripped Cronus' neck, the now ex-Orphaner choked as Kurloz lifted him up into the air, a manic smile on his face and insanity in his eyes.

***"This gon'be MOTHERFUCKING FUN."***

---

==> Be Kurloz

---

## Chapter End Notes

Mhmm, I'm bringing in the rare pairs and unusual plotline!

Handmaid <> Dancestor Cronus

I'm weird like that but I really hope you enjoyed! We're about to approach the end of the History arc in the next chapter and after that chapter we're back to main story!



## Dreambubbles/SBURB - Prisoner (3)

### Chapter Notes

HAPPY 4/13 GUYS!

Unfortunately this was all I could scrounge up, I'm sorry for the short chapter but hey! It's something!

And look! More insight on things and probably more questions too!

This is fun!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

==> Be Kurloz

==> Kurloz: Ponder

Kurloz Makara pondered.

When Meulin asked him on what he was ‘*pawndering*’ on, he waved her off, saying it wasn’t that important despite the fact he’s been silent and thinking for the past few hours. Or well, maybe it was a few hours, time was non-existent in the dream bubbles after all.

Anyway, the skeleton-themed juggalo troll continued to ponder, half-heartedly listening to Meulin ramble about the newest players of the fucked up game they had started with. Four new players called ‘humans’ were now part of the dream bubbles, or at least, variations and alternate dead versions of themselves were. It was, exciting to say the least, to have an alien race part of the afterlife now.

It was the kind of excitement that had been the same when their scratched world came up and showed them their lives and their ancestors-now-descendants -Ancendants? Dancestors? Mm, bingo- And wasn’t *that* a mess? Though, at least the others now knew that Cronus wasn’t all that he seemed, and now he was missing from the dream bubbles somehow.

Kurloz frowned, an empty throb in his chest as he thought about that. He couldn't find the violet seadweller, well, somewhat. Sometimes he'd catch glimpses of him, but even as he tried to go after him, Cronus would slip away and disappear once more. Which was frustrating.

You'd think after a few million sweeps of tailing after him Kurloz was adept in finding him. Or even an expert even. But unfortunately no, even with the fact he'd carved a meticulous amounts of secret passages, he couldn't find Cronus anywhere.

It had been alarming when Cronus first disappeared, though no one took notice about it. No one but him. It looked like he was the only one who genuinely gave a damn about the violet seadweller, but then again... he was also the only one who knew he had been different in the first place.

He cringed as he remembered their past together, back when he was constantly filled with such *rage* over what had happened over his beloved moirail... He felt guilty, each time he thought back to it. It was why it hurt slightly to see his Post-Scratch self do the *exact same thing* to Post-Scratch Cronus.

Were all Amporas harboring some sort of secret that would inevitably entice and force the hand of a Makara? Did *his own* Ancestor find Cronus' ancestor as well?

It seemed that their dancestors were slightly different, but Kurloz just knew, at some point, something was going to happen between the two of them.

*And he was completely right.*

---

*Shaking grey hands stained with blue and olive clenched against the floor, nails digging into his own palm hard enough to draw violet blood.*

*A cry of anguish which turned into **fury**.*

*A reverberating honk echoed in the halls.*

*The hunt was on.*

---

==> Be Nepeta

“Hey ED!”

Violet eyes blinked, looking slightly surprised as they saw a certain goldblood coming their way. Eridan smiled in greeting, “Hey Sol.” The seadweller replied, “Havve you seen Equi? I wwant to ask him somethin’.” He said, Equius could easily make him a mic so he could record that song Bro suggested. He had thought of the perfect one for Dirk, it just seemed like the right idea.

Sollux hummed and shook his head, “Nah, thorry ED, haven’t theen EQ in a bit, maybe he’th with NP again?” He suggested, grinning slightly.

Eridan looked thoughtful and nodded, “Ah, wwe’ll, thanks anyway Sollux.” He sighed, looking around the hall, frowning at the emptiness of it all. There hardly any decoration, though hopefully it would change by the time Rose and Dave came- or maybe even more humans, who knows anymore? His involvement with the humans obviously changed a lot, and he was already preparing himself for those changes.

Just as he was about to leave, Sollux stopped him and went to his side, “Hey wait up ED!” He huffed slightly, “What did you want to talk with EQ with anyway?” He asked, unable to contain his curiosity.

“Oh, I just wwanted him to make somethin’ for me.”

“Really? What ith it?”

“Oh, nothin’ big or anythin’ special. Anyway, did you wwant to talk about somethin’ wwith me Sol?” Eridan asked as he continued to walk, trying to look for Equius with Sollux following beside him.

Sollux grinned brightly, nodding his head, “Yeah. I did.” He replied, stopping in his tracks and having Eridan stopped too. He took in a deep

breath, nervous and giddy at the same time. He had timed this perfectly, Feferi was currently taking a nap, Equius was nowhere to be seen, and everyone else were doing their own things around the meteor. He had Tavros look for Eridan and to look out for Vriska.

He owed Tavros for that, but hey, at least he'd be able to take advantage of this moment.

"Eridan, I wath wondering..." He trailed off, gulping down his nervousness and gathering his courage, looking at the curious seadweller with a determined and slightly gold-dusted face. "Eridan! Would-"

*"ERIFIISH~!"*

"GAH!"

Both Sollux and Eridan yelped, with Eridan yelping painfully as a certain olive-blooded troll dropped down on him out of *nowhere*, he landed on his stomach, groaning in slight pain. "Nep!" Eridan wheezed, craning his neck to look at the grinning female troll, her robotic blue tail waving behind her.

"Erifish! Hey!" Nepeta chirped, grinning down at him with a giggle. "Equihiss sent me to find you, and I found mew~!" She said with pride, apparently oblivious to the fact she had ruined Sollux' planned confession. Now, Sollux actually liked Nepeta, he thought she was funny as hell and a cool kitty troll. But at this moment, Sollux *almost* hated her as much as he hated Feferi.

But then again, that wasn't really true since he *really* hated Feferi in a very caliginous way, Nepeta on the other hand was a temporary hate.

Nepeta then noticed Sollux, peering at him curiously before she realized at what she had done. She gave him a sheepish and apologetic smile. 'Sorry' She mouthed at him as she got off of Eridan, who didn't see it as he got back to his feet, coughing lightly and patting his chest with a sigh.

The Gemini huffed and groaned, shaking his head. "Wwhere is Equi noww?" Eridan asked as he rolled his shoulders, looking at Nepeta with an

expectant look, now he could get that mic. “To be honest, I wwas tryin’ to find him as wwell.”

The feline-like troll perked, her sheepish look turning into a grin, “Follow me! He made this cool little hideout just furr the three of us!” She said excitedly, forgetting the fact she had interrupted Sollux’s important and planned confession, taking Eridan’s hand and tugging him along.

“Ah! A-Alright, um, see you later Sol! Wwe can hang out later if you wwant!” Eridan called back out to him as Nepeta dragged him away before Sollux could say or do anything about it.

Sollux opened his mouth before closing it with a click, cursing underneath his breath and sighing once more. “Fuck...” He took a deep breath and shook his head, looking determined and better as he recalled Eridan’s promise to hang out later on, he’d get to confess and try his luck again with Eridan later. Still, what timing for that.

Meanwhile with Eridan, he managed to convince Nepeta to let him go, insisting that he could walk just fine on his own. That, and he pointed out on how his wrist would bruise slightly with how tightly she was holding on to it much to her embarrassment. Trolls were very strong, and Nepeta was one of the strongest trolls Eridan knew, right underneath Equius. She could even *bruise* the both of them from her raw strength alone, it was amazing and no doubt one of the things that Equius loved about her.

Eridan smiled, listening as Nepeta rambled in front of him, leading him to the ‘hideout’ that Equius apparently found and made on the meteor. A private little place just for the three of them and no one else.

He laughed when they finally reached the area, it was deep within the meteor, located in a secure part that hardly anyone had seemed to explore- anyone except Equius and Nepeta it seemed as Eridan went through a door to find a giant pile in the middle of the room, it consisted of broken robot parts, fur and animal pelts, pillows, a few broken and unbroken bows, a spear of two poking out in a weird but oddly fond way.

Decorated around the room were a few posters of... questionable art but Eridan would never question them as they were Equius' posters of 'highblood art', also a few familiar drawings made by Nepeta's hands in paint, blood, crayon, chalk- anything the Leo could use to draw.

On some of the tables around the room were tools and other items, a small pile of sugarcubes, tea cups and pots littering around the place, glasses of milk.

It was a nice room.

Equius stood in the middle of the room, grinning crookedly when Eridan and Nepeta came through the door, "Eridan there you are!" He exclaimed, looking jubilant as he approached his moirail and matesprit.

"And here you are Equi, I wwas tryin' to find you. You wweren't answerin' your trollian." Eridan replied with a small laugh, hugging the bigger troll who was thankfully not sweaty at all. At the sidelines Nepeta watched with a pleased grin, giggling as Equius looked somewhat nervous and sheepish.

"My apologies my diamond, I was extremely busy setting this room up for us."

"With my help!"

"With Nepeta's help." Equius added after Nepeta chirped in.

Eridan smiled and shook his head, "Ah, I see. Wwell, you both did a splendid job." He praised, looking around the room with interest and fondness.

Nepeta nodded in agreement, looking almost satisfied with their work. "Mhmm~! Though, it's *mewssing* something... A little Erifishy touch!" She declared, turning to the seadweller with an expectant look. "Equi*hiss* had a few of your spears, and a few *hisstory* books but that was it. We need your expertise to finish off the room!" She cheered, pouncing on her beloved

matesprit who effortlessly caught her and let her perch on his shoulder. A normal routine by now.

Eridan blinked and grinned, temporarily forgetting about the mic as he was filled with fond affection for the two trolls in front of him. “Wwell, alright then!” With that, he searched through his sylladex with the help of Equius and Nepeta, temporarily forgetting about the weight on his shoulders and the woes of the universe just to enjoy some time with the two most important trolls in his life as Eridan Ampora.

“He looks so happy.”

“He does.”

Equius and Nepeta watched with somber smiles as Eridan, well, not *their* Eridan, went about the room, setting down thick history tomes and other items. Adding into the pile in the middle of the room with some of his own items, soft or hard, it didn’t matter.

Nepeta watched Eridan laugh a carefree laugh when he found an adorable drawing of himself, Equius and Nepeta drawn on the wall. Besides her, she heard Equius’ breath hitch and she turned to look at him, his pale white eyes brimming with translucent blue tears that traveled down his face. His glasses disappeared, her hat as well. “Mn, hey...” She whispered, coming to hug her datemate who accepted, burying his head into the crook of her neck even though he has to slouch to do so.

“I miss him.” Equius admitted, clutching Nepeta like she was his only lifeline. Which was ironic considering the fact they were both dead.

“I miss him too Equius.” Nepeta replied softly as she glanced over to the memory of Eridan. It wasn’t him. Just a memory of him but he looked so *happy*, so *free*, so...

Himself.

They’ve been dead for a few sweeps now, or so it would seem.

Time was weird in the dreambubbles. As was space and reality.

Equius and Nepeta quieted as the memory morphed to a later scene. The room stayed somewhat the same, only with Eridan's added features, not to mention the fact that Eridan himself was knocked out on the pile. Sleeping heavily with violet stained tear tracks underneath his eyes.

Equius remembered this. This was his memory.

"I'm sorry." He told to Memory Eridan, he and Nepeta going over to the pile to be closer to him. "We should not have left when you needed us the most Eridan. You were so heartbroken when..." He trailed off, grimacing when he couldn't continue.

Nepeta sighed but nodded in agreement, things went terrible and they had horrible timing.

They died when Eridan was at his lowest.

And things went down hill from there.

A piercing cry echoed in the halls as the memory changed once more, Eridan disappearing from the pile and the room doused in near darkness with the exception of the hallway's light leaking into the dark room. Both Equius and Nepeta shivered at the cry, the dark scream and echoing sound of *fury* reverberating around the meteor.

"Oh Eridan..."

---

==> Be Dave

gallowsCalibrator [GC] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG]

GC: H3Y D4V3 >:]

TG: hey

GC: HOW GO3S TH3 M4N1PUL4T1ON OF TH3 LOH4CS3?



TG: its going good

TG: we got a shitton of dumbass crocs loitering around our market buying our shit selling our shit its fucking insane

TG: pretty much got this shit down pat

GC: N1C3 >:]

TG: yep just gotta wait till we hit that quota you set up

TG: pretty sure were gonna reach that soon

GC: Y3S, TH1S PL34S3S M3

GC: HMMM

TG: hmmm?

GC: Y3S

GC: HMMMMMM

TG: why the 'hmmmmmm' now?

GC: 1'V3 B33N WOND3R1NG FOR 4 WH1L3 NOW

GC: HOW'D YOU G3T TH4T F4C14L SC4R?

TG: ...

TG: what?

GC: TH4T F4C3 SC4R YOU H4V3 ON YOUR CH1N? GO1NG TO YOUR 34R?

TG: oh that

TG: i though you already knew that

TG: dont you have our whole timeline in front of you or something

TG: dont you already know

GC: W3LL STR4NG3LY 3NOUGH TH3R3'S TH1S BL4CK SPOT 1N TH3 ST4RT OF YOUR WR1GGL1NGHOOD

GC: L1K3 WH3N YOU W3R3 4 SM4LL GRUB?

GC: ON3 MOM3NT YOU W3R3 IN YOUR CUT3 L1TTL3 CR1B

TH1NG 4ND SUDD3NLY TH3 SCR33N GO3S BL4CK. TOT4L BL4CK.  
GC: 1T'S B4FFL1NG.

TG: woah really

TG: damn

TG: hm yeah i dont really know

TG: bro never really explained it to me

TG: just said something happened when i was a baby so that checks out

GC: HMM M4YB3 1T H4S SOM3TH1NG TO DO W1TH TH4T W31RD  
PUPP3T 4T TH3 ST4RT 4ND PROB4BLY TH3 3ND?

TG: what weird puppet

TG: what the fuck are you talking about tz

GC: B3FOR3 TH3 F33D BL4CKS OUT TH3R3'S TH1S W31RD PUPP3T  
TH4T'S 4T TH3 3ND OF YOUR BLOCK.

GC: 1T K1ND4 GL1TCH3S 1N TH3 F33D 4ND TH3 SCR33N GO3S  
BL4CK FROM TH3R3.

TG: holy shit

TG: fucking chunky shit right there

GC: >:?

TG: nevermind

TG: go on

GC: UM OK4Y BUT 4NYW4Y

GC: TH3 BL4CKOUT DO3SN'T L4ST TH4T LONG, M4YB3 4 F3W  
M1NUT3S BUT 4T TH3 3ND OF 1T YOUR HUM4N LUSUS-BROTH3R  
1S CLOS1NG SOM3 BOX 4ND LOCK1NG 1T 4W4Y. H3 GO3S B4CK  
TO YOU 4FT3R TH4T, C4LM1NG DOWN YOUR 4DOR4BL3 CRY1NG  
4ND BL33D1NG F4C3- WH1CH BY THE W4Y T4ST3D D3L1C1OUS  
>:]

TG: terezi

GC: >XP

GC: 4FT3R TH4T H3 P4TCH3S YOUR F4C3, M4K1NG SUR3 YOU GO TO SL33P 4ND K33PS 4N 3Y3 ON TH4T LOCK3D BOX.

GC: H3 LOOK3D...

GC: FR1GHT3N3D TO S4Y TH3 L34ST.

TG: frightened?

GC: Y34H, H3 LOOK3D SC4R3D.

GC: CONC3RN3D.

GC: H3LL H3 D1DN'T 3V3N SL33P TH3 WHOL3 N1GHT, K3PT UP LOOK1NG 4T YOU, 4T TH3 BOX 4ND 4T H1S PHON3. H3 4LSO C4LL3D SOM3ON3 4 LOT OF T1M3S. COULDN'T H34R 4NYTH1NG FOR SOM3 R34SON, 4 L1NG3R1NG 4FF3CT FROM TH3 D4RKN3SS? 1 DON'T KNOW.

TG: must have been ca then

GC: HMM?

TG: the one my bro is calling

TG: his best bro ca

TG: or at least thats what my bro told me to call him as

TG: never met the guy but apparently he's bro's best friend and crush

TG: like seriously ive heard bro call out his name in ways that a little bro should not be hearing probably

TG: but then again the walls are thin

GC: HUH

GC: 4ND WH4T 1S TH3 N4M3 OF 'C4'??

TG: let me think been a while

TG: his name was eridan i think

GC: >:O

---

*Dirk took in deep breaths, clutching a crying and bleeding Dave in his arms. He pressed a white cloth against the slice wound on the baby's face but his eyes never left the scene from in front of him.*

*Cal.*

*In the crib.*

*His previously floppy hand, glowing a sharp green and red.*

*His eyes, a swirl of red, purple, and violet. A shade of madness to those colors. Conflicting emotions that made no sense but were utterly disturbing since they were on a puppet of all things.*

*"Fuck." He muttered as the glowing stopped.*

*"Eridan was right."*

*He needed a fucking box.*

~~sorrydirk...~~

---

==> Be Davesprite

---

## Chapter End Notes

Whoooooooooooooooooooo!

Next chapter will be better and longer I promise. Thanks for the support guys! Later!

Also, there's more than one prisoner here if you catch my drift ;}

# SBURB/SGRUB - Let them Speak

## Chapter Notes

Aaaand here we go with another update! About 3000+ words!

Not my usual best of 5000 words but at any rate, I hope you enjoy it all!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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==> Be Davesprite

---

==> Davesprite: Explain

Explaining to your brother on how you were from an alternate and doomed timeline where everything went to shit was... easier than he thought it'd be to be honest. It went to shit after John had fallen to the guise and manipulation of an alien that tricked him into getting into his planet's boss room way too fucking early in the game, way before John was actually ready to face someone like *Typheus* jegus fuck what was the dork even *thinking*?

Oh right, he wasn't. He just blasted of, '*pchoo'ing*' off into space like the little dork and ass he was.

But even then he wouldn't bestow him with the unfortunate explanation of what *finally* caused him to rewind time and prevent John from falling into the ploys of that one troll chick from a year ago was accepted by his brother. Bro was as cool as ever. A stone wall of coolness that had no outward outlet to show how he felt over the fact he now had a younger brother in the form of a glowing bird game sprite.

Dave-now *Davesprite* gotta keep that in mind- missed the fuck out of him.

And it showed with the way he hovered so close to Bro, his ghostly? Spritely? Tail would sometimes sneak closer and brush against the older blond in a way that would reassure him that Bro was actually there in front of him and not...

*Dead. Dead. bRo WAs---*

Davesprite tensed, "Where the fuck is that puppet." There's a sense of urgency in his voice, something that he didn't want to reveal but unfortunately he wasn't as inscrutable as his brother tended to be just yet. He was an open fucking book to Bro and the man himself even let out a small hard huff of air.

"Gone. Too late to do anything about that fucking thing unfortunately." Bro drawled, showing a rare angry tone in his voice, something he definitely didn't do often. Sure, whenever he wasn't some awesome stone carving brought to life Bro was smirking, even smiling from time to time and being the best big bro to exist, he was never really angry. Annoyed? Sure. Irritated? Yeah.

Angry?

Not so much.

Davesprite cursed, "Damn... I wanted to punt that thing over the edge and into the lava." He grouched, obviously holding some sort of grudge against the puppet. Something that Bro understood. That... *thing* wasn't normal whatsoever. And Bro should have destroyed it long ago, however, he had been too sentimental years ago and couldn't really destroy the thing- and even now, Bro kind of doubted he could destroy it with his own two hands.

Davesprite could though. And Bro wouldn't really bat a lash.

Unfortunately, what Bro said was true.

Lil' Cal, was nowhere to be found.

The box that Bro had locked him in for *years...* had been broken into. The lock, destroyed, the box, opened, and the puppet, nowhere to be found.

He had no idea who had gotten to it, Eridan had no idea either but had a good idea on who might've snagged the floppy demon in disguise and where it currently was.

==>

---

## ***DERSE***

The Draconian Dignitary scowled down at the puppet that was in his hands. He had no idea why he was ordered to get *this* wretched thing from the Knight's abode. He could understand the notebooks, or at least one of them, they were an important genetical code that were required to keep the timeline stable and for the creation of one of the most powerful creatures to exist in their universe's creation.

A First Guardian.

It was befall on him to create the damned thing, powered from the legendary Green Sun.

Someone from Derse had to create it, to perpetuate and continue the timeline like it should be.

And if it meant going into the *forbidden temple* to do it, so be it. The Dignitary liked existing, so he would deal with being surrounded by *forbidden* murals and walking those wretched steps into that damned temple.

But this?

This weird, fabric and wooden-made puppet? He had no idea why he was tasked into taking it away from the Knight's home and planet. But apparently it was important enough to issue a royal order, straight from the Queen of Derse herself. And what was he suppose to do with it?

Dump it on the Heir's planet.

On a platform somewhere.

Why it couldn't be done by someone else, he couldn't fathom but still, he had to do it, it was an order and he couldn't really go up against the Queen. So he had no choice but to take a detour from his original route and towards the oil and cloud-covered planet that belonged to the Heir of Breath.

And after that, he could finally fulfill his original duty and order of creating the First Guardian and drop it on a meteor.

After that?

Eh, who knows.

The dersite grunted, landing on the LOWAS with no fanfare whatsoever. He looked at the coordinates that the Queen had given him, the exact coordinates that he had to drop off the puppet.

Good, he wasn't that far off.

And a very good thing too. The puppet was creeping him out.

It's stare was... *almost* hypnotizing. The Dignitary had to make sure he wouldn't look it in the eyes, another of the Queen's orders. Apparently normal carapacians wouldn't be able to deal with the puppet's gaze or some shit. It was none of his business and he had been skeptical at the start, but after having grabbed the thing from it's small prison from a hidden place in the Knight of Time's home, he had gotten the feeling and gist that...

*The puppet was not normal.*

Not one fucking bit.

And if the *Queen* told him not to look it in the eyes.

Then he wasn't going to look it in the eye.



“Here you go you weird piece of shit.” The Draconian Dignitary said aloud, reaching the spot of coordinates and putting the puppet down on a flat rock, propping it against and making it sit down. The platform looked somewhat interesting, could be used as a final battle type thing but he wasn’t interested in fighting. He wasn’t going to fight anyone any time soon.

There. That was done. Time to go and create a powerful omnipotent dog.

For a moment, if he had stayed earlier, maybe he could’ve heard something from the puppet. But since he was done, he booked it the fuck out of there to do the one important thing he was originally focused on doing from the start. But if he had stayed earlier, maybe, just *maybe*... he could have heard *something*.

...

~~i c a n ’ t l a s t . . . h e l p . . .~~

...

~~h o o H A A H O O A A H O O O O O O o o o . . .~~

~~sh I t . . .~~

==> Be Eridan

---

==> Eridan: Relax

“This is really a nice place that you’ve picked Equius.” Eridan commented, sighing as he laid against the soft and hard pile that made up the middle of the room. Equius by his side and Nepeta right by Equius’ side.

Equius’ chest puffed slightly and the highblooded troll let out a proud huff of air, “Of course, only the best for both my moirail and matesprit.” He said, proud in his choice of rooms. Eridan looked amused and affectionately

papped his face, much to Equius' delight, the bigger troll letting out a satisfied purr that had both Eridan and Nepeta laughing slightly.

"Big softie~!" Nepeta chirped, nuzzling her big, *strong* matesprit, leaning over to kiss Equius' cheek, giggling when it made Equius purr even louder. "My *purr*fectly strong matesprit, who is also a big softie for us." She said, aiming it at Eridan who nodded in agreement, both sharing a laugh as Equius seemed to be in bliss between them.

Eridan let out a content sigh, settling nicely on the pile underneath him and aside Equius, smiling happily as for a moment, he forgot of the responsibilities that laid on his shoulders. Though he couldn't forget them forever, he still needed to do a lot, but the moment relaxation was really appreciated.

Treasured even, as soon enough, things would be so busy and the ball would start rolling. It would not stop.

==> Be Dirk

---

==> Dirk: Be Nervous

Be nervous?

Nah.

Dirk Strider *couldn't* be nervous. He doesn't *do* nervous. He doesn't *nervous*. He was an inscrutable wall of stoicity and badassery. Nervousness *doesn't compute* with him.

It was New Years today. The last day of the year and tomorrow would be a new day, a new year, a whole year of being sixteen and turn seventeen on his birthday again.

Obviously this wasn't was getting him nervous- *which he wasn't*.

He was just.

Expecting.

No, not right.

Anxious?

No, that's worse.

Anticipating.

Bingo, we have a winner.

Dirk Strider was *anticipating*. Anticipating what?

Well, over the couple of months where Dirk and Eridan had officially become friends, Dirk had the urge to hear Eridan for himself. Or actually see him. But hearing him would be a good start, and not hearing him in the sense of his songs even though the recorded singing was always nice- Dirk had twelve songs from Eridan taking their place in his music files. 'The Phoenix', 'Radioactive', they were all so interesting and Dirk always played Eridan's songs whenever he could. Though, his favorite was the first song that Eridan gave him on his birthday.

'Whatever it takes'.

It would stay his favorite for a long time.

At any rate though, over the course of the couple of months, he'd been wanting to hear Eridan speak normally, there was always an accent to his singing, something that Dirk only noticed from the fact he's been listening to his songs on repeat over and over again, singing along as well.

Ever since Pesterchum had been updated to be able to do voice chats, he had been, quite enthusiastic for it's use. It had taken a bit, but eventually he had managed to make a good headphones and microphone as well as convince Eridan that it was a good idea to do a voice call. Subtly of course. Like the smooth motherfucker he was.

And Eridan said yes.

And today... He was going to hear Eridan's voice.

And he was, *ner-ticipating*. Anticipating.

Because he'd be able to hear Eridan's voice now.

TT: Okay I've got everything set up, what about you?

CA: Evverythin's ready.

TT: Alright I'll start the call

Dirk moved his mouse, not hesitating to click on the crucial icon that was on Pesterchum. A ringing sound came through his headphones, ringing once, twice before it stopped.

*"...Hello? Is this wworkin'?"*

The blond boy released the breath he hadn't even known he had been holding, "Holy shit it is working... Also what the fuck is that accent?" Dirk asked, an actual grin stretching on his face as he held one muff of his headphones.

*"It's my accent. I havve told you about it since the start."*

"I didn't think it'd be literal dear fuck. Your type quirk thing is actually pretty damn accurate." Dirk snorted, smirking as he heard Eridan scoff, a strange sensation in his chest as he hears him. His voice was somewhat different than Dirk had imagined but it was still pleasant nonetheless. Now if only Dirk had a face to label that voice with.

*"Fuck off Dirk. An' it's typin' quirk. Not type quirk thin"*

"Fuck. You also leave out the g's as you talk, fucking incredible."

Dirk straightened slightly as he heard Eridan's laugh, strange accent painting each laugh in a unique way.

*"Wwell, I may be regrettin' this vvoice chat just a tiny bit. Maybe."*

Eridan grinned, leaning against the wall as he adjusted his specially made headphones. Newly alchemized to fit him and work as he chatted with Dirk.

*“So, how’s it going dude?”*

“Not much, thin’s havve been goin’ surprisin’ly wwell. Though, my ah, *housemates*, they’re wworkin’ up quite the hassle ovverour neighbors.” Eridan replied with a small smile.

Over the, day? It’s been a while, but to Dirk it had been over a couple of months. And over the ‘months’, he had relaxed and let Dirk know more about him, and in turn, he knew more about Dirk in ways he never thought he’d find.

Anyway, he told Dirk that he was currently ‘living’ with ‘housemates’ which wasn’t much of a lie. He was with the others on the meteor, which was basically their house for the time being and in that sense, they were all housemates. And the kids, John, Rose, Dave, and Jade were *technically* their neighbors? In another universe? Of which they had created? It was certainly complicated but in time, Eridan would maybe explain more on the matter.

*“Huh, that’s been going on for a few weeks. What did the neighbors do to get your housemates all fucked pissed?”*

Eridan snorted, “Wwell apparently one neighbor unleashed a rabid dog on our, backyard? It’s complicated. Though I knoww that neighbor didn’t do it on purpose- it’s actually the fault of my housemates, not that they knoww of it. Yet.” Karkat still thought that John and Jade were the reason why Jack Noir was in their session now, they hadn’t found out that there was more to it than meet’s the eye.

*“Sounds shitty. But you know that their neighbor didn’t actually ‘unleash’ a rabid dog right? Why not tell them?”*

“Like I said, complicated.” Eridan replied dryly. “At any rate, they’ll figure it out soon enough. I think... Most of the time they’re doin’ somethin’ else and I can’t keep track of them all.”

*“How many housemates do you have anyway?”*

“Eleven.”

*“Jesus fuck, that’s one hell of a house. You all must be rich, or some of you at least.”*

“... Yeah, sure, wwhy not.”

Eridan cracked a grin as from there descended their first official audible and oral conversation between him and Dirk, one of many more to come. Though they would mostly stick to log conversations on Pesterchum/Trollian.

A bond forming between them.

A bond that would surprise those who learned of it.

*Especially* those who were closest to them.

==> Be Feferi

---

==> Feferi: ~~Spy~~ Watch

Feferi ~~spied~~ watched Eridan laugh against the wall, peeking from the corner with a frown on her face. Who was he talking to? What the heck was he talking about?

Her frown deepened as she hears Eridan chortle and said into the headphones he was wearing, “As if! The amount of bullshit that spewws from your mouth these days, I almost cannot keep up wwith it. Wwith you and your ridiculous shades.” Eridan teased, *teased* into the mic, an amused and *fond* smile on his face.

The fuchsiablood had been wandering around when she stumbled into Eridan in the random hallway, she had been wondering where the violetblooded seadweller had been going to lately, disappearing on his own for lengths of time or typing away on his computer or using his husk-shades far too often, talking to *someone* apparently. She hadn't really known, a bit distracted by Sollux to actually take notice what was going on with Eridan which wasn't really good since Eridan was their auspistice.

She cringed at the fact that she had her flush crush in her club square. It wasn't what she, or Sollux, had intended but Eridan, sweet and kindly concerning Eridan, had took it upon himself to act as the auspice between her and Sollux. Their public black escapades being a *tad* too much for the others, they couldn't help it, so Eridan stepped in since no one else was going to be it.

Though, then again, lately he had been a bit *too distracted* to properly act as a good auspice. Which, she didn't really know how to think about since she *didn't want* him as such. She wanted him as a matesprit! He was just, so kind, so different. He treated her as a friend and not as an heiress most of the time.

At an early point of her life, she had wanted him as a moirail- though it had been crushed when she found out that Eridan and Equius were already moirails, one of the best that she had ever seen actually. And then that pale crush turned flushed as she got to know him better and from their time together, his help to feed her lusus was greatly appreciated, and they spent time outside of that.

Though lately... It seemed that they were drifting apart, Eridan's attention seemed to be taken by something else, *someone* else. Who, she didn't really know. She wondered on who this mysterious someone was, it couldn't be one of the others right? Certainly not *Sollux* thankfully, didn't seem like it. Eridan never acted like *that* around him.

Could it be one of the humans?

But which one?

Wait, didn't one of the humans wear 'shades'? Which one was it, it was the redblood human right?

Feferi Peixes kept frowning as she looked contemplating. She didn't notice how long she was hiding behind the wall until Eridan was standing up.

"Ah, I believe I'll be going now. I am, tired. ... Hah! Pot meets kettle, tellin' me to go to sleep when your own sleep schedule is not of the norm." Eridan retorted with a snort as he turned the other way, it was fortunate that Feferi couldn't see Eridan's face anymore, had she seen the sudden growing violet flush on his face- she wouldn't know what she'd do. "Shush you, now go off and do your business. I'll take a nap... A nap is perfectly acceptable. Sleep is... a reprieve that I can't partake often for many reasons..." Eridan sighed, "Good night."

The seadweller sighed, shaking his head and catchaloguing the headphones and his husktop. "Oh dear, I do need a nap." He yawned, "It's been too long... I *should* sleep more often but, with my dreamself dead, there is no buffer between me and the horrors, the insistent beings. An hour should be good, sleepin' too long will not benefit me." He said, basically talking to himself aloud. It was somewhat a habit, something he should fix but oh well. With that, he started making his way to the room that was reserved for just him, Equius and Nepeta for a nap on the pile.

From where she hid, Feferi watched him go with a frown before it turned into a determined smile and she back tracked to the main computer place.

Eridan's dreamself had died inexplicably, suddenly disappearing in an explosion that destroyed his dream self's tower on Derse. It was random and out of nowhere and it had been hard on Eridan, he didn't sleep as much since now there wasn't a place for him to go to when he slept.

Feferi would change that.

She would come before the horrors and ask them to do something.

And so, the dream bubbles were created.



==> Sweeps in the past

---

calmingAquarius [CA] began trolling terminallyCapricious [TC]

CA: Gamzee?

terminallyCapricious [TC] is idle!

CA: ...

CA: Gamzee?

terminallyCapricious [TC] is idle!

CA: Wwhy is it that wwhen I message you alone you don't answwer most of the time?

terminallyCapricious [TC] is idle!

CA: Crap

terminallyCapricious [TC] is idle!

calmingAquarius [TC] ceased trolling terminallyCapricious [TC]

...

terminallyCapricious [TC] began pestering calmingAquarius [TC]

TC: oH mAn

TC: My MoThErFuCkInG aPoLoGiEs My InVeRtAbRoThEr

TC: ZoNeD aLl MoThErFuCkInG oUt

TC: WhAt WaS iT tHaT YoU nEeDeD fRoM tHiS fAiThFuL bRoThEr? :o]  
HoNk HoNk

calmingAquarius [CA] is idle!

TC: :o???

calmingAquarius [CA] is idle!

TC: ErIbRo?

calmingAquarius [CA] is idle!

TC: HoNk :o[

TC: LoOkS tO mE yOu Be ThE oNe ALL mOtHeRfUcKiNg NoT  
aNsWeRiNg WhEn I mEsSaGe YoU :o[

TC: hOnK

terminallyCapricious [TC] ceased trolling calmingAquarius [CA]

You have changed enough as it is Eridan. You cannot change this one.  
Though my influence has been too late for the others, I will make sure this  
important troll is kept under my surveillance and guidance and without *your*  
influence.

It's for the best really.

Though, for some odd reason, your presence is becoming more and more  
familiar.

I wonder...

==> Be Tavros

---

***Oh shit.***

==> Tavros: Engage in a RARE AND DANGEROUS X4 COMBO

---

Chapter End Notes

Whoo!

Now, bear with me, the next following chapters are probably going to see rushed since I really wanted to get to the Alpha Session with the Alpha kids but don't worry! Things are still going to happen and hopefully they won't seem too rushed or anything.

A lot of things are going to happen. Drama. Death. Angst. Ghosts. Ancestors. Dancestors. Really a lot.

Also, if you missed it, Doc Scratch appears, there's a reason there's a white space there :]

I hope you enjoyed! Thanks for all the support you guys, it's been fun!

# SBURB/SGRUB - The End of the Beginning

## Chapter Notes

HELLO EVERYONE

Here's another chapter!

Like I said in the previous chapter, it's a bit rushed since I wanted a chapter out and I really REALLY wanted to continue on to the Meteor Journey and head towards the Alpha Session for various reasons.

I hope you enjoy guys!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

==> Tavros: Engage in a RARE AND DANGEROUS X4 COMBO

***Oh shit.***

Tavros gulped silently, hands gripping his lance tightly as he kept a cautious eye on the two *very dangerous* trolls in front of him. Vriska was just as on guard as he was, dressed in her god tier clothing, cerulean wings fluttering in slight anxiousness that she would deny later on, ever the pride-driven troll that she was. Before it would have disturbed him but now he was just used to her like that.

They were, tentative friends?

It was weird, but at least she wasn't ragging and bullying him as much anymore, or even weirdly flirting with him. That had been, a very weird period earlier on, something that they would agree with.

Anyway, back to their situation...

Gamzee and Feferi stood in their way, both looking equally murderous.

Gamzee was stained with blue, red and olive blood, making his victims Equius, Nepeta and Karkat. He casually twirled around both stained clubs

in his hands, flinging droplets of colored blood around. He was even wearing Nepeta's hat and Equius' shades! Eridan was not going to like that...

Feferi was stained with yellow and jade blood, her victims were both Sollux and Kanaya. Feferi was holding a glowing staff, it shined within the dim hall that they were all in.

Vriska was looking more and more pissed as she glanced at the jade blood that stained the fuchsia troll's clothing. Though she and Kanaya were no longer moirails, having broken off for whatever reason, she still cared for the jade and it showed with how she barred her teeth angrily at Feferi who merely smirked at her anger.

He wonders on what happened. He never expected *Feferi* of all trolls to snap, it had seemed like she and Sollux had a stable kismesissitude, though it was a bit much and that it needed an auspice, something Eridan took on-ooh... Maybe it involved Eridan.

It always involved Eridan with those two.

Yikes.

Still, he wondered what happened, where Eridan was, where Terezi was, he at least hoped they were okay, things were just... hitting the fan so fast and so messily.

There was a tense silence shared between the four trolls, armed and ready for what no doubt would end up as a giant and long-lasting strife. Though Tavros was not godtier like Vriska- there hadn't been enough time to find his quest coon- he had grown stronger from the start of the game with the help of Vriska and Eridan. Leveling up and becoming strong even with the fact his legs had been crippled, something that Vriska even apologized for! However reluctant it had been and the fact Eridan had to pester her and force her to apologize. It was still greatly appreciated.

Though, he doubted he could last long against both highblooded trolls, but he would try his best.

His original thought of calming them down wasn't really tangible, by the looks of it both of them did *not* seem to be in the mood to calm down... They would have to try and beat them in a strife, knock them out or even.. kill them if necessary.

Gog -a term coined by Terezi and now frequently used among trolls- he hoped that they didn't need to kill them... even though they probably deserved it after what they had done.

Simultaneously, they all tensed.

==>STRIFE!

Just as they were about to move- wait, what was that noise?

***Hisssssss***

It was something they *all* obviously heard given the fact they had all paused to hear the strange and somewhat intimidating hiss clearer.

Then came footsteps.

They started slow before they were suddenly sprinting *down into the hall and-*

There was a glow.

And there was Kanaya.

Kanaya was glowing.

Kanaya was glowing, her stomach was stained jade, *she was glowing.*

*And she was fast.*

In an instant she *across* the hall, she *clocked* Vriska across the face, sending her crashing down into the hall, she went to *kick Gamzee* in the *bulge*, sending him flying off into the darkness with a pained and pitiful

‘*HOOOooooonnk...*’ She turned to Feferi, who looked startled at the sight of her.

Kanaya *snarled* at her, whipping out her lipstick-chainsaw, revving it loudly and brandishing it at Feferi.

It seemed to snap her out of it and Feferi was snarling back at Kanaya, pointing her staff at the glowing jadeblood, it glowed dangerously at her- she *fired* at her, a white tendril of magic or energy came from the tip of the staff, aimed at Kanaya who deftly dodged the tendril, snarling and weaving herself underneath the tendril to get close to Feferi who tried to stop her.

Tavros yelped, snapping out of his stunned state to dodge the incoming white tendrils that *destroyed* the walls around them, he let out a surprised scream when it managed to graze his arm, but thankfully he was still alive.

The scream managed to distract Feferi, who had mistaken it as a scream of attack, whirling around to face him- her mistake as Kanaya took the opportunity.

Her chainsaw revved and was stained with royal fuchsia blood as she sawed Feferi in half with her chainsaw.

The staff fell to the floor, its powerful glow dimming as fuchsia started to bleed from the now dead Mage of Life’s corpse.

In a fit of timing and perhaps even awesomeness, Equius’ glasses ended up landing on Kanaya, who turned her chainsaw back into lipstick which was stained with pink blood. With no hesitation, she put on some lipstick, licking the pink blood as she did so.

Stunned, both Taurus and Scorpio-signed trolls watched her do so.

Tavros, somewhat frightened and relieved while Vriska was blushing cerulean and looking at Kanaya with a look of awe.

Well, that was the end of that.

...

Wait, Gamzee was still alive.

Oh.

Oh crap.

==>

---

TT: So let me get this straight

TT: You're telling me that

TT: A meteor is going to crash down on my favorite record shop soon

TT: Like 'this year a couple of days after my birthday' soon

TT: And on that meteor is going to be a baby that will turn out to be my brother slash future son

CA: Exactly

TT: ...

TT: Well fuck

TT: I'm going to have to go on a shopping trip for baby shit

TT: And I'll have to make sure to get that apartment now

CA: You believe me?

CA: Or did you already knoww about it?

TT: Fuck if I know

TT: I should probably be doubting this crazy shit but...

TT: For some reason I \*do\* believe you

TT: Like, this was something that I knew deep deep fucking down in my chest

TT: For fuck's sake I even bought some tiny shades a few months ago

TT: I saw them in some store and I didn't even fucking hesitate to buy them

TT: It was bizarre but I didn't really question it

CA: Interestin

CA: So I suppose either the game is subconsciously tellin you to prepare for the future players, meanin that it's embedded by your gene or somethin of



the like or...

CA: Hmm, I always wondered about that.

TT: Wondered about what

TT: And what the fuck do you mean by game

TT: Eridan

TT: What do you know about this strange happening shit that's currently happening?

CA: A lot

CA: And at the same time

CA: Not enough

TT: And that means

CA: Exactly what it means

TT: I'm getting really tired over your cryptic bullshit man

TT: I haven't even seen your face

CA: But you've heard my voice

TT: Still haven't seen your face

CA: Fair point...

CA: After you have Dave

CA: I'll show you my face

TT: Woah seriously?

TT: And Dave?

TT: Hm, not bad of a name for my future kid

TT: Still wondering about that whole brother slash son thing by the way

TT: You got a lot of explaining to do Eridan

TT: After you show me your dumbass face

CA: Naturally

CA: And while I'm not that confident over my physical looks I believe my face is not a dumbass face

TT: We'll see about that

TT: Also

TT: Remember about those headaches you've been telling me about?

TT: Here

TT: Whipped up some Grade-A Strider beats to beat down that headache of yourself

timeausTestified [TT] has sent [GradeAStriderBeats.zip](#)

CA: Wwhat

CA:

CA: ...

TT: So

CA: It's

CA: Thanks Dirk, this is actually quite affective on my headache

CA: Not bad

TT: Fuck yeah

TT: Knew it fucking would

TT: Also 'Not bad'

TT: Fuck you my beats are fucking amazing

TT: Admit it

TT: They're amazing

CA: I'll admit that it's not bad

CA: It's not the best 'beats' I've evver heard

CA: But it's a lovely first try though

TT: Fuck you dude

TT: I'll show you the best beats

TT: Just you wait, you'll be admitting that my shit is the best there is

TT: Tell me when you got another headache or something

TT: I'll hook you up with another of my amazing music

CA: Sure Dirk

CA: And tell me wwhen you wwant another song

TT: Did you make another one already?

CA: No

TT: You totally did didn't you

TT: Gimme

CA: I just snorted

CA: I nevver imagined 'Dirk Strider' of all people sayin 'Gimme' to anyone

TT: Shut the fuck up and give me the song

CA: Bossy

calmingAquarius [CA] sent [Tiptoe Higher.zip](#)

TT: Fuck yeah

CA: I'm still quite surprised that you evven like my singin

CA: I can understand the songs

CA: But my vvoice doesn't really quite fit them

CA: I had to make an effort not to let my accent affect my singin the first time roun

CA: I'm used to it noww but still

TT: Hey, your voice is fine

TT: I give credit to where it's due and you sing great

TT: Like seriously

TT: The songs are also great but I can't really imagine someone else singing them

CA: That's because you've only heard me sing it

CA: I'm sure if someone else sang it you'd think they wwere better

TT: Nah

TT: Tried, didn't really like it

TT: Didn't really sound right

CA: Wwhat?  
CA: You did???  
CA: Wwhen?

TT: I posted some of your song lyrics on the internet  
TT: Messaged a few guys and gals to hear them sing it  
TT: Like I said, didn't really seem right

CA: Oh?  
CA: Is that wwhat you wwere doin a feww days ago?  
CA: You seemed awwfully preoccupied with your computer, usin your headphones and such for quite a long time

TT: Yep  
TT: Though I thought you would've seen it  
TT: What with you using my computer to stalk me

CA: I'm not usin your computer to stalk you  
CA: I don't really knoww wwhat you do wwith you computer

TT: Then how the hell are you stalking me

CA: One day I might actually answwer that

TT: You are one fucking strange stalker

---

TT: You're \*thirteen\* fucking years old  
TT: Jesus christ  
TT: You're mature for your age, I really thought you were older

CA: Mentally I am older  
CA: But yes, physically I am thirteen years old, though soon I shall be fourteen and another life has passed me by and brings me closer to my inevvitable possible death

TT: See, what thirteen year old talks like that?

CA: You'd be surprised, I know quite a few people who are quite conversationists around the same age as I am

CA: Plus I am quite sure you were somewhat the same when you were thirteen

TT: Mm

TT: Fair point

TT: Still, didn't think you'd be thirteen though

CA: You'd be even more surprised if you knew the whole picture...

TT: And that would be?

CA: Apparently I'll tell you everything some day

TT: Apparently

CA: Apparently

TT: Fucking asshole

CA: Right back at you Strider

---

CA: I see you finally found him

CA: I send my condolences for your favorite record shop by the way

CA: But hey, you have a little brother now who is also your future biological son

TT: Hey

CA: Hey

TT: Fuck he's so small

TT: Is he suppose to be that small?

CA: I

CA: I honestly don't know, I haven't been around many babies to know if his size is regular or not

TT: He's so squishy  
TT: And small  
TT: What the fuck am I supposed to do now  
TT: Fuck, am I even ready for this?  
TT: I'm seventeen  
TT: \*\*\*seventeen\*\*\*  
TT: I've got a fucking rising puppet porn empire on the side  
TT: What the fuck was I thinking  
TT: I've got smuppets everywhere  
TT: Fuck  
TT: This is no place for a kid to grow up in  
TT: Also  
TT: What the fuck am I  
TT: You said I was his bio-dad  
TT: But also his brother  
TT: What am I suppose to be to him?  
TT: A dad or a brother  
TT: Eridan  
TT: Eridan what do I do

calmingAquarius [CA] began a voice chat!

“First off Dirk, calm down, take deep breaths, inhale for twtwo seconds, exhale for three. Come on, you can do it.”

Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. Exhale.

“Okay, fuck, okay... Now what?”

“That's it... Noww, as for your other questions... You'll be fine, you'll do your best. You can clean up the smuppets for later on, your... puppet porn empire, you havve some options. Shut it down and start another type of thin' to gain daily income, or continue it but keep it away from Davve as he growws. It's your choice Dirk.... And again, it's up to you, wwwhether or not if you wwant to be a father or a brother to Davve. He's your biological son yes but howw you raise him is entirely up to you in the end. You wwon't be doin' this on your owwn completely, I'll help as much as I can.”

Inhale. Exhale.

“... Thanks man, I needed to hear that.”

“Your welcome, like I said, I’ll always be here to help. Though my help will be quite limited but I’ll be here nonetheless for support.”

“I feel like I’m going to fuck up.”

“You’re Dirk Strider, child raisin’ is different from designin’ and creatin’ a rocketboard. It’ll be a challenge, I won’t lie, and you’ll feel that way every step of the way until it’s time but I know you’ll do fine. I know you’ll do your best for him, just like how you do your best for everything’.”

“... Grade-A speech, totally feel more inspired now.”

“Oh shush, try to give your best friend a nice encouragin’ speech and all I get is snark.”

“I’m your best friend? What about that other guy? Equine something.”

“Equius, and he is my best friend. He’s my first best friend, and you’re my second.”

“Right... Second...”

“Alright there Dirk?”

“Yeah, totally fine.”

“At any rate, you’ll do just fine with Davve. Trust me.”

“Alright, I trust you.... You know, I’d trust you more if I got to see your face.”

“This again?”

“Yes again, it’s been two years, I know your name, how you sound like, time to show me that dumb face of yours.”

“...”

“... Motherfucker hung up on me.”

---

CA: So, you’ve had Davve for a wweek noww

CA: Howw do you feel?

TT: Fuck you

TT: Fuck you so much

TT: But also if anything happens to my baby I’m killing everyone

CA: As expected

TT: You don’t just go hang up on me and not talk for a fucking \*week\*

CA: My apologies I had

CA: Some complications

TT: You just didn’t want me to see your face

CA: No really I did!

CA: And

CA: Maybe that as wwell

TT: What do you got like buck teeth or somethin

TT: Got a huge mole on your face

TT: An ugly scar

CA: I’m an alien and I’m not too sure on howw you wwould react to my face

TT: That is a fucking lame excuse

CA: Legitimate



TT: Whatever you look like

TT: I don't care

TT: Actually I do care

TT: I want to know the face of the stalker that's been following me for two years in a row

TT: You promised me

timeausTestified [TT] sent screenshotbitch.jpeg

CA: Wwoww you actually took a screenshot

CA: Damn

CA: Ugh, fine, I try to always keep my promise

TT: That's the fucking spirit

calmingAquarius [CA] sent selfie.jpeg

TT: The fuck is this

TT: That you Eridan

CA: Yes

TT: I asked to see your face

TT: Your actual face

TT: Which means no make up or whatever the fuck you're wearing right now

TT: You cosplaying as something?

TT: Looks kind of cool though

CA: That is me

CA: I suppose a selfie wwon't be vviabile

CA: I'll take that cool compliment though and feel flattered

TT: Eridan

TT: Show me your actual face

CA: Hold on

CA: I'm so glad your pesterchum made that huge update not too long ago

TT: What update?

TT: Oh wait

TT: \*That\* update

calmingAquarius [CA] began a video chat!

Answer?

Yes / No

“...”

“Hello Dirk.”

“Eridan?”

“Mhmm, it’s me. And no, this is not a cosplay or disguise. Observvve.”

“... Your ears are wiggling.”

“My earfins. And if that’s not enough...”

“..... *You have gills and you’re bleeding purple.*”

“It’s vviolet thank you vvery much. And don’t worry, it’s only a scratch, I didn’t cut too deep, it’ll heal on.”

“You’re a fucking fish person.”

“Seadwweller.”

“You’re actually an *alien*?”

“Yes. I’m a completely different species as you. And believve it or not, my species itself is called ‘trolls’.”

“You’re fucking with me.”

“No, it’s true. No idea howw that came about but wwe’re called trolls! But vvery different from wwwhat you knoww.”

“... You’ve been stalking me with alien tech haven’t you.”

“Technically correct.”

“Your housemates?”

“Also trolls. Currently wwe’re... to be frank wwe’re stuck and in hidin’.”

“Hiding from what?”

“That is, a long story. But uh... Wwhat do you think?”

---

What did he think?

*What did he think?*

He thought it was entirely unfair how adorable Eridan look as a fucking *alien*. *Was he wiggling those earfin things on purpose?* Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

He had been ready to find a nerd or whatever behind the voice and name of ‘Eridan Ampora’, maybe he’d be a normal looking kid, just a few years younger than him since he was like, thirteen going on fourteen but not an actual goddamn *alien*.

He had smooth looking gray skin, wide and strange looking violet eyes with yellow sclera, his hair was short but there was a purple tuff slash patch of hair among the black locks that were also *curly*, they curled around those ridiculous horns of his that reminded him of that shitty candy thing that he couldn’t remember at the moment. Those earfins of his were being cute with the way they were nervously fluttering, and the blue scarf that Eridan was now wearing after taking it off to show off his gills fitted him.

Dirk had been sure he had been gay.

Now what the fuck was he when he was attracted to a cute alien.

Was Eridan actually a boy?

Was his species capable of genders?

Great, now he was wondering what Eridan was sporting below the waist.

Fuck.

“Dirk?” Eridan asked, looking concerned through the screen. Looking unfairly attractive even through the screen.

“You’re not as dumb faced as I thought you’d be.” Dirk finally answered, almost, *almost* smiling at the relieved look Eridan sported.

“That’s all you have to say?” Eridan replied after a small sigh, though he was smiling.

“What else could I say?” Besides how cute Eridan was, but he wasn’t going to say that. Not to Eridan’s face anyway.

“Yo, what do you identify anyway? Can, trolls? Seriously? Can trolls identify as genders anyway?”

And so begun a long questionnaire, or rather to be more specific, an interrogation between Dirk and Eridan, Eridan doing his best to answer him. Though eventually they had to stop when Dave began to cry and needed Dirk’s attention.

Feeling tired but better than he had been this week, Dirk ended the call on Eridan’s prompt, the other telling him to get some sleep after getting to Dave. Or at least get as much sleep as he could with a baby on the side. Babies were hard work, Dave woke Dirk up at random times at night, though thankfully not as much as he’d originally thought as he took care of the red-eyed baby.

His red-eyed baby.

His biologically connected baby.

His baby brother.

As awesome as his little brother was, he couldn't wait until he was potty trained because diapers? Diapers *sucked*.

==> Be Eridan

---

==> Eridan: Talk to John

calmingAquarius [CA] began trolling ectoBiologist [EB]

CA: Hello John

EB: oh hey there ca!

CA: Happy Birthday John

EB: haha, thanks!

EB: have you heard about the new game out?

EB: dave said he and his bro have a copy, so does that mean you'll be playing with us?

CA: Sort of.

CA: But my friends and I wwill be

CA: Assistin you wwith the game

EB: woah you have friends?

EB: i mean friends other than bro?? :O

CA: That's a little bit mean John

EB: sorry

CA: But yes, I do havve 'other friends' than bro

CA: They are

CA: Eccentric to say the least

CA: But they mean wwll I promise

EB: okay?

CA: You've actually met them before

EB: i have?

EB: when?

CA: GA, AG and CG are my friends

EB: whaaat??

EB: you're friends with a bunch of internet trolls???

EB: why the heck?

EB: actually that explains a lot for your like intro message, saying 'trolling' instead of 'pestering'

EB: but you never actually trolled me like they did!

CA: In either a feww hours or so you'll be thinkin back on this an' find hilarity in the particular sentence of wwwhy and the fact I'm friends with internet trolls

EB: that totally makes sense

CA: It does

CA: They mean wwell John

CA: Kind of

CA: You'll see

EB: no way! they all suck! and weirdly obsessed with dying and other very weird stuff!!! especially ga!

EB: she's so weird!!! and downright fucking crazy!

CA: She's one of the most eccentric people I knoww

EB: she threatened to kill me when she meets me and listen to me bleed and smell me die!!!

CA: Like I said, one of the most eccentric people I knoww

EB: your taste in friends aside from bro are really shitty

EB: i guess that's why you chose bro as your best friend and boyfriend

CA: pardon

EB: what

CA: Bro is indeed my best friend, but he is not my boyfriend

EB: he's not?

EB: is this like where you say he's not but he totally is but you're afraid i might not like you if you say you're gay or something?

EB: because i'm totally fine with that!

EB: despite not being a homosexual myself i am very supportive for others who are!

EB: which is you by the way

EB: and dave's bro

EB: and maybe dave but i think he doesn't realize that yet

CA: That is surprisin'ly lovvely of you John

CA: But Bro and I are not together

EB: but you guys are like

EB: super duper close and by the way dave's been describing you you're like his mom or something

EB: or like i said, bro's boyfriend

EB: i'm also pretty sure dave told me \*\*tmi\*\* on certain things but bro really really likes you

EB: like a lot

CA: I knoww that

CA: And...

CA: And I like him

CA: But wwe're not together

CA: There's a lot goin' on

CA: Bro and I can't be together

EB: why not?

CA: You'll see soon enough

CA: I wwish you a happy birthday John

CA: And good luck

CA: I'll talk to you later on wwhen you're in the game

EB: wait what do you mean by 'in the game'?

CA: Just givve my friends the benefit of the doubt wwhen you can

CA: They really are quite nice wwhen you get to knoww them

calmingAquarius [CA] ceased trolling ectoBiologist [EB]

Eridan sighed as he leaned back against the wall, his face lightly colored as he recalled the very recent conversation. The subject between Bro and himself was.... A loaded subject, you could load it into a gun and it would become a very deadly projectile that could kill a man kind of loaded.

...

He's been speaking to Dirk too much, the Strider analogy is rubbing off of him.

But that was natural since he's been speaking to Dirk for a long time now. A week has past, but for Dirk, it's been more than a decade. He was entering his early thirties and despite the time, despite the years...

Eridan covered his face with his hands and scarf, whining into it.

It was too much.

He wasn't suppose to be falling for Dirk 'Bro' Strider.

He wasn't!

But then again, he wasn't supposed to be doing any of the things he was doing.

Trying to change Homestuck in it's entirety.

What he couldn't understand though, was Dirk's continued infatuation with him. To him, it's been a decade, surely he could've moved on right? Well,



he has tried. Eridan watched him try, but he never seemed to click with anyone and was more than content to talk to Eridan and take care of Dave.

Not to mention, each of those attempts didn't sit well with Eridan.

He...

He had feelings for Dirk Strider.

It was something he knew but could never, *should* never acknowledge or tell Dirk.

Dirk was a human who aged much faster than him in both ways, Eridan has watched him age for a week now, their age differences would simply be too much. He was in his thirties and Eridan was still going through puberty. It was, a big age gap.

Something that didn't seem to bother Dirk though, not really, despite knowing him for a decade ~~a week~~. Despite knowing him more than anyone else. Dirk Strider was an enigma to Eridan, just as Eridan was an enigma to Dirk. How he managed to keep his feelings for Eridan despite it being *years* was just unknown to him.

Was it because he was the one constant thing to Dirk? How he keeps talking to him? Being there for him?

That would explain a lot.

But it shouldn't be effecting Eridan as much. It's only been a week for Eridan.

And yet it felt like it's been a decade with Dirk.

He thought it was a crush that would die on it's own.

Maybe it still was.

But right now, as Eridan switched views to look at Dirk who was currently making preparations for the game... It felt so much more than a crush.

He's... Eridan had spilled secrets to Dirk, telling him more than anyone on the meteor about what was happening and what was to come. Was that part of it? Dirk knew him more than anyone else did. Even Equius.

...

Eridan took in a deep breath, shaking his head and clearing his thoughts, shoving them to the side- an unhealthy way to deal with things but he couldn't afford to think about it now. He needed to focus on changing things.

The most important thing to change, were certain deaths within the comic.

John's Dad, Rox, Equius, Nepeta, Dirks'...

...

He had a lot of work to do.

...

...

...

...

---

~~**But it was all for naught. HEE HEE HAHA HAAA HAHA  
HOOOHOHO HOOOO!!**~~

---

==> In the future

Eridan was only trying to find Sollux and Feferi, lately he's been neglecting his auspice duties. Plus, there was something that brought his attention.

He wasn't that oblivious.

Those two were...

The opposites to the Feferi and Sollux in the webcomic.

Original Eridan in his place would be ecstatic.

He just felt guilty.

He didn't feel anything red for them.

He was still...

He shook his head and went to find them in the main lobby where almost everyone was. Gamzee was missing once more, no one could find him, not even him.

Nepeta was in the lobby, Equius should be in their special room.

Aradia... had exploded earlier on, telling by the remnants of the explosion earlier on. He should tell Equius when he got back, or maybe Nepeta had told him since she was at the computer, it seemed like she was talking to Jaspersprite again, he really reminded her of her lusus Pounce.

Eridan had made it up to her obviously, mostly in pushing Equius her way and starting their matespritship but also in role playing with her to her heart's content. As well as give her codes so she could make new claws and other things.

At any rate, he was hoping to find Sollux and Feferi somewhere. Kanaya was absent from the room, as well as Feferi. He found Sollux, brooding about Aradia. He didn't even notice Eridan as he sulked on the horn pile- he should really find Gamzee. But he was sure Kanaya hadn't gotten Cal, Aradia hadn't found him in the crash pile she found earlier on before she died. Cal wasn't repaired by Kanaya and didn't seem to be in the troll session...

He shook his head and focused on Sollux, until Terezi caught his attention with a loud gasp. "Rezi?"

“Eridan!”

“Rezi, wwhat’s wwrong?”

“Nothing! Absolutely nothing, there is nothing wrong whatsoever!”

It didn’t seem like nothing, concerned, Eridan went over to her.

“NO! Eridan stay right over there!” She was trying to cover the computer, why?

“Rezi you’re actin’ vvery wweird-”

“NO ERIDAN DON’T!”

“Dirk?”

No.

This wasn’t right.

Dirk was on LOHAC.

He had told him to stay on LOHAC.

He wasn’t supposed to be on the battlefield.

He had told Rox to take James to LOFAF.

They...

They weren’t suppose to die.

*They weren’t supposed to die.*

***They weren’t supposed to die.***

***Especially not Dirk.***

Eridan didn’t know when he starting crying.

Eridan didn't know when Sollux, Karkat and Nepeta came to his side, Nepeta started to drag him away.

All Eridan knew was that one moment, he was in the lobby, and the next he was on the pile being comforted by Equius and Nepeta.

Emotionally exhausted.

Eridan went to sleep.

...

Eridan was alone when he woke up. Nepeta and Equius weren't in the room.

Eridan was hanging on a thread.

*It **snapped** when he found their bodies.*

**HE lOSt.**

**wHat WAs evEN tHE POinT AnYMorE?**

**Ejsy esd yjr qpomy smuzptr.**

**Jr apdy.**

~~**Yjr smhrad smf etsoyjd str djtorlomh, ejsy radr vjpovr fprd jr jsbr niy yp  
hobr yjrz ejsy yjru esmy mpe yjsy jr jsd mp qitqdr?**~~

**==> Eridan: SuCCumB to tHE wOEgoTHic thRoeS oF THE WRAiThFul  
TonGUEs**

---

==> Be Rose

==> Translate

---

Chapter End Notes

THAT'S RIGHT.  
I KILLED BRO.  
I'M SORRY.

And I couldn't really fit in Bro's proper death into the chapter, YET, so next chapter is going to hurt since I'll be going into Bro's death and how it happened and how Feferi killed Kanaya and what happened to Terezi and Karkat and Gamzee and everything really.

Canon has changed.

But also hasn't changed.

We've got ways to go but don't worry, EriBro is still the main pairing here ;]

Also also, I didn't know this. But Horrorterror talk is actually a thing. There's a translator somewhere that you can use to translate an english to horrorterror gibberish and vice versa. It's so cool.

Anyway Hope you enjoyed! I'll see you next time~

EDIT: HEY GUYS. THERE'S A SERVER NOW.

[Pyros Hydros Stories](#)

Come yell at me for killing Bro or even talk if you want! I hope you guys enjoy it!

# Pre-SBURB - Lalondebound (1)

## Chapter Notes

We're going on a Lalondebound trip!

Okay so this chapter isn't as long as my other ones, *almost* 3,000 words but not really.

Sorry but this chapter had me a bit stumped to be honest and I just wanted to update this before the week started. Unfortunately it already started but hey, at least I updated!

Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

==> Be Rose

==> Translate

---

Rose? Translate? Translate what? She can't do that, Rose was simply too young to do that. In fact, she was simply too young to do *anything*. Anything at all besides breath, move slightly, eat liquids, and get rid of the waste, though the last part would need some outside help since she couldn't clean herself whatsoever yet.

She was a little babe right now, swaddled in a pink blanket and asleep, cradled against a young woman's chest. This young woman had just came home after retrieving little newly-named Rose Lalonde from a meteor crash site which was now filled with water, it would turn into a giant lake.

This young woman, was one Roxy Lalonde, apprentice to Jake Harley and now a newly teenaged mother. Though, she looked very mature for her age, partly because of the heels and the make up but as of right now, she was seventeen years old and she was now a mother to a blond baby girl.

Roxy had no idea what she was doing, even with the fact she had been, *somewhat* prepared for the fact she would be a mother but she still had no fucking idea on what to do. She had a mini-human in her arms, her daughter, Rose, her little Rose.

God she was so cute. Rose was so cute!

Roxy couldn't bring herself to put her down in the crib she had bought months in advance, it was light pink with purple bedding, it had little horses printed all over it and a nice star-themed baby mobile dangling over it. She hummed a random tune as she continued to cradle and hold Rose in her arms, sitting down on her couch.

As she sat down, she couldn't help but glance over to the numerous bottles that she had left on the counter nearby, she had forgotten to put them away after buying them a couple of days ago. In light of her Rose's incoming, she had forgotten about them entirely, it was only now did she notice them since her throat was feeling quite thirsty now and her first thought was to get a drink.

An alcoholic drink.

She hesitated though. Looking down to the baby in her arms, she couldn't really afford to be drunk while Rose was just a little babe now could she? She'd have to swear off drinking for a couple of years. Maybe.

...

What was she thinking?

She couldn't take care of a baby- no matter what Jake said! The old man was at least experienced with taking care of little humans but she- well, she *had* babysat his kids before but they had been children! Grown up babies! Not actual babies!

Fuck, she missed Joey and Jude.



But still, right now she had her own baby who *actually* related to her through the miracle that was ecto-biology. Something she had yet to even start yet much less perfect, assembling the machine in the lab was slow-making even before she had Rose.

Looks like she wasn't going to make any progress for it in a while. She wasn't entirely sure of hiring a babysitter yet. Or ever. Even though she was a babysitter before.

Things were complicated for her okay? She was a newly teenaged mom!

Ugh...

*Ping*

Roxy blinked slightly as she heard the pinging on her phone.

Who was messaging her this time of night?

---

calmingAquarius [CA] began trolling tipsyGnostalgic [TG]

CA: Hello

TG: wut

CA: Salutations Miss Lalonde

TG: whotf is this???

CA: A future friend hopefully

TG: a future wat

CA: A future friend

TG: ye i got u the first time but who the literalk fuk r u?

TG: howd u get my handle

TG: n how do u know my name???

CA: I merely remembered your handle Miss Lalonde, as for howw I knoww your name

CA: I wwas led to believvve that wwe're quite close in the upcoming future

TG: ...

TG: in the upcoming futur u say

CA: Indeed

CA: Wwe have a mutual interest

CA: Sevveral actually

CA: It invvolvves the existence of your neww daughter Rose Lalonde and her future

CA: And the game of SBURB she is supposed to play

TG:

&TG: go on

CA: I wwould howwevver it seems that you're extremely tired and it is vvery late at night

CA: You should get some sleep Roxy

CA: You definitely deservve it

CA: But please, no drinkin wwhatsoever

CA: Not wwile Rose is a wwee babe

---

Roxy scrunched her nose in confusion as well as suspicion. Just how the fuck?

She typed to 'CA' again, demanding an answer- this guy knew about Sburb, knew about Rose, knew about *her*, he couldn't just lay that down and then run away!

Unfortunately, Calming Aquarius had ceased 'trolling' her, which was weird, she thought Pesterchum didn't do that kind of thing? Or was this guy some sort of hacker. Now she was wondering if he was on her level of hacking, being capable of changing the Pesterchum feed like that.

Anyway, any attempts of contacting CA again didn't do anything. CA wouldn't answer.

That irked her but their words did make sense, it was unbearably late and she was indeed feeling very tired so maybe going to sleep wouldn't be a bad idea. It's been a very excitable day, from her scampering around and anxiously awaiting Rose's arrival to when she actually did arrive in a blaze of fire on a goddamn meteor.

Covering that up would be a pain but at least she would have help for that, Jake would do most of the work. She hoped he'd come visit in the meanwhile, she hasn't seen him as much anymore since he continued going on his adventures. Roxy could introduce him to Rose. It would be amazing, for her mentor to meet her new daughter especially with the fact he had predicted it.

The fact their world would end by the time her daughter was thirteen was bizarre, the truth of it still shook her ever since Jake had revealed it years ago after... After Joey and Jude...

Roxy shook her head, deciding to finally head to bed. Standing from the couch, she continued to cradle Rose and headed to her bedroom.

Sleep would do her good.

She would talk with CA in the morning, supposedly if the other would keep their word of talking to her when she woke up. She had a feeling that they would.

Still, who the hell was CA? She didn't think anyone else knew about SBURB, the only ones who knew about it was Jake and her, Jake hasn't even told anyone else within his Skaianet company about it, he was still looking for the ruins that would kick-start the creation of the damned game. If they didn't find the ruins in time, or at all, well- Earth was gone with *no* chance of recovery.

Even if the Earth would be destroyed, at least they'd have a chance to save people. Especially their children.

Rose would be a wonderful young woman, Roxy would raise her to be ready for the game.

---

CA: I've contacted someone who's in the same boat as you Dirk

CA: Her name is Roxy Lalonde

CA: She received her own little babe just a day after you got Davve

CA: The baby's name is Rose Lalonde

TT: Woah seriously

TT: So I'm not the only person with a meteor baby

TT: Neat

TT: How many meteor babies are there

TT: Also, info on Lalonde?

CA: There are four 'meteor babies' as you put it, Davve, Rose, Jade and John

CA: Though technically you count as a meteor baby as well Dirk

CA: Eight meteors

CA: You share your birthday with Davve, you can say he's your birthday gift for the year

CA: Davve, Rose and Jade come in close clusters in December but John won't arrive until later on in April next year

CA: Roxy Lalonde is around your age, her birthday is actually a day after yours, which is also Rose's birthday

CA: Supposedly she's also the genetic mother to Davve, and Rose is also your genetic daughter

CA: But at the same time, she could also be considered as your sister

CA: Things are complicated just believe me on this

TT: Neat

TT: Question though Eridan

TT: How the fuck do you know all this?

TT: I can get the fact you know more about me and probably Roxy from your stalking and all

TT: But what the actual fuck dude

CA: Actually the only person I've been 'stalkin' is you here  
CA: I've nevver spoke to Roxy before noww  
CA: You're the only one I've spoken in the past twwo years you'veve knowwn me  
CA: I could only speak to Roxy noww because of Rose

TT: Huh  
TT: That makes things better absolutely  
TT: Still doesn't explain how you know shit

CA: 'Givves cryptid explanation wwith all the vvague implications that comes wwith it'

TT: Ha  
TT: Motherfucking  
TT: Ha

CA: :]

TT: Holy shit  
TT: An emoticon  
TT: Such a rare event  
TT: I should put this down in the Eridan files that I totally have or totally not have  
TT: Look at this rare piece of shit  
TT: It's goddamn amazing

CA: Shut up Dirk

---

==> Be Dirk

Dirk smirked, leaning back on the futon with Dave snoozing by his side. The little tyke had finally settled down and went to nap beside him, "So, there are more of you out there huh lil' man?" He asked quietly, not wanting Dave to wake up so soon after Dirk had finally gotten him to sleep.

They were in the new apartment that Dirk had gotten a year and a few months prior. Actually this was the same apartment that Dirk had set his sights on years ago, back when he was still living with his foster family and before he had been in contact with Eridan.

Damn, that felt so long ago instead of two years. Almost three with News Years coming soon.

Anyway, the apartment was just perfect for him and Dave. He had to clean up a bit, stash away some finished smuppets that had yet been shipped off to their new owners that ordered them from his smuppet website. That was still up, his whole puppet porn empire, he was hesitant to put it down after it was doing so well for the past year, he was getting good money from such a salacious and obscene empire built entirely on felt-made sex toys.

Eridan didn't comment much on his rising empire other than, 'You're certainly takin' advantage ovver your preferences.' Didn't seem like the alien was judgmental over it so that was good, maybe he'd ask Eridan what his kinks are some day. Out of pure curiosity of course and nothing else, it was only fair since Eridan stalked him regularly and knew enough of him and his kinks.

Which was...

Something.

It really made him think, ponder and wonder if Eridan watched him in very *private* moments.

A sensation went down his spine and straight on south.

Yea- *no*, he wasn't going to attend to that thought. Not now at least, not with *Dave* peacefully and innocently asleep besides him. He wasn't going to wack at it with a fucking baby in the vicinity or in the room.

Back to the puppets- because that was more appropriate to think to himself right now aside from Eridan going from stalker to *voyeur- his smuppets* were doing just fine! He could afford to be lax and leave them around right

now since Dave was a baby but he planned on hiding them completely when Dave grew up. Temporarily of course, then he'd reveal his glorious empire to his brother and embarrass the shit out of him.

Torment him and tease him with plush butts and make his pre-teen years an embarrassing hell and take pictures of his brother's flustered face for the blackmail scrapbook. Which first would hold various baby pictures of Dave in animal onesies and other baby things so Dirk could use as an advantage and embarrass his brother when he made friends.

Gotta be the jackass but caring older brother after all.

Plus, he could also show them off to Eridan.

Though he probably didn't have to since if Eridan was stalking Dirk, he'd be able to see Dave as well. He often made comments on how Dave was during their chats now, it was nice of him to be so concerned of his new biological son-brother. And wasn't that weird enough as it was, having a son despite never having sex with a woman.

However, no matter the fact that Dave was his biological son...

Being called Dad, it didn't really seem to fit in his head.

Bro on the other hand...

"What do you think Cal, on this whole game bullshit deal that's going on?" Dirk asked absentmindedly to his friend that was hanging on the back of the futon, laid out lazily on the back. "Should be crazy but for some reason I believe it." Especially if Eridan was telling him about it, he was already right on a lot of things and even with that, there was a strange feeling he had when he listened to the basic explanation that Eridan gave him about Dave.

Cal gave no verbal answer, merely laying on the back of the couch without a care in the world.

Dirk didn't mind, but he felt as if he and Cal had been slowly drifting apart now a days.

Or years.

He hasn't been paying attention to him much even before he got Dave, which should be a travesty really but that was fine. He and Cal were tight, his one constant companion ever since he had been a baby. And apparently Cal had been with him ever since he had been punted through the gate of the game and on his meteor, same with how Dave had come with a fucking pony of all things, it was dead now, slightly burnt on the edges and a fucking shame it died but Dirk could find some use for it.

For some reason, he was going to try and search for someone to skin the horse, the fur was indeed a bit burnt but it was still soft and nice.

Maybe make baby Dave a little something as a reminder of his equine companion.

Eridan suggested a bib of all things but that didn't sound too bad strangely enough.

How strange his life was.

He wouldn't have it any other way.

---

==> Be Roxy.  
==> Talk with CA. Again.

---

TG: so

TG: ur sayin ur an alien

TG: who played the game that me n jakey r supposed to make

CA: It's a different game but it's essentially the same

CA: It wwas a game wwe called 'SGRUB'

CA: Your game is, or wwill be called 'SBURB'



CA: And the players in the main session is limited to four players instead of twwelvve

TG: 'twwelvve'

TG: thas a lot of ppl

TG: probibly late 2 point out but u type with double ws and vs

TG: opls sometimes u type wo gs

TG: \*plus

CA: It's an alien tradition called a quirk

CA: I type and wwite like this for vvarious reasons

CA: But I could stop usin my quirk if you wwant

TG: nah is cool

TG: its bette than my tyuping

TG: \*typing

CA: Heh

CA: At any rate, I wwould've contacted you sooner but I couldn't until you recievved Rose

TG: y tho

CA: Wwhy wwhat?

TG: y couldnt u talk 2 me until i got rosie

CA: You havve a curious vvoid around you Roxy

CA: One that cannot be negated until you're around Rose

CA: If it wweren't for the vvoid, I wwould've talked wwith you sooner

TG: huh

TG: stupis void thin

TG: stopping me from talkin to alien cuties

TG: btw i wanna see wat u r

TG: send nudes

CA: No

TG: aww come one

TG: \*on

TG: let mama see ur cute face

CA: Howw wwould you evven knoww I'm cute?

CA: Perhaps I'm a monstrous eldritch creature

TG: thas not cute

TG: thats hot

CA: I wwill nevver understand you Roxy

TG: hehehehehe

---

timeausTestified [TT] began pestering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]

TT: Yo

TG: henlo ;]

TT: You Roxy Lalonde?

TG: yeppppppppop

TT: Dirk Strider

TG: nice to meet u dirky

TG: ur the one ca keeps talkin about rite

TT: Eridan talks about me

TG: pprreeeety much

TG: his name is eridan?

TG: like the star river thing

TG: 'rivver thin' rather

TT: His quirk thing was annoying but you get used to it

TT: But yes, his name is Eridan like the river

TG: actually i think its kinda cute tbh

TG: soooo

TT: So

TG: how goes raisin ur rock babby

TG: weird fuckin thing our rock babies

TG: u know that ur like the dad of our children rite

TG: got my little rosie here n you got

TG: davey rite

TG: i want child support money

TG: gotta compensate the nonexistent teen progeny

TG: \*pregnancy

TG: u shouldve pulled out

TT: Snrk

TT: Roxy Lalonde I feel like we'll get along just fine

TG: <3

---

==> Be Rose

==> Translate

---

## Chapter End Notes

I've changed my mind on what's going to go on on this arc actually, we're gonna go on a Lalonde-focused trip yes but we're also going to go on a kid-focused trip as well!

What do I mean?

Well just stick around and wait a bit!

Hopefully next update will be soon, and I hoped you enjoyed!

Till next time!

# Pre-SBURB - Lalondebound (2)

## Chapter Notes

.... Hi ....

Yeah this... Yes I know it's been like, half a year since I updated this fic but I got writers blocked and then sidetracked and sidetracked again and again so like- I ended up pushing this waaaay off my priorities list :[

But thankfully! I managed to do this! Look at it!

It's a fairly sized chapter, about 5.2k words! Not bad for after so long huh?

At any rate, hope you enjoy!

It's nice to revisit and continue this :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

==> Rose  
==> Translate

---

What?

Rose can't possibly translate anything at the moment.

She doesn't even know what she's supposed to translate anyway.

Maybe she was supposed to translate the way her mother was drunkenly babbling to her, giggling to herself and hugging a bottle of a liquid called 'wine' to her chest.

Rose Lalonde is seven years old when her mother drinks herself to oblivion, mumbling about 'oblivious little shits', 'being a third wheel' and more that little Rose cannot understand but has a vague idea about. What did, 'who

cares if he's tweeny now' mean anyway? What a strange thing to hear from her mother, and she's heard a lot of strange things from her. Maybe that was something that she had to translate to as well.

Now, her mother has indulged in drinking before, she's always seen with a drink in her hands but she's always relatively sober- or at least *very coherent*. She never dared indulged beyond what she's supposed to be, Rose was only seven after all, much too small to take care of herself and Rose hates that.

Perhaps her mother cannot do anything she wanted because Rose was too small, too young, too *weak* to take care of herself. Or at least, that's what Rose thinks to herself as she tries to coax her mother into letting go of the bottle and somehow wobble into bed where it would surely be more comfortable than the cold floor that was serving as her place of rest.

See? Rose was smart, she knew words like 'coax', 'comfortable', she new a lot of big words despite being a child of seven.

The dictionary she snatched from her mother's library helped plenty.

Did her mother even notice that she was missing a dictionary from her personal library? That Rose was stealing a few of her books to read to herself? She was old enough to do that now, to learn words on her own and her mother didn't have to teach her words through condescending tones that were slurred from time to time but still so clear to her intelligent little mind.

She'd be turning eight soon, just a few days from now, she was a big girl that could do a lot of things.

Rose didn't need her mom to tell her when to brush her teeth, when to bath- unfortunately she couldn't reach the stove with her height but that could be solved easily with a nearby chair that would be just her height. Though she was still unsure on how to work the stove, she could feed herself with sandwiches she made all to herself.

She was growing, she was learning.

Her mother didn't have to baby her so much.

"*Rosie! Myyy, my babeh~!*" Roxy Lalonde drunkenly chirped, grinning through her alcohol-induced blush, "*Liu-Look at youu.... so cuuute hahha~!*" She starts sniffing now instead of laughing, her mood shifting on the dime and Rose had successfully pried her from the wine bottle, only for her mother to latch on to her instead. Replacing the bottle in her mother's hold essentially.

"Mom, would you please let go of me? You smell, strange." Rose bluntly says to her crying mother, smelling the sharp scent of the wine from her lips and from the spilled patches that landed on her mother's clothing. They did smell strange to the currently seven year old, it made her small little nose scrunch quite adorably, something that Rose would protest against verily but to Roxy, she stopped crying and started giggling again.

The liquid known as 'wine' made her mother act so strangely, especially in large amounts. Her mood kept changing and flipping that Rose was quite confused as to what her mother was supposed to actually feel at the moment.

Rose wiggles insistently in Roxy Lalonde's arms, feeling uncomfortable pressed against her chest and forced to lay down with her on the cold tiled ground of their kitchen. "Mother, I believe you've imbibed enough wine. Perhaps you should retire to your bedroom." Rose suggested, vaguely proud that she had suggested her mom to go to bed with such adult words. The dictionary worked wonders on her vocabulary. Maybe her mother would be proud too if she wasn't so distracted by the intoxicating liquid within her system.

Roxy merely lets out a drunken giggle at her words but seems to understand it. "Y-Yaknow wut? Tha- that's probs, totes, a go-good idea Rosy babe." She murmured, hugging Rose even tighter and causing her to squirm a bit more but her mother, drunk or not, was quite strong and was capable of holding her still. "Momma is, Mommy's sorry four, um, this Rosie-posie. Sheee, she lurbs yew, ver-very much." She started out strong only to end up slurring again as she sat up, swaying a bit but staying up on her behind.

"And I love you too Mother." Rose says softly with a sigh, giving up on her attempt of escape and just returned the hug, hoping that would be enough to sate her mother with physical affection. It works and she can feel the arms around her waist loosen, still, she still hugs her mother as she ends up breaking down for the... third time since Rose found her like this tonight?

She doesn't understand what her mother is crying about.

Nor does she know of the names that her mother says, though it seems earlier topics of 'who cares he's a tweeny' shifts to 'how could he *not* tell me', from what she can gather from it though. It doesn't sound so good, it seems like someone hadn't told her mother about the death of someone close to her.

Or at least, that's what she thinks.

It was hard to translate her mother's drunken ramblings but Rose thinks she's on the spot as Roxy sobs out '*Jaaake*'.

Someone she's heard before, and met, somewhat. When she was even younger on a vague sense, wasn't he the old man with the curled mustache?

It was hard to remember correctly but she does remember that his name was Jake.

She wonders when he died.

She wonders how he died.

She wonders who her mother was talking to to lead to this.

She wonders but helps her mother up and into her bedroom, it takes a long while and on the way she attempts to translate a few more of her mother's mutterings with some success as her mother goes through a whirlwind of emotions, shifting from sadness to anger, it was a short shout of '*Damn you!*' before it shifted back to sadness and then to happiness when Roxy sets her eyes on her daughter once more.

Rose honestly prefers the happiness, even if it involves the dreaded pinching cheeks and unbearably condescending cooing voice. It's a better look on her mother than sadness and anger, the bitterness and that *blank* look on her face... She preferred her mother's happiness rather than that mysterious and dreaded voided look on her face where Rose couldn't identify anything coming from her mother, emotionally, mentally and physically.

By the end of it though, Rose's heart is hammering.

She has someone to contact now.

Her mother slipped out a pesterchum handle, saying that she couldn't wait for Rose to talk to him.

Or, that's what Rose 'translates' from anyway.

It's late at night, but Rose gets on her computer and on to Pesterchum anyway.

She types in the handle, though she's doubting it a bit since it was a handle that her mother slurred out.

Rose is very surprised when the handle turns out to be true despite the first attempt.

Who was TurntechGodhead?

Time to find out.

Never mind the fact it's late in the evening and most normal children and people were asleep by now, she'd give it a shot by sending a message now. If they didn't answer soon, well, she'd go to bed and check or try again in the morning.

---

tentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG]



TT: While I do believe this is not an appropriate time to contact you but I will admit that my patience could not handle itself properly and thus I've made the decision to contact now rather than later.

TT: Though I will understand that there is a big chance that I will not be answered during this time currently so I will just say my salutations before leaving and possibly heading to bed.

TT: Do let me know when you get this in the morning, I am very intrigued and eager to converse with you.

TG: what

---

==> Be Dave

==> Pester TT

turntechGodhead [TG] unblocked tentacleTherapist [TT]

turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering tentacleTherapist [TT]

TG: so

TG: how did you get my handle again

TG: also sorry about last night

TG:

TG: tt

TG: yo

TT: Do not fret I am here.

TT: It simply took some time for me to respond but hello.

TT: I accept your apology for tell me to, and I quote, "you know what, no, not right now i am exhausted as fuck and cannot talk with anyone right now so please fuck off until morning." Unquote, then proceeded to leave and block my handle.

TT: I admit that was mostly my fault anyway for being so excited and pestering you so late last night.

TT: So really I should apologize as well, and so I will.

TT: I am quite sorry for that.

TG: oh

TG: cool

TG: yeah

TG: i was really tired

TG: so uh

TG: yeah

TT: Yes I saw that.

TT: Again, it was my fault for contacting you unreasonably early before.

TG: yeah

TT: As for how I got your handle, I obtained it from my mother who knew your handle.

TT: How do you know her?

TG: woah

TG: your mom?

TG: i dont think i know anyones mom

TG: i dont really have much people on my chumroll

TG: like i got my bro on here since hes my bro yeah

TG: whats your moms handle

TT: Hm.

TT: Curious.

TT: Her handle is tipsyGnostalgic.

TG: yeah i dont know her

TG: but maybe my bro knows her and thats how she knows about my handle

TT: Perhaps, but then what would be the relationship between my mother and your brother?

TG: shit idk

Dave Strider leaned back on his chair, tilting his head curiously behind triangular shades as he read through the screen messages that 'TentacleTherapist' sent him.

He had no idea who 'TT' was. TT had suddenly just messaged him late last night, or early morning depending on who you asked. But it was still a ridiculous time for the youngest Strider who had been too cranky and exhausted to deal with her- his brother had *finally* started training him on the roof. About time- he wanted to be as strong as his big brother, and after a year of subtle pestering and watching his Bro train on the roof almost constantly his big brother had finally decided to take him underneath his metaphorical wing.

That's right, he knew what metaphorical meant. He was a smart kid, his brother said so. He even bought him a couple of dictionaries filled with all sorts of difficult and different words to say. And yes, he knew all about metaphors too. His Bro was a great teacher and he was the smartest kid, it was him.

At any rate though, he didn't know who TT was, or TippyGnostalgic -hey, another TG, they must be pretty cool right? But anyway... Actually, TT kind of reminded him of his brother, whose handle was TimeausTestified. Obviously his Bro was the superior TT, and he was the superior TG too. He might tell that to lavender TT at some point. But not now.

After a few minutes of pestering each other, TT had to go, apparently their mother was awake now and they had to tend to them or something.

Still, the brief conversation they had made Dave consider in saving TT into his chumroll. Just in case.

*Knock knock*

"Come in!" Dave called out, wincing as he moved away from his desk, his muscles aching as he went to face his door.

The door creaked open, and predictably to no one surprise it was his Bro. His completely awesome big brother who leaned against the door frame with his arms crossed, his face set into a partially neutral look but there was a small frown on his face that made Dave squirm on his chair a bit, he tries to hide it but he knows Bro saw it anyway. "Sup Bro." He greeted as casually as he could.

"Dave." Bro greeted back, nodding his head and Dave freezes slightly as he feels the intense gaze on him. "... You feeling okay?" He asked after a moment.

Dave nodded, "Yeah." He replied honestly, "Still tired but like, I'm all good Bro." He even sent him a little thumbs up, feeling better when he sees his Bro's frown turn into a small smile. His body was still aching and tired but he was honestly fine.

Training on the roof was hard, but Dave was determined to become as strong as his Bro. "Are we going to train today? When can I start learning how to strife?" He asked eagerly, scooting on the edge of his seat and looking up to his brother who's smile turned into a complicated expression.

Bro shook his head, making Dave wilt a bit. "No training today, not like yesterday at least." That still meant *some* training, Dave perked. "You ain't learning how to strife until you build up some muscle and stamina there lil' bro." He said, motioning to Dave's small body. Chubby with the healthy complexion of youth and lingering baby fat. He wasn't as chubby as other children but Dave always had been an active kid, the training would probably burn off his baby fat.

"Then when can I get my own sword?"

"Soon- a wooden one, you're not ready for an actual katana yet kid."

Dave pouted, he would deny it to skies above but he pouted at his brother. "But *Bro-*"

The older man shook his head, "Nope, no real katana until you get the basics down and like, learn all the careful ways in using an actual sword. How to take care of it, how to properly hold it, safety shit- everything Dave. You're gonna learn everything I know and be careful about it." Bro promised and while Dave was unsatisfied on how he wasn't going to be as strong as his brother quickly, he beamed at his brother's promise of training him in everything he knew when it came to combat.

He was going to do his best for his Bro.

"Now, who wants McDonalds for breakfast?"

Dave was so quickly off his chair he practically teleported in front of Bro. "Me! We gonna get apple juice on the way?" He asks, bouncing in place.

Bro chuckled, fingerless gloved hand descending on to Dave's head and ruffling his hair, ignoring the whine of '*Broooo*' coming from the younger blond. "'Course lil bro, c'mon let's go."

Dave cheered, retreating briefly into his room so he could prepare for their outing. At the corner of his eye he sees his Bro leaning casually against the door frame, patiently waiting with a phone in his hand. Bro looked so cool, he was the complete best and no one could tell him otherwise. But the phone made him pause a bit, his Bro spent a lot of time on the phone or on the computer. Did his Bro really know TT's TippyGnostalgic? What was their connection? Was TippyGnostalgic that dark shade of violet that he constantly saw in glimpses within Bro's phone and computer?

He finds out later that TippyGnostalgic's text is bright pink, not dark violet and he's left to wonder even more.

Now though, Dave Strider takes his Bro's hand and together they leave the apartment towards the nearest McDonalds.

---

CA: McDonalds?

CA: Really Dirk?

CA: For breakfast?

TT: Hey don't go dissin' McDonalds

TT: That place is pretty good

TT: Plus, it's been a while since me and Davey went out of the apartment and he deserves a treat for yesterdays trainin sesh

CA:

CA: I suppose you havve a point...

CA: Still

CA: Don't make it a habit or a regular thin Dirk

TT: Yeah yeah I know

TT: Growing kids shouldn't be feastin' on fast food all their lives

TT: Promise ya this won't be a common thing

TT: Not really okay

CA: Sigh

CA: ...

CA: Roxy's awwake noww

CA: She's...

CA: Better than last night

CA: Sufferin from a killer hangovver though

TT: Poor Rox

TT: She going to be okay?

CA: Rose is wwith her right noww

CA: Keepin her hair out of the wway as she prays to the porcelain gods

TT: Ah yes

TT: A prayer to the mighty gods of the shitter

TT:

TT: Is it true that the old guy you both keep talkin about is dead?

CA: Yes

CA: Jake Harley has died

CA: Jade Harley is noww alone on the island with Becquerel

CA: I admit I do not like havvin her alone like this but I doubt Becquerel  
wwill let anyone else near her or raise her

CA: Roxy wwill only possibly endanger herself if she tries to get to the  
island

CA: I should havve told her wwhen it happened and not noww of all times

CA: ...

TT: Hey

TT: It was a dick move to not tell her when he died right then and there but  
it's too late to do anything about it now

TT: Roxy will understand

TT: She knows what's at stake here and even though it leaves a bitter  
fucking taste in my mouth to leave a kid all alone on an island

TT: We can't really do anything else

TT: Not now at least

CA: I still should've tried somethin

CA: Wwarned Tavvros about Earth and the adults

CA: Prevvent him from

CA: I still could theoretically

TT: Wouldn't that cause some like offshoot timeline thing?

CA: A possible doomed timeline yes but

CA: She wwouldn't be alone on the island wwith only a First Guardian for  
physical company

TT: But you won't because it's not supposed to happen

TT: Jake's stuffed in Jade's future ain't he

CA:

CA: Right in front of Jade's fireplace yes

TT: Then you can't do that then

CA: No

TT: Can't save everyone Eridan

CA: Shouldn't I try anyway?

TT: Maybe but you'd risk everything else

CA: Damn you and your logic

TT: Damn me all you want Eridan, you can't walk off of the path you paved for yourself without some serious consequence

TT: You're the one who told me about that

CA: I knoww

CA: Sigh

TT: Hey chin up

TT: You're doing fine

TT: Rox will be fine

TT: We'll be fine dude

CA: Thanks Dirk

CA: Now go enjoy your fast food breakfast

TT: Don't mind if I do

---

==> Be ????

==> Reunite with old friend

"*Jake!*" Roxy Lalonde squealed, throwing herself at the *alive* old man who laughed boisterously at her greeting.

Around them, Rose's Land of Light and Rain, glistened gloriously as two old friends reunited miraculously through the work of an impossible game that morphed time and space to it's whim.

Jake Harley grinned as he caught her, old but strong arms wrapped around her lithe and mature figure. He was old, a man entering his nineties and yet capable of toting around a large powerful blunderbuss rifle and deal with monsters way more than twice his size- he was old, but don't let that underestimate him for he is capable of many, many things. His face, aged and wrinkled underneath his square glasses and ridiculously curly mustache which was colored grey and white which matched the rest of his hair.

"Roxy!" He exclaimed with a slight wheeze, smiling brightly at his old

employee and friend. "My word! You've grown into such a fine lookin' lady- I say, shall I be wary on any suitors attempting to court for your hand in marriage?"

Roxy chortled, "Oh *please* old coot- I can handle myself!" She declared proudly. She had mastered martial arts, she was a master markswoman and she knew drunk fu! Men quivered underneath her heels! Still, she couldn't help but giggle at her dearly old friend, her bright demeanor dimming slightly as Jake puts her down gently. "It's... it's good to see you again Jake." She whispered, still having not let go of the old man.

Jake smiled sadly, "And you as well dear lass. You've matured so much after I've died I see." She stiffened at the mention of his death and he snorts, "Surely you did not think I would know? Aye, I know my fate my fair dame. I am sorry that I could not warn you sooner, but I am very aware on what shall happen to me once I exit the Medium." He tells her gently, taking her face in his callouses, ancient and wrinkled hands. He gives her a gentle smile, bright and unwavering, "This shall be my last adventure in the Medium. A few last errands and I shall be off once more to stay with my precious pumpkin Jade. Stay by her side until the game, alive and dead." And stuffed if his granddaughter-ecto-biological daughter kept to the albeit admittedly morbid tradition of stuffing their deceased family member. And honestly, he wouldn't have it any other way.

Roxy sniffed, "We really can't do anything about it?" She asks quietly, for once in a long time, feeling like a small child. Especially as she tries not to cry at the shake of Jake's head. No. Nothing then. "O-Oh..." She bit her lip, old feelings digging up as she remembered how she knew Jake died in the first place.

Eridan had let it slipped accidentally during one of their talks years ago.

It had crushed her to know that her mentor, employer and flat out best friend and father figure had died without her knowledge on a remote secret island that even she hadn't known the whereabouts of.

He had been dead for *years* and yet Eridan had said nothing about it until then, it *accidentally slipped* into the conversation.



The old sting of betrayal flared as she remembered it- but it cools when an old, wrinkled hand cups her cheek, a rough thumb wiping away a tear that escaped her eye. "Now now Roxy, don't be so grummy my dear- you've dolled yourself up so beautifully, you mustn't let it be changed by tears!" He exclaimed, taking a handkerchief from his sylladex to wipe away her tears. "Everything will be tickety-boo Roxy, you'll see. Just have some hope alright love?" Aged lips, furred slightly by facial hair, pressed against her forehead and she nodded quietly.

The old sting of betrayal was gone as she looked at Jake, determined and an old fire in her eyes while she nodded to him. "Yeah. Everything's going to be just fine." She agreed, smiling brightly at the old man.

Jake mirrored her smile, if possible smiling brighter as she followed after him into the cave where his battleship awaited.

He had some errands to do after all before he returned to his island where young little Jade was awaiting for him, regretfully he somewhat wished for things to be different but his fate was set in stone. He was to be killed by his own gun, acting senile and playing tea and crumpets with one of his blue dames back home. From there, he would be stuffed and mounted in front of his fireplace.

All he had to was step on the battleship and start his last journey in the Medium.

Only...

Jake's heavy boots stopped midway through the cave, Roxy's womanly figure disappearing as he closed his eyes.

He already had his last journey in the Medium.

The old man looked down at his hands, and briefly, he could see the stitches on his skin. Feel the thread holding him together- it disappears quickly and he sighs, quietly but deeply as he looked around.

The afterlife was terribly repetitive, old memories played constantly now that he was dead. Somewhat trapped in an endless cycle of his own life.

A memory of Roxy had played just then. At his behest perhaps since he missed her and her brilliant personality.

It was certainly better than his earlier memories ~~MotherFatherHalleyJaneClaireJoeyJude~~, a lovely reunion that he now wished they spent a bit longer. The warmth of the hug from the memory was already fading and he could do nothing about it. He was dead, his eyes glassy and white with the tiniest tinge of dark green in his faded pupils.

He wonders if he was to repeat his memories and life within this place for the rest of his afterlife, repenting for the wrongs he had done when he was alive, taking note of all the mistakes he made, both on purpose and not. Relive the failures of his life and contemplate the meaning of his existence when he was living. Reassess his personality and pick apart his own psyche to find out who he actually was and reject it then perhaps accept it in the end?

Who knows, he has been dead for who knows how long and has been alone for just as long. The phantoms of the people he knew and the memories of them didn't count much for company anymore.

Perhaps he deserves this, to be alone and to repeat his memories until he knew each and every one, knew each and every mistake he made like the back of his hand.

...

He could only hope his precious pumpkin Jade was alright. That Roxy, James, and even that strange young man Dirk was alright along with all the other children that were destined to be play the dastardly complicated game that he'd been roped into creating into existence just to continue existence. Well, he didn't create the game, but he created the bridge for it. The Discs.

He prays for their safety, for their success, and for their futures.

He hopes for the best.

For that is all he could do...

"So this is a human adult? Vwrinklier than I expected."

Jake blinks incredulously at the sudden voice, utterly unfamiliar in sound and tone. Not to mention he had a strange wavy accent.

He whirls in place, thankfully the perks of being dead was that he could not feel the ache of age in his bones and body anymore as he does so, to find the source of the voice.

His dead white eyes widened as he sees the source.

It's a young man, or rather, it seemed to be a young man? His skin was gray, peculiar lightning-like shaped yellow, orange and red horns came from his skull, fins flared from his ears and his throat was bare and slit gills clearly adorned themselves on his throat. His black hair was mostly combed back, his shirt was white with the Zodiac sign of the Aquarius on the chest. He wore plain black jeans and violet shoes. His fingers were tipped with yellow claws, his eyes were white like his but had the slightest tinge of violet in his pupils. He had a neutral frown on his face, which was blank as he stared at Jake through passive dead eyes.

He wasn't alone though.

An adult woman with pitch black skin, black hair done in a tight bun with two white hair sticks that was set between to curling horns that reminded him of a ram in a much darker color of orange and red came from her head. She was dressed in a long bright green chinese dress called a cheongsam, a small rust red sign of the Zodiac sign Aries over her right breast, matching green footwear were over her dainty looking feet. Her mascara was rust red, along with her lipstick, or that's what he thought, was it natural or was she wearing make up? He couldn't tell. Her eyes too were right, with the tinge of rust to her pupils. Her expression was amused but also cautious, a hidden tiredness that Jake could try to sympathize with but would never successfully could.

An old memory unfolds in his head from the woman- she looks close to his estranged mother! Who disappeared long ago- he remembers, when he and Jane were young to have accidentally found out that their mother wasn't human. He had forgotten about it due to old age. But now...

"Who are you?" He asks after a beat of silence, staring at the two aliens who were just as dead as he was.

The young man tilts his head, "Cronus Ampora." He replies, glancing over to the woman, "She's Mara." The alien woman does nothing but blink at him with an unnerving expression of amusement.

"... I see- er, I am Jake Harley, a pleasure to meet you both." Jake replies despite his wariness. "... I don't suppose you know where we are? As far as I believe, this place is the afterlife? How did you both get here?" He couldn't help but ask- after being in solitude for so long with only his memories and past as his company, he was willing to communicate with non-human dead crashers like them. Though he was still worry.

Mara snorted, "You dead human man." She says in accented English. "Welcome to bubbles- dreambubbles. Dead come here, stay here, and meet others who dead too." Well, that explained a lot and still not enough. "You in lone bubble, kept away from other bubbles for reason don't know."

"Reason unknowwn. An unknowwn reason Mara." Cronus corrected absentmindedly. "But she's right. This is the afterlife of the dreambubbles to anyone vwho died in the game. Or died vwith a relation to the game sessions I guess." He shrugs, he pauses, "Vwe didn't really expect seein' you in this bubble... Another dud Mara." He mutters to the older woman who smiles gently at him.

"It okay, we find right bubble with right hope man." She encouraged and soothed him, an elegant hand running a hand through Cronus' hair- were they mother and son? They looked nothing alike, but then again what did this old man know of alien families? "We go now?" She questioned him.

They were leaving? Now? But he had so many questions!

Cronus hummed noncommittally, "I guess, vwe should keep searchin' for novw..." He agreed, and suddenly Jake sees a tiredness in him that he hadn't seen before. Even more exhaustion compared to Mara's hidden one. "Don't follovw us, if you vwant ansvwers you can get them later. Vwith your bubble unlocked and free, you can interact vwith the others vwho died here." He tells Jake as he and Mara start walking away.

"Wait! What-"

They disappear before he could even say anything else. Leaving his disheartened, confused, concerned and a bit hopeful once more.

He wasn't alone in the afterlife then. Maybe he could find Jane here? Somewhere in these 'dreambubbles'? He hoped so.

...

Still, he wonders on what or who they were both trying to find.

Well, he wishes them the best of luck.

Maybe he could find them again, and give them his thanks someday.

---

==> Be Roxy.  
==> Reunite with Wayward Somewhat Husband

---

## Chapter End Notes

Whew!

That was a hard chapter to do surprisingly- well, unsurprisingly I guess. It's really been a long while since I updated this. But here you go!

One more Lalondebound Pre-Sburb chapter to go!

What's next after that? I have no idea.

But at least I managed to get this done!

Hopefully, I use that word a lot if you noticed, the next chapter won't

take as long. Hahahaha

...

Siiigh

Probably. I don't know.

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed the chapter :]

Also... HAPPY NEW YEARS!

Yeah this is the first chapter for this year- the first story to be updated into 2020!! How amazing is that?! I hope you guys had a nice 2019 and will have a lovely 2020!!

See you next time!

## Pre-SBURB/SBURB- Lalondebound (3)

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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==> Be Roxy.

==> Reunite with Wayward Somewhat Husband

---

Already on it!

Roxy grinned as she stepped out on- holy fucking shit Rose's planet was trying to *kill her eyes*.

Land of Light and Rain- more like Land of Light and Ocular fucking Suicide. Man was she glad that she was... mostly sober and not dealing with a hangover. She vows not to come out into this land right after a huge drinking binge because holy fuck, anyone sobering up after getting shitfaced drunk waking up in this luminescent land was going to have their eyes murdered.

Still, this was supposed to be the ideal land for her thirteen year old Rosie who was still inside the house somewhere. She would be fine, Eridan had told her so, even showing her a snapshot of Rose dealing with the game enemies that would pop up eventually- her little girl was growing up so fast! She was already so mature but now she was going to be a badass little girl! Blasting enemies away with her majjyck spells! Ah, that's her girl.

Rose would be fine on her own for a few hours.

She needed to reunite with her wayward somewhat husband.

He really wasn't her husband, though he was the biological father of their slime babies he made it quite clear that he was not interested in her gender and that he saw her as a close friend and family member. Aww, Dirty~ It

didn't really bother her that much, Dirk wasn't the only man in her vision- That man, James Egbert? From all those years ago? He was still someone she kept an eye on. What a gentleman!

Speaking of James, Eridan had advised her at some point to get James on LoLaR for safety at some point and away from the battelfield.

But first, she had to meet with one) her wayward husband. And two) an old friend.

And not necessarily in that order!

She was so excited for this, to see Jake once more as well as Dirk later on and then finally, James Egbert.

Despite her excitement she knew she had to keep a level head- Eridan had a lot planned and hopefully they'd be able to execute them all.

Roxy Lalonde sets her martini down on the dock, the coordinates and whereabouts of where she was heading to next was clear in her head even with the pleasant fuzz from the one martini glass she had before, along with the few sips from her new martini that she had just set down. How generous of the land to give her a boat, supposedly it was for Rose but Eridan told her that she achieves the spectacle of flight pretty early so it was rather useless for her.

Nonetheless though, she makes a literal note after briefly captchaloguing the boat and leaving the note pinned underneath her martini. If Rose ever needed a boat then she would have the code. After that, she boards the small vessel and starts her journey with high hopes and a bright smile.

Here she goes.

---

==> Be John  
==> Walk with Vriska



Being dead was certainly a thing he was doing right now. It was an unchangeable fact that he couldn't do anything about, except just roll with it because what else could he do?

But at least he wasn't alone on it, he met Vriska! An actual alien whose species were apparently called trolls? Which was, both kinda weird but also cool because they were aliens and aliens were cool. At least Vriska was as far as he could tell.

Apparently other him and her talked a lot, and he could see why, she was just so interesting!

She had a lot to say, some of it didn't really make sense but that was okay, it'll probably make sense to him later. Vriska was going through what he dubbed as a 'redemption arc' kind of thing, the kind that villains had in movies, comics and stuff- and okay, saying that aloud might sound stupid and insensitive because Vriska was seriously reflecting on a few things but he couldn't really call it any other way.

"..d I could have died! Aradia in a robot body is seriously soooooo much stronger than her old body. I was bleeding everywhere!" Vriska huffed, "If it weren't Tavros and Eridan I probably would have been really dead! Well, my dream self was still alive so I would've revived but still, what a dumb way to die!" She exclaimed indignantly, scowling as she notices that their surroundings had changed once more to her planet. The Land of Maps and Treasure. Fortunately it wasn't around the same place she died since there wasn't a giant splatter fest of cerulean blood on the ground.

John hummed, "But that wouldn't have happened if you didn't end up killing her huh?" He points out to her gently and she huffs again and reluctantly nods. "Also Eridan was there?" He asked with curiosity.

"Yeah, of course he was. He was hanging out with Tavros and I on my planet, his planet sucks major bulge so no wonder he went to a planet as awesome as mine." Vriska smirked, though she was curious as she looked back at John, "Why are you so hung up on the guy anyway? This is like, the eighth time you've pointed him out to me." Not really but she liked to exaggerate okay.

The Doomed John smiled sheepishly, "Sorry, it's just- I've talked with him a few times and Dave talks about him from time to time. I almost can't believe he was an alien though, a literal troll! I thought that he was at first but he was so nice compared to the rest of you guys."

Vriska snorted, rolling her pale dead white eyes, "Yeah, that's what almost everyone thinks about him. Even back on Alternia he was disgustingly nice, or at least softly polite." She said, though without her usual bravado, she seemed thoughtful and nostalgic almost. "But whenever he was serious, he could actually be terrifying."

John tilted his head, "Huh, I can't really imagine that... Are you guys close?"

For a moment, Vriska doesn't answer and just looks off into the distance before glancing back at John just as a breeze blows through the memory. Her thick mane of hair waved in the air as she finally spoke up. "Not exactly. I mean, I always thought of us as close but he'd probably say we weren't. Which is fair, because I was a really big bitch to him for a lot of reasons. The relationship between us was never really clear from the start." She spoke quietly and wistfully, looking off into the horizon of the memory.

"I met him in Terezi's forest sweeps ago, or years for you humans. He was different back then, well compared to trolls he's different period. Even from the kinder trolls I knew of, he was different. There was always something off with him, not just because he was a good guy. It was like he was hiding this some kind of secret from everyone, even from the trolls that were closest to him. At first I thought it was about the game, he was awake on Derse long before anyone else like Kanaya on Prospit. And maybe that was it at first, I don't know, but he was just... Infuriatingly distant in a way."

John frowned, but he was interested in what Vriska had to say about Eridan. "In what way?"

Vriska shrugged, scowling, "I don't know. In *some* way. I had no fucking idea, but other than that, he kept everyone at a distance. Even his own *moirail* to an extent, which wasn't fucking healthy clearly! Even the way he was suppressing himself! There's an unhealthy amount of repressed

emotions in that troll and of course it all came crashing down at the last moment because he fucked up being a troll somehow!" She exclaimed, frustrated about Eridan's situation. If any other troll was there and didn't know the full context she was talking about and what happened, they would've thought she was exhibiting some pale feelings to the guy she was supposedly pitch for- and maybe it was somewhat pale, but she was right to feel frustrated to feel frustrated and infuriated!

Eridan's hubris was both his and her downfall. She'd died because of his repressed emotions.

The Doomed Heir of Breath reached over to pat her shoulder, "Wow I never knew. I just knew him as the guy that Dave's brother had a crush on. And like, the guy that Dave saw somewhat as an uncle or something. It was never really clear? He was always really nice, if a bit vague to me and my friends. But he always talk with Dave's Bro." He thought back to an old conversation they had some time before he died, it stood out to him for some reason.

*CA: John in the near future somethin wwill happen and all I can say is that I'm sorry*

*EB: ???*

*EB: sorry for what?*

*CA: Just sorry in general*

*CA: And wword to the wwise*

*CA: If a sarcophagus comes from the sky*

*CA: Get the fuck out of there*

*CA: Go somewwhere else*

*CA: Anywwhere from a sarcophagus or a buff green skeleton monster*

*EB: uh, okay?*

John had a feeling that that particular conversation was aimed at him specifically, the Doomed Timeline John that died from following a mean troll girl's trick. Eridan always did seem vague, but he seemed fine. He never thought that he'd actually kill anyone, much less Vriska of all people.

The dead Thief of Life grimaced, "Right, the human that he was obsessed and felt flushed for... Guess he was someone significant enough to trigger

Eridan's breakdown when he died." She sighed, "You know, while watching you humans I sometimes thought to myself that maybe Eridan wasn't meant to be a troll." What an understatement that was, not that she knew.

John's pale white eyes widened, "Wait Dave's Bro died? Oh no, poor Dave- poor Eridan too!" He exclaimed with distress, worrying for the both of them. Mostly for Dave since he was his best friend. "Someone significant- well, you did say he felt... flushed? Is that an alien way to say he had a crush on him?"

Vriska shrugged, "Yeah pretty much. He spent most of his time on the meteor talking to him." It had been weird, and somewhat hilarious when she saw it because she knew of both Sollux and Feferi's dilemma- of course it became less hilarious when Feferi lashed out partly due to it.

John processed that, "Wait, Eridan is like, the same age as us right? And he was talking to Bro... *oh, that's* what he meant." There was big age gap between them somehow, well- he knew how it happened, Eridan apparently used a different version of the Trollian view thing that the rest of the trolls were using, but only he could view Dave's Bro, Roxy's Mom and presumably Jade's Grandpa and maybe his Nanna? It was weird to think, but yeah, he could see on how they had crushes on each other but could never act on it.

"What he meant on what?"

John shook his head, "It's nothing- er, I'll explain later but like. Uh, go on."

Vriska gave him a look, "Okay..... Well, that aside, when that guy died Eridan pretty much broke down. But he didn't like, go crazy until Equius and Nepeta died. *That* was the straw that broke the humpbeast's back. Gamzee fucked us all over when he did that, without Equius and Nepeta to keep him sane, without Dave's brother to keep him anchored- he wasn't a fucking troll anymore." She grimaced, thinking back.

***fearfearFEARFEARFEAR***

*Her spine rigidly straightened, eyes going wide as a shot of extreme fear instilled itself into her system. An instinctive urge to run runrunrunrunrunrunrunrunfleeABSCOND- came to her mind but her legs were locked in their places and she was unable to move as a flickering black and white flame crept from the entrance of the meteor building's rooftop.*

***angerfurygrievancesadnessdarknesscorruptionANGERFURYGRIEVANC  
ESADNESSDARKNESSCORRUPTIONANGERYFURYGRIEVANCESA  
DNESSDARKNESSCORRUPTION***

**W R A T H**

**"H S Z X R R Z S L S T S."**

The cerulean blood shivered violently, ignoring John's look of concern. "He... fucking went insane. Using some kind of overpowered bullshit of a power that he's only used once as far as I knew. He used it against the Black King with me, but it was less... influential. He had control over it, but then? He had no control over it. He wasn't Eridan anymore. He was some kind of mix of the creatures on his planet, his land- both angel and wraith. A horrible gogdamn mix for *everyone*." She took in a deep breath, closing her eyes.

She opened them and shrugged at John, "By the time he killed me, he was fucking insane. I don't know if he killed everyone else after I died, but I saved Terezi and Karkat so my death was heroic." Her lips cracked into a crooked smile, hah, she'd finally been a hero. That was nice at least, even if it costed her her life. Terezi and Karkat were supposedly and hopefully alive and she was dead... She found that she didn't exactly mind, annoyed sure but she couldn't find it in herself to regret the decision to be a hero during that crucial moment.

"Oh... well, it's better than dying like an idiot?" John offered in awkward comfort, though he really couldn't imagine Eridan just... going insane. Oh well, sure grief and the death of people close to you could make people do stupid and weird things and change them but to the point of killing others and going batshit crazy? But who was John to judge or say? He hadn't felt

whatever Eridan felt when all three of the closest people he's loved and cared for unfortunately died.

Vriska snorted, her crooked smile growing slightly at his awkward comfort. "I guess." She agreed with a nod of her head, "I died pretty awesomely I guess in a way. Still... Hope Terezi and the others are okay- that they managed to get Eridan to calm down or like, restrained... If not, then they'll really need to kill him to make sure he doesn't kill anyone else. Who knows what he'll actually do, even if he kills Gamzee it isn't a guarantee that he'd stop there." She murmured, brows furrowing.

John grimaced and nodded with her, "I hope so too... I guess we won't know for now." He hoped that Rose and Dave would be safe, Vriska had mentioned that they were rendezvousing on the meteor with the troll right? That's what Vriska had said, maybe they could help on the Eridan situation?

Who knows...

Both ghosts paused as their surroundings shifted once more, changing from the Land of Maps and Treasures to a mixed environment of old memories that clearly didn't belong to either of them but was Alternian in nature. They found themselves on a beach, the memory twin moons of Alternia hanging over them, a familiar ship-shaped hive in the distance. Vriska's eyes widened. "That's Eridan's hive." She said with surprise, wondering why the bubble changed to this landscape.

"VVris?"

John and Vriska whirled around to the source of the familiar voice, "... Eridan?????????" She questioned, only to gape and point in shock.

!!!!!!!



It was Eridan.

Not the Eridan she knew and killed her... maybe? But he was totally different!



For one, he was wearing make up, had longer hair and was wearing a pretty nice dress. It was a violet dress with white designs, a see-through pinkish jacket, black gloves and purple seamed black stockings that ended in white heels. He looked like a girl! Besides him, a disgruntled doomed God Tiered Karkat gave them a questioning and wary look.

The obviously Doomed Eridan grimaced, giving Vriska an awkward look and a sheepish smile, "Uh, it's- it's Eri, actually. Wwhen I'm wwearin' a dress, it's Eri Vvris. If you don't mind." He- She? said hesitantly, knocking Vriska and John out of their stupor as Karkat gave them a warning look.



"Oh. *Oh!* Uh- Eri then, sorry it's just- wow. I've uh, never seen you in a dress before." Vriska replied awkwardly, but was giving Eri a reassured look. Of course she didn't mind, did Eridan forget that she herself had transitioned from a male troll into a female one? Eri smiled thankfully at her, but still looked at John with slight hesitance. Vriska glanced back at John who seemed to still be thinking it over.

Eri sighed, focusing back on her, "Yeah... I've- I've nevver wworn a dress wwhen I wwas alivve. I wwas sure on howw I wwas strictly a... boy. After my timeline wwas doomed I started to uh, think on a feww thin's and I ended up... bein' sort of genderfluid? I-I'm still not entirely sure, I'm still gettin' used to it all. But right noww, I'm a- wwell, obvviously I'm a girl right noww." She said, seemingly nervous and unsure on what to do.

"Eri, calm the fuck down. You're stuttering." Karkat grunts, the currently female dead seadweller took that as a cue to take in a deep breath. Giving the dead Knight of Blood a grateful look. "Egbert, stop staring at her like that or else I'm going to fucking gouge out your ocular orbs and shove them up your nose." He snapped at John who immediately looked indignant but sheepish.

"Sorry! I uh, I'm processing everything. Don't mind me, I'm an idiot."

Vriska couldn't help the snort at John's helpless look while Eri smiled crookedly, strangely though, she took in a sharp breath and looked out towards a direction. Karkat grimaced and nudged her.

Eri turned back to them and offered a kind smile, "Hey Vvriska, John, you wwant to accompany us for a bit? Wwe've got somewhere to be, and wwe could help you get used to the bubbles." She told them.

Vriska had no idea what was going on, but she accepted nonetheless. And John, not wanting to be left behind, joined as well.

From there, a long term plan was started.

---

==> Be Roxy.  
==> Apologize

---

tipsyGnostalgic [TG] began pestering calmingAquarius [CA]

TG: ...

CA: Roxy?

TG: ...

CA: ...

TG: ...

CA: Roxy

TG: eridan

CA: I'm sorry I hadn't told you about Jake's death

CA: I really am

TG: yea

TG: u shouldve told me sooner

CA: I knoww

CA: But I don't regret not tellin you

CA: You could havve done somethin reckless

CA: The island is guarded by Becquerel

CA: It's unlikely that he'd let you near Jade or havve her movve from the island and away from the ruins

TG: sign

TG: i hate that that makes sense

TG: but u still shouldve let me know tho

CA: I knoww

CA: Howw are you Roxy?

TG: wouldnt u know about it?

TG: spyin at me thru that progrm

CA: Indeed but I don't knoww wwhat you actually feel inside Roxy

CA: And I try not to 'spy' on you durin personal moments

CA: I respect your and Dirk's privvacy

TG:

TG: u know its hard to stay mad at u when ur this gentlmanly cute

CA: If you say so

TG: le sign

TG: i forgive u eridan but from now on tell me shit ok?  
CA: Okay  
CA: I'll inform you and Dirk as much as I can  
CA: I wwon't promise on evverythin but you'll both knoww more than anyone wwould knoww  
TG: :0  
TG: yeee  
TG: tats good enough 4 me!!! ;D  
TG: butt we both know dirkydickll know more than me  
TG: \*durkydirk  
TG: \*u know what i mean  
TG: both of u r so close wink wwonk nudge nudge  
CA: Roxy  
CA: Roxy no  
TG: roxy yess ;3  
TG: u owe me happy feelins so lemme tease u 4 a bit  
CA:  
CA: Fine  
CA: Tease away  
TG: :DDDDDDDD

---

TG: dickathan daire strider  
TG: u apologize right now  
TT:  
TT: no  
TG: DIRKATHAN DAIRE STRIDER  
TT: That's not even my actual name  
TG: yea but like it sounds nice rit?  
TG: but not the point  
TG: u say sorry right now!  
TG: jus bc cutiefish cant be ur honey lovey sweetieheart  
TT: Lalonde what even the fuck  
TG: doesnt mean u can lash out like a dumb barbarian  
TG: he still cares n loves u  
TG: we both know hes not returnin ur affection bc of his situation  
TG: the physcal age gap, universe gap, species gap

TG: we got gaps 4 days  
TG: combine them together u get a giant fuckin trench thatll be hard 2 cross  
TG: \*combine \*trench  
TG: but its not impossible  
TT: ...  
TG: besides  
TG: dont go lashin out on ME bc of ur emtoinal drama  
TG: im ur bff yea but dont go against me u dumbass  
TT: ...  
TT: Yeah you're right  
TT: Sorry Roxy  
TG: :))0))  
TG: thas better  
TG: now time to werk betwen u n eridan  
TG: u both r idiots istg  
TT: Roxy no  
TG: roxy yes

---

TT: Okay so game plan?  
TG: im takin james to lofaf  
CA: Dirk you stay on LoHaC  
CA: I unfortunately have to leave to find both Sol and Fef  
CA: They'veve been causing more of a fuss around the meteor  
TT: Okay so gold nerd and prissy princess are throwing a tantrum and you have to calm them down got it  
CA: Howw many times do I havve to tell you not to call them that?  
TG: snrk 2 many 2 keep count  
TG: u know he doesnt like competityon  
TG: \*tition  
CA: It's not a competition  
TT: Definitely not a competition, they're not even contestants in this shit  
TT: If it was a competition I'd have Eridan in the bag  
TG: aka ur bag aka ur hands aka u guys would be smoochin given the chance  
CA: Roxanne Rook Lalonde!!!!  
TT: Pretty much

TG: hey at least i said smooching  
CA: You twwo are incorrigible  
TT: You love us  
TG: yea u love us cutiefish  
CA: I'd lovve to smack both of you right noww  
TT: Kinky and adorable  
TG: ehehehehee  
TG: aww u care about usss  
CA: Stars help because I do  
CA: I need to go and find Sol n Fef soon, I'veve been neglectin my auspistice duties too much n I need to make sure they're both okay  
TG: lucky bastards  
TT: Ikr  
CA: Shush you twwo  
TT: Nevver  
TG: nevver  
CA: Ha ha ha  
TG: btw james is jus  
TG: omg ilhsm already  
TG: hes so  
TG: HANSOME N GENTLEMANLY  
TT: Whooo  
TT: Get some Rolal  
CA: I'm glad that you n James are enjoyin each others company  
TG: he returnted my scarg  
TG: hes jus so  
TG: bluuuuuuuuushiiiiingggg sooo harddd rnrnnnnn  
TT: I should let you know I am so very amused right now  
CA: I am as wwell, I'm the one here that can see her blushing face at the moment  
TG: peepin tom  
TG: dirkys right ur a little vouyer arent u eridan  
TT: I am even more amused  
CA: I havve swwitched vviewws don't wworry  
TG: yea thats it  
TG: stick to ur fave channel ala hunky twunk distri  
CA: Shut up

TT: Aww I'm not your favorite Eridan?  
CA: Shut up  
TG: u kiddin? its obvs that ur hes fave  
TG: i bet u millions boonbucks that hes violet rn  
TT: Sucker's bet, he's totally violet right now  
CA: I hate you both  
TT: Love you too boo  
TG: dont like u like that erifish but thx anyway ;3333  
CA: I've rolled my eyes and noww I must leavve  
CA: Seriously I need to go you twwo  
CA: I'll come back in a feww minutes hopefully  
CA: You both stay safe okay?  
TT: Yeah, we'll stay safe  
TG: def  
TG: now u both go on  
TG: i got myself a sweet n sexy date w mr egbert here which may or may not end in wine and sexy time ;333333  
TG: btw im totes gonna tell him all about u two  
TT: Roxy no  
CA: Roxy no  
TG: roxy yes~!!!

---

Hazy pink eyes looked on to the sky above, labored breaths puffing in and out as she tried to keep herself awake despite the pain, despite the desperate urge for her eyes to slip shut- but she knows if she lets them shut for more than a second, they would close forever. She couldn't let that happen yet, oh she didn't want it to happen period, but she had to... do something before she died.

Around her, the checkered ground stained with blood, carapacian and human mixing on the ground. She gasped for breath before uncaptchalogued her phone, shaky bloody fingers pressing against the screen.

tipsyGnostalgic [TG] began pestering calmingAquarius [CA]  
calmingAquarius [CA] is offline!

TG: hi eri  
TG: wre sory  
TG: lov u  
TG: thx 4 evrythn  
TG: sorry erid n

tipsyGnostalgic [TG] is idle!  
calmingAquarius [CA] is offline!

She couldn't hold onto the phone anymore, gasping for breath even through the pain, her already hazy eyes glaze over, her vision blurring as she looked at the phone then towards her surroundings. She could see James Egbert, laying in his own puddle of his own blood near her- how near she couldn't say, her mind muddled as her vision went in and out, but James was dead by multiple stabs to the chest and various broken bones.

Dirk, poor Dirk, was a bit away from James. Laying on his back and looking away, but the broken sword in his chest glinted underneath Skaia's light. How unfair, that despite everything Eridan had done- he couldn't stop Dirk dying by a sword through the chest.

How unfair really that they all died despite Eridan's attempts to keep them alive.

And it was her fault.

Roxy's eyes were starting to feel heavy, and she could barely see the silhouette of the cause of her, Dirk and James' death.





**"H S Z X R R Z S L S T S."**

**G A M Z E E M A K A R A.**

**"UPU EOAA QSU."**

*You will pay.*

Rose Lalonde had just arrived on the meteor with her ectiobiological brother Dave Strider when things seemed to kick into full gear, flaming irons hit the fan and shit was tossed into the air as a familiar yet unfamiliar presence flared on the meteor building rooftop, the *Green Sun* flaring behind them, newly created yet always there.

There were two bodies, corpses she knew from the colorful blood splatter underneath the bodies, laid on the rooftop. Cerulean and brown.

Four trolls were frozen to their spots as a fifth troll, hands dripping with cerulean and brown, turned to the clown-themed troll.

Eridan Ampora had lost himself to the throes of dark majykk. No longer was he in control of himself, he was speaking in a language only she could understand, a grimdark language. The tongue of the horrorterrors, yet different- a different accent to it, but that didn't matter right now.

Like how she had previously been overcome in her original body, grimdark as she and the others would call it- Eridan had done the same.

He'd become...

***Wraithful.***

---

**==> Be Eridan**

---

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the long ass wait!  
Have three pictures as a form of apology!  
But yes, Lalondebound is over!  
We're back on schedule with the storyline!  
Soon enough, we're moving on to MeteorStuck!!

Hope you guys enjoyed, and that you'll continue to be patient for me  
but yeah!

And that I hope you guys are safe and sound in your homes.  
See you next time!

P.S.

I may or may not be on a drawing binge, I think I want to draw at least one or two pictures for most of my stories but I won't promise that it'll be a consistent and constant thing in all my stories! The drawings also helped me motivate myself for the chapter so that helps. At any rate, maybe I'll draw again in the future for this story but no promises!

And yes, I originally wanted to post this on March but uh, yeah things happened and shit goes. But hey! Here we are!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!